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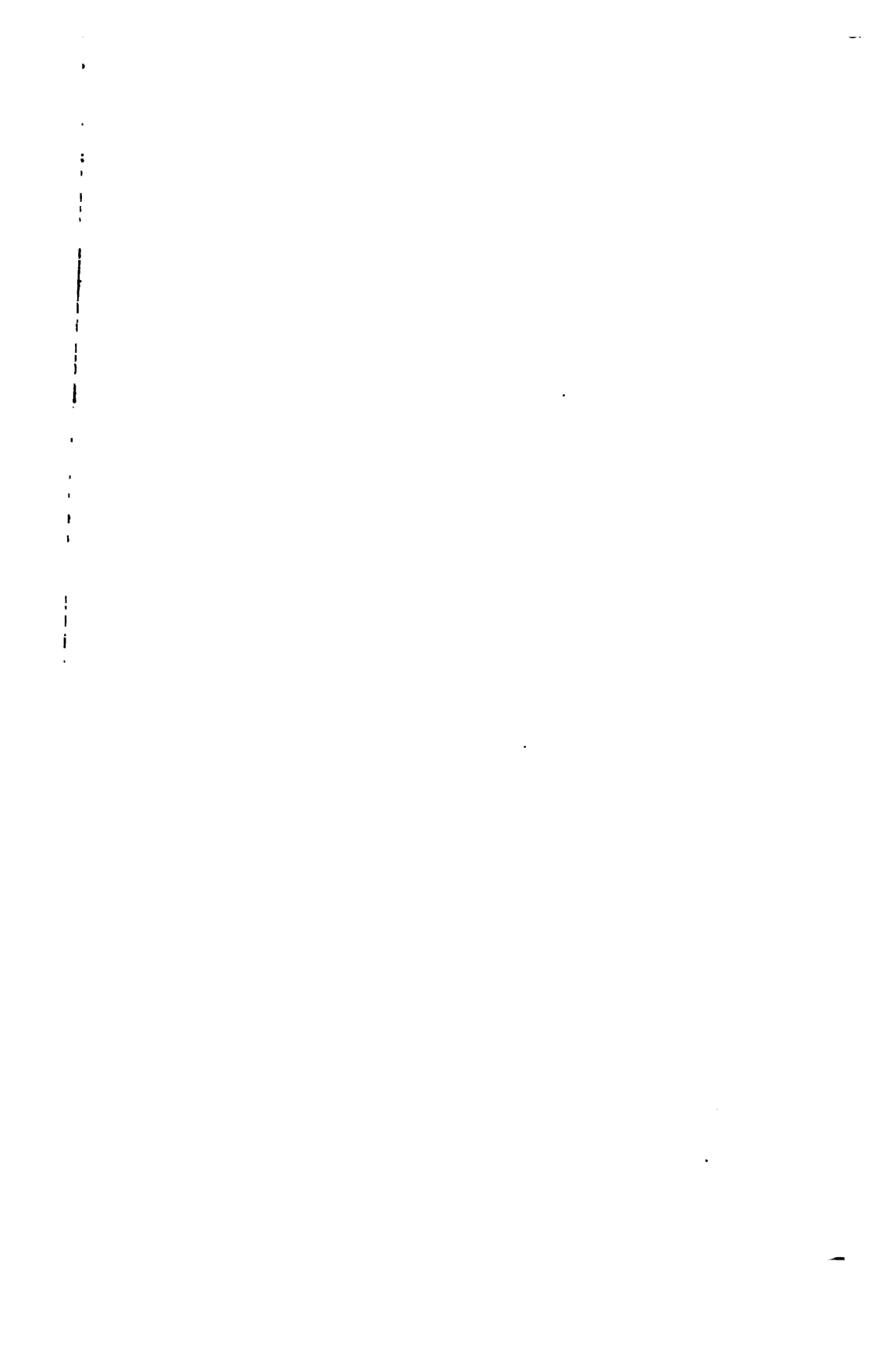
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THE DIARY
OF
JOHN EVELYN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY
AUSTIN DOBSON

HON. LL.D. EDIN.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I

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NEW YORK : THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

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TO
GEORGE SAINTSBURY

PREFACE

THE record known as Evelyn's *Diary* was first printed in 1818 by Colburn as part of two quarto volumes with the following title, *Memoirs, illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Evelyn, Esq., F.R.S., Author of the "Sylva," etc. etc. Comprising his Diary, from the Year 1641 to 1705-6, and a Selection of his familiar Letters. To which is added the private Correspondence between King Charles I. and his Secretary of State, Sir Edward Nicholas, etc.* It was edited by the antiquary, William Bray (co-author with Owen Manning of the *History of Surrey*), from the original MS. at Wotton, then in the possession of Lady Evelyn, widow of the Diarist's great-great-grandson, Sir Frederick Evelyn, Bart. Lady Evelyn died on the 12th November, 1817, when the last sheets were in the hands of the printer, and the dedication, which Bray had intended for her, was then transferred to her devisee, John Evelyn, a descendant of *Sylva* Evelyn's grandfather. According to William Upcott, Assistant-Librarian of the London Institution, who catalogued the Wotton books, Lady Evelyn, although she freely lent the *Diary* from

time to time to her particular friends, did not regard it as of sufficient importance for publication; and, except for an accident, it might have been cut up for dress patterns, or served to light fires.¹ This fortunate "accident" was its exhibition in 1814 to Upcott; and Lady Evelyn subsequently, "after much solicitation from many persons," consented to its being printed under the auspices of Bray, who, in his "Preface," renders special thanks to Upcott "for the great and material assistance received from him" . . . "besides his attention to the superintendence of the Press." Why Upcott, to whom the MS. was communicated without reserve by Lady Evelyn, and who edited Evelyn's *Miscellaneous Writings* in 1825, did not also edit the *Diary*, does not appear; but—as we shall see—it continued to engage his attention even after Bray's death in 1882.

The first edition of Evelyn's *Memoirs* was well received,—Southey, in particular, vouchsafing to it a long and sympathetic notice in the *Quarterly* for April, 1818. In 1819 appeared a second quarto edition. Eight years later, in 1827, this was followed by a five-volume octavo edition, which has often been reprinted, notably in 1879, by Messrs. Bickers and Bush, with a careful Life of Evelyn by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A.² In

¹ Preface to Frederick Strong's Catalogue, quoted in Dews' *Deptford*, 2nd edition, 1884, p. 211.

² A reissue of this is now (June, 1906) in course of publication.

Messrs. Bickers and Bush's "Preface" it is expressly stated that, after several applications to the owner of the MS., Mr. W. J. Evelyn of Wotton, for permission to consult it, that gentleman eventually replied that "Colburn's third edition of the Diary was very correctly printed from the MS.," and might "be relied on as giving an accurate text."

Notwithstanding this statement, there was, in 1879, actually in the market an edition of the *Diary*, based upon Bray, which professed to be somewhat fuller than that issued in 1827. In 1850-52, John Forster, the biographer of Goldsmith, had put forth a fresh issue of Bray, including various supplementary passages, which, owing to the first sheets of the edition of 1827 having been struck off without Upcott's revision, had not been included in that text. Forster further explained that Upcott's interest in his task had continued unabated until his death in 1845, and that the latest literary labour upon which he had been occupied had been the revision and preparation of the version which Forster subsequently edited in 1850. He lived (said Forster) to complete, for this purpose, "a fresh and careful comparison of the edition printed in octavo in 1827 (which he had himself, with the exception of the earliest sheets of the first volume, superintended for the press) with the original manuscript; by which many material omissions in the earlier

quartos were supplied, and other not unimportant corrections made." Forster's edition was reissued in 1854, and again in 1857. It was then added to "Bohn's Libraries," now published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons. In the "Preface" to the issue of 1857, Forster writes: "The volumes containing the Diary have since [*i.e.* since the edition of 1850] undergone still more careful revision, and the text, as now presented, is throughout in a more perfect state."

It would be going too far to claim the additions of Upcott as of signal importance,—many of them, indeed, by Forster's own admission, consist of "trifling personal details,"¹ and they are practically confined to the earlier portion of the first volume.² But Forster's text has long enjoyed a deserved reputation; it was declared by the *Quarterly Review*, as late as 1896, to "leave little to be desired"; and being demonstrably the fullest, it has been adopted in the present case. "In compliance with a wish very generally expressed," its spelling was modernized; and as it is impracticable, without access to Upcott's original sources, to archaize his additions, and as, moreover, Evelyn's very uncertain method—which can scarcely be termed orthography—has little

¹ Vol. i. p. 102 n.

² This is confirmed by the fact that vols. ii. and iii. of the present edition, though set up from Forster's text, have been read against vols. ii. and iii. of Bray's edition of 1827, without the discovery of any material differences except the spelling.

philological value, Forster's text has been followed in this respect also. Forster, however, can scarcely be said to have carried out his modernizing as thoroughly as might have been expected. He made little or no attempt to rectify Evelyn's capricious use of foreign words; and he allowed such expressions as "Jardine Royale" and "Bonnes Hommes" to remain unaltered. Nor did he observe any consistent practice with respect to names of places. He turns "Braine-ford" into "Brentford," "Bruxelles" into "Brussels," "Middelbrogh" into "Middleburgh"—as he could scarcely fail to do; but he left many other names as Evelyn had left them, or as Bray or Upcott had mistranscribed them. Thus "Stola Tybertina" is allowed to stand for "Isola Tiberina," "Scargalasino" for "Scarica l'Asino," "St. Saforin" for "St. Symphorien-de-Lay," "Palestina" for "Pelestrina," "Mount Sampion" for "Mount Simplon"; while "St. Geminiano" continues to masquerade as "St. Jacomo" without any note of explanation. Nor is he always fortunate in the names of persons, although this, of course, admits of greater latitude both of taste and fancy. He leaves the martyr "Hewit" disguised as "Hewer"; and "Pearson" (of the *Creed*) as "Pierson." These are only some out of several similar cases; and it is not by any means contended that all have been discovered.¹

¹ One or two of the unconscious modernizations are scarcely improvements. "Air-park" for "hare-park" would have pleased

A few, it must be frankly confessed, have baffled inquiry. But—to echo Forster's words with a modification—it may, I trust, be fairly contended that the text is now in a more accurate state.

It is noted by Forster, and should be repeated, that Evelyn's *Diary* "does not, in all respects, strictly fulfil what the term implies." It was not, like that of Pepys, composed from day to day; but must often have been "written up" long after the incidents recorded, and sometimes when the writer's memory betrayed him, or when he inserted fresh information under a wrong heading. He frequently refers to persons by titles they only bore at a period subsequent to the date of entry. Once, if Bray is correct, he seems to speak of his elder brother's second wife before the first was dead. Now and then, the difference between O.S. and N.S. throws some light upon the matter. But it does not explain why he professes to have witnessed Oliver Cromwell's funeral on the 22nd October when it took place on the 28rd November.¹ At other times he groups a number of events in one entry, an arrangement which brings the battle of Edgehill under the 8rd of October, when it really was fought on the 28rd.² Forster's solution

Polonius. "Rode" for "rowed," especially at Venice—"the only city in Europe where," as Thackeray said of G. P. R. James, "the famous 'Two Cavaliers' cannot by any possibility be seen riding together"—is unhappy. "Calais," again, for "Cales" (Cadiz) is odd. But these are lapses of vigilance to which the best of us are liable,—and they are rare.

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 136 and 158.

² Vol. i. p. 61.

of these things is probably correct. He supposes the *Diary* to have "been copied by the writer from memoranda made at the time of the occurrences noted in it," and that it "received occasional alterations and additions in the course of transcription." This must be held to account for "discrepancies otherwise not easily reconciled," and also "for differing descriptions of the same objects and occurrences which have occasionally been found in the MS. thus compiled." It should also be added that (as Mr. Forster does not seem to have been aware) Evelyn began, but did not complete, an amplified transcription of the whole,¹ from which some of Upcott's additions were no doubt derived. The effect of all this is to deprive the record of its character as a "Kalendarium" or "Diary," and to bring it rather into the category of "Memoirs," the title which Bray gave to the general collection of documents he issued in 1818, and which Evelyn, in one place, uses himself.²

To each of their editions Messrs. Bray and Forster appended notes. Those of Bray, who was assisted by the well-known collector, James Bindley of the Stamp Office, are in many respects valuable, in some respects authoritative, especially on local matters. But they are now eighty years old, while not a few of them, doubtless from the writer's want of access to sources of information now open to

¹ This is still at Wotton. It extends from the beginning of the *Diary* to October, 1644.

² Vol. ii. p. 365.

every one, were never very pertinent. Forster, in 1850, rather remodelled Bray than revised him, adding at the end of the volumes a number of fresh annotations of his own, which, from his familiarity with the period (was he not the author of the *Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth*!) are naturally not to be neglected. But half a century again has passed away since they were penned, and a vast amount of literature has grown up around what was once one of their writer's special subjects. In his issue of 1857, Forster incorporated his notes with Bray's without distinction. Of the body of comment thus created, I have freely availed myself, abridging, expanding, amending, or suppressing, as circumstances seemed to require. In addition, I have prepared a large number of supplementary notes, illustrative and explanatory, which are uniformly placed between square brackets thus []. Although I have carefully examined, and in some cases recast, the existing notes, I have not felt justified in claiming, even in an altered form, what I have not originated; and I have only in a few instances bracketed such inserted passages as, from their very nature, are either obviously modern or readily detachable from the context.¹ As to the notes which appear for the first time in this edition, I leave them to their fate. To some people something will always be

¹ Occasionally, where the note expresses a personal opinion, or makes a statement which cannot be verified, I have given it upon the authority of its author.

superfluous: to others something will always be lacking. But I hope fresh readers of Evelyn may, in the present instance, at least be willing to allow that a definite attempt has been made to throw light upon whatever in his pages an *invida ætas* has laboured to obscure.

The Illustrations to these volumes, like those to the *Diary and Letters* of Mme. D'Arblay, have been selected for their informing rather than their pictorial quality; and also because, besides referring to persons or places mentioned in the text, they are, as far as possible, contemporary, or nearly contemporary, with it. They are fully described in the Lists which precede each volume. As before, I have, in selecting them, enjoyed the advantage of the wide experience and ready sympathy of Mr. Emery Walker.

My thanks are due, and are hereby gratefully tendered, to Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S., Secretary to the Royal Society; Mr. Edmund Gosse; the Rev. William Hunt, President of the Royal Historical Society; Mr. Sidney T. Irwin of Clifton College; Mr. P. Chalmers Mitchell, F.R.S., Secretary to the Zoological Society; and Mr. Henry R. Tedder, the Secretary and Librarian of the Athenæum Club—for kind information on divers matters of detail.

As a last word, I may perhaps anticipate a not unnatural inquiry. What am I—whose labours have usually been confined to craft of a different

build and date—doing in this particular galley of the seventeenth century? I do not propose to take refuge in the quibble that Evelyn, although he lived in the seventeenth century, died in the eighteenth. Nor will I suggest that, by his very cast and complexion of mind, he prefigures and foreshadows many eighteenth-century characteristics in a way which is extremely interesting to the eighteenth-century student. Rather would I submit that the qualities which make for research in one epoch are equally serviceable in another;—nay, that those qualities may even be quickened and intensified by a special enthusiasm for the subject in hand. My respect for, and attraction to, John Evelyn of Sayes Court and Wotton are of many years' standing; but it is only in the last two that circumstances have enabled me to do him yeoman's service by editing and annotating,—however imperfectly,—his unique and memorable chronicle.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

75 EATON RISE, EALING, W.,
June, 1906.

INTRODUCTION

ON John Evelyn's tomb in Wotton Church it is recorded that he lived in "an age of extraordinary Events and Revolutions." To be the captain of one's soul in such conditions is not an easy matter; and it is greatly to Evelyn's credit that he was able to steer a steady course. Though a staunch Church-of-England man, he succeeded, as an equally staunch royalist, in deserving the goodwill of two monarchs, of whom one was a secret, the other an open Roman Catholic; and he retained the respect of both without any surrender of principle. He is an excellent example of the English Country Gentleman of the better sort, proud of his position, but recognising its responsibilities; liberally educated; conveniently learned; a virtuoso with a turn for useful knowledge, and a genuine enthusiast for anything tending to the improvement of his race or country. In an epoch of plotting and place-hunting, he neither place-hunted nor plotted. For advancement or reward he cared but little, being content to do his duty, often at his own charges, as a good citizen and a philanthropist.¹ Pious, tolerant, open-

¹ Like his father, he was "a studious decliner of honours and titles." Knighthood—he tells us as early as September, 1649—was a dignity he had often refused (vol. ii. p. 17), as he did the Bath afterwards (*ibid.* p. 161). Nor was he keen for office. Once, indeed, he seems to have made some faltering attempt to "serve his Majesty" as "Inspector of Forest Trees," a little post of barely £300, for which, as the author of *Sylva*, he was peculiarly

mininded, prudent, honourable—he belongs to the roll of those of whom our land, even in its darkest days, has always had reason to be proud. Of such an one it is a privilege to write.

Evelyn's *Memoirs*,¹ unlike the more expansive, though, in another sense, more restricted, *Diary* of his contemporary Pepys, extend over so many years that they practically cover his lifetime, and while chronicling current events, recount his own history. In the present "Introduction" it is therefore only necessary to dwell minutely upon those phases of his biography which, for one reason or another, he has neglected or passed by in his records. He was born, he tells us, on the 31st October, 1620, at the family seat of Wotton House, near Dorking in Surrey, being the fourth child and second son of Richard Evelyn and his wife Eleanor, only daughter of John Standsfield of Lewes in Sussex. His father was the fourth son of George Evelyn of Long Ditton, Godstone, and Wotton, all of which estates he—by what Marvell calls "good husbandry in petre"²—had acquired from time to time, and settled upon his sons. Thomas, the eldest, went to Long Ditton; the second, John, took up his residence at Godstone; while to the third, Richard, fell Wotton.³ At Wotton, a spot having "rising grounds, qualified. But the appointment, as usual, was given by preference to one "who had seldom been out of the smoke of London" (Letter to the Countess of Sunderland, 4th August, 1690). He was also promised the reversion of the Latin Secretaryship—"a place of more honour and dignity than profit" (vol. ii. p. 306).

¹ See Preface, pp. xii., xiii.

² He was a manufacturer of gunpowder.

³ It will save trouble to add here that each of these three families had, in the future, the title of baronet conferred upon them, viz. at Godstone in 1660; at Long Ditton, 1683; and at Wotton, 1713.

meadows, woods, and water in abundance," John Evelyn passed his childhood, receiving, when four years of age, the rudiments of his education from one Frier, in a room which formerly existed over the now modernised porch of the little Early English Church of St. John the Evangelist. At five he was sent to his grandfather Standsfield at Lewes; and eventually attended the free school at Southover, a suburb of that town. At one time there seems to have been some intention of sending him to Eton; but his imagination had been excited by reports of the severe discipline commemorated of old by Tusser,¹ and he remained at Southover. It is characteristic of a visit which he paid about this time to the ancient seat of the Carews at Beddington, that he "was much delighted with the gardens and curiosities."² These were things in which—as we shall see—his interest never abated.

When he was fifteen, he lost his mother, with whom, owing to his long absences from home, his intercourse can have been but broken. Her death, on the 29th September, 1635, was hastened by that of his eldest sister, Elizabeth, who had married unhappily and died in childbirth. Evelyn describes his mother quaintly as "of proper personage; of a brown complexion; her eyes and hair of a lovely black; of constitution more inclined to a religious melancholy, or pious sadness; of a rare memory, and most exemplary life; for economy and prudence, esteemed one of the most conspicuous in her country: which rendered her loss much deplored, both by those who knew, and such as only heard of her."³ In February, 1637, while still at Lewes, he was "especially admitted"

¹ From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had.

² Vol. i. p. 9.

³ Vol. i. p. 3.

(with his younger brother Richard) into the Middle Temple. He quitted school in the following April; and in May entered Balliol College, Oxford, as a Fellow-Commoner, matriculating on the 29th. His tutor was George Bradshaw (*nomen invisum*!—writes the diarist with a shudder),¹ who afterwards became Master; but at this period seems to have been too much occupied in harassing the constituted authorities in the interests of the Parliamentary visitors, to pay sufficient attention to his pupil.² Beyond the facts that Evelyn made acquaintance with a Greek graduate, Nathaniel Conopios, notable as one of the earliest drinkers of coffee in England, and that he presented some books to the college library, we hear little of his academic doings. He appears, however, to have assiduously attended the popular riding Academy of William Stokes;³ made some progress in the elements of music and “the mathematics,”⁴ and secured a congenial “guide, philosopher, and friend” in James Thicknesse, or Thickens, afterwards his travelling companion in the Grand Tour. He was joined at Oxford in January, 1640, by his younger brother, Richard. Not very long after, they both went into residence at the Middle Temple, occupying “a very handsome apartment” (in place of an earlier lodging in Essex Court) “just over against the Hall-court.”⁵ But for the “impolished study” of the law,—

That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances,⁶—

¹ He was the son of the Rector of Ockham; but may have been related to the regicide, John Bradshaw.

² Vol. i. p. 14.

³ Vol. i. p. 17.

⁴ He must also have been—like Fielding—“early master of the Latin classics.” To an exact knowledge of Greek he made no pretence (Letter to Wren, 4th April, 1665).

⁵ Vol. i. p. 19.

⁶ Tennyson's *Aylmer's Field*.

Evelyn had no aptitude, and he engaged upon it mainly by his father's desire.

At the close of 1640, his father died. His brother George, who had recently married a Leicestershire heiress,¹ duly succeeded to the Wotton patrimony; and, for his juniors, the world was all before them. It was not a particularly inviting world. Especially was it uninviting to a youth bereft of his natural counsellors; and—as Evelyn modestly describes himself—“of a raw, vain, uncertain, and very unwary inclination.”² Signs of growing popular discontent were everywhere observable; and among Evelyn's earliest experiences were the trial of Strafford, and the consequent severance from its shoulders of “the wisest head in England.”³ Even to this unlessoned spectator (he was but twenty), it was sufficiently plain that “the medal was reversing” and the national “calamities but yet in their infancy.”⁴ He accordingly resolved that, for the present, his best course would be to withdraw himself for a season “from this ill face of things at home.”⁵ His decision was discreet rather than heroic; but it was one which is more easy to discuss than condemn.⁶

In the ensuing July, having renewed his oath of allegiance at the Custom-House, he started for Holland, in company with a gentleman of Surrey called Caryll. They reached Flushing on the 22nd, and made their way towards Gennep, a stronghold

¹ Vol. i. p. 19.

² Vol. i. p. 21.

³ Vol. i. pp. 22, 23.

⁴ Vol. i. p. 25.

⁵ Vol. i. p. 25.

⁶ What drove Evelyn away, brought Milton back. Three years earlier, Milton, being abroad, “considered it dishonourable to be enjoying myself at my ease in foreign lands, while my countrymen were striking a blow for freedom” (Pattison's *Milton*, 1879, p. 39). But the points of view were different, and the men.

then held by the Spaniards against the French and Dutch. As ill luck would have it, by the time they reached their destination, the place had already been reduced. But while it was being re-fortified by its captors, there was still opportunity for doing volunteer duty in a company of Goring's regiment; and for a few days the travellers religiously "trailed the puissant pike," and took their turn as sentries upon a horn-work. A brief experience of camp life, however, coupled with the exacting demands made upon him as "a young drinker," seems to have satisfied Evelyn's military aspirations; and bidding farewell to the "leaguer and *camarades*," he embarked on the Waal in August for Rotterdam. He visited Delft (where he duly surveyed the tomb of William the Silent), the Hague (where the widowed Queen of Bohemia was then keeping Court), Haarlem, Leyden, Antwerp, and so forth, delighting in the "Dutch drolleries" of *kermesse* and fair, inspecting churches, convents, museums, palaces, and gardens, and buying books, prints, and pictures. From Antwerp he passed to Brussels, whence he journeyed to Ghent to meet a great Surrey magnate and neighbour, Thomas Howard, Lord Arundel, who, as Earl Marshal of England, had recently escorted the ill-starred Marie de Medicis to the Continent on her way to Cologne.¹ In Arundel's train Evelyn eventually returned home, reaching his lodgings in the Temple on the 14th October, 1641.

By this time he was one-and-twenty, and the civil war had begun in earnest. For the next few months he alternated between Wotton and London, "studying a little, but dancing and fooling more."² Then he was all but engulfed in the national struggle. In November he set

¹ Vol. i. p. 45.

² Vol. i. p. 60.

out to join the royal forces. But the same fate overtook him which he had suffered at Gennep. He arrived when the battle of Brentford was over; and the King, in spite of his success, was about to retire upon Oxford. The not-wholly-explicit sequel must be given in his own words. "I came in with my horse and arms just at the retreat, but was not permitted¹ to stay longer than the 15th [the battle had taken place on the 12th] by reason of the army marching to Gloucester [Oxford?]; which would have left both me and my brothers exposed to ruin, without any advantage to his Majesty."² He accordingly rode back to Wotton, where, "resolving to possess himself in some quiet, if it might be,"³ he devoted his energies, with his elder brother's permission, to building a study, digging a fish-pond, contriving an island, "and some other solitudes and retirements"—"which gave the first occasion of improving them to those water-works and gardens which afterwards succeeded them, and became at that time the most famous of England."⁴

These anticipatory references to the yet unrealised attractions of Wotton, afford another illustration of that "Memoir" character of Evelyn's *Kalendarium* to which, in the "Preface" to this volume, attention has already been drawn.⁵ But the moment was unfavourable to "*Hortulan* pursuits"; and after sending his "black *manège* horse and furniture" as an offering to Charles at Oxford, and shifting for a time uneasily between London and Surrey to escape signing the Solemn

¹ By whom?—is a not unreasonable question. Bray, however, puts the matter intelligibly:—"After the battle there [at Brentford] he desisted, considering that his brother's, as well as his own estates, were so near London as to be fully in the power of the Parliament" (*Memoirs of John Evelyn*, 1827, i. xv.).

² Vol. i. p. 61.

³ Vol. i. p. 62.

⁴ Vol. i. pp. 62-63.

⁵ Pp. xii., xiii.

view of the old, populous, picturesque, malodorous Paris of the seventeenth century, lying securely within the zigzag of its outworks, and traversed by the shining Seine. Hard by, at the churchyard of the Innocents, he watched the busy scriveners, with tombstones for tables, incessantly scratching letters for "poor maids and other ignorant people who came to them for advice."¹

But Evelyn's "Grand Tour" absorbs our first volume, and it is needless here to do more than briefly retrace what he would have called his *itinerarium*. In April, 1644, after a short excursion into Normandy, he set out for Orleans. From Orleans he went on to Blois; from Blois to Tours, where he stayed five months, learning French and playing pell-mell in the "noblest Mall" in Europe. Then he fared southward by Lyons and the Rhone to Avignon, and so to Aix and Marseilles. From Marseilles and its galleys he turned his face eastward, passing from Genoa through Pisa, Leghorn, and Florence to Rome. One of the things he noted on the Italian coast was the scent of orange, citron, and jasmine, floating seaward for miles,—a fragrant memory afterwards recalled in the dedication of his *Fumifugium*.² At Rome he stayed seven months, studying antiquities "very pragmatically" (by which he apparently means no more than "assiduously" or "systematically"),³ making acquaintance with the more reputable English residents, visiting (as was his wont) churches and palaces, and accumulating books, bustos, pictures, and medals. Nor did his restless curiosity neglect the tournaments, or the *séances* of the *Humoristi*,—the concerts at the Chiesa Nuova, or those now discontinued sermons to the Jews at Ponte Sisto which

¹ Vol. i. p. 101.

² Vol. i. p. 129.

³ Vol. i. p. 154.

Browning has perpetuated in "Holy Cross Day." Indeed, in the last case, he actually stood sponsor to two of the supposed converts. From Rome he travelled by Vesuvius and Baiae to Naples, the *ne plus ultra* of his wanderings, "since from the report of divers experienced and curious persons, he had been assured there was little more to be seen in the rest of the civil world, after Italy, France, Flanders, and the Low Countries, but plain and prodigious barbarism."¹ This singular conclusion, however, did not prevent his planning later to start for the Holy Land, to which end he took his passage, thoughtfully laying in a store of drugs and needments in case of sickness. But the vessel in which he proposed to embark was pressed for the war with the already unspeakable Turk, and the project came to an end.²

By the time he had reached Venice, it was June 1645; and between Venice and Padua, notwithstanding his satiety of "rolling up and down," he spent much of his time until the spring of the next year. At Venice, where he narrowly escaped a serious illness from an imprudent use of the hot bath, he was fortunate enough to witness the marriage of the Doge and the Adriatic; and he was highly diverted by the humours of the Carnival, the nightingale cages in the Merceria, and the inordinate *chopines* and variegated tresses of the Venetian ladies, among whom he must have made some acquaintances, since he relates that, when escorting a gentlewoman to her gondola after a supper at the English Consul's, he was honoured by a couple of musket-shots from another boat containing a noble Venetian, whose curtained privacy he was unconsciously deranging.³ At Padua, where he had a sharp attack of *angina*

¹ Vol. i. p. 240.

² Vol. i. p. 298.

³ Vol. i. p. 314.

pectoris, he attended the anatomical lectures of the learned Veslingius, from whom he purchased the series of Tables of Veins and Arteries later known as the *Tabulæ Evelinianæ*, and finally presented by him to the Royal Society.¹ At Padua, too, he was elected a Syndicus Artistarum, an honour he declined as being "too chargeable," as well as a hindrance to his movements. Shortly after this he parted from that *nominis umbra* of the *Memoirs*, his "dear friend and till now constant fellow-traveller," Mr. Thicknesse, who was obliged to return to England.²

In March, 1646, Evelyn himself set out homeward, in company with Edmund Waller, the poet, a Mr. Abdy, and a Captain (later Sir Christopher) Wray, "a good drinking gentleman," who, having, moreover, fought against King Charles, was not a very desirable addition to a sober party. At Milan Evelyn's enthusiasm for art had like to have had grave consequences, for venturing too far into the apartments of the Governor, he ran some risk of being arrested for a spy.³ Another Milan experience was actually tragic. Invited with his friends to visit a wealthy Scotch resident, and very hospitably entertained, the host subsequently took his guests into his stable to exhibit his stud. Mounting an unbroken horse, when somewhat flown with wine, the animal fell upon him, injuring him so severely that he died a few days afterwards, a sequel which, in a land of Inquisition, had the effect of precipitating the departure of the travellers from the Lombard capital.⁴ They set out over the Simplon, "through strange, horrid, and fearful crags and tracts, abounding in pine trees, and only inhabited by bears, wolves, and wild goats," to Geneva.

¹ Vol. i. p. 315; vol. ii. pp. 64 and 284.

² Vol. i. p. 310.

³ Vol. i. p. 326.

⁴ Vol. i. pp. 331-33.

Here Evelyn visited Giovanni Deodati, the translator of the Bible, and the father of that Charles Deodati whose premature death prompted Milton's *Epitaphium Damonis*. Then, having been put at Beveretta (Bouveret) into a bed recently vacated by a sick girl, he contracted or developed small-pox, which kept him a prisoner to his chamber for five weeks. His Genevese nurse was "a vigilant Swiss matron," with a *goitre*, which, when he occasionally woke from his uneasy slumbers, had a most portentous effect. Not long afterwards, he set out down the Rhone in a boat to Lyons. At Roanne the party took boat again; and so by Nevers to Orleans. "Sometimes, we footed it through pleasant fields and meadows; sometimes, we shot at fowls, and other birds; nothing came amiss: sometimes, we played at cards, whilst others sung, or were composing verses; for we had the great poet, Mr. Waller, in our company, and some other ingenious persons."¹ By October they reached Paris, the end of their pilgrimage, which had occupied Evelyn three years. His expenses, it may be noted, including tutors, servants, and outlay for curios, etc., averaged £300 per annum. This is rather under the estimate of the judicious Howell;² but it must be remembered that, in 1646, £300 represented a good deal more than it does now.

Even in his boyish days—as we have seen—"gardens and curiosities" had an especial attraction for Evelyn; and gardens and curiosities, if not the main interest of his foreign travels, continued to engross much of his attention. Statues and pictures and antiquities he studies carefully and intelligently; but his real enthusiasm is reserved for those things to which, already at Wotton, he had manifested that inborn bias which Emerson

¹ Vol. i. p. 352.

² *Forreine Travel*, 1642, Sect. iv. (See also vol. iii. p. 343 n.)

regarded as the chiefest gift of Fortune. For scenery and landscape, except when conventionally clipped and combed, he really cares but little. Mountains to him are terrifying objects, only to be qualified by highly Latinised adjectives. He must always be remembered as the traveller who found but "hideous rocks" and "gloomy precipices" in the Forest of Fontainebleau;—the traveller to whom the Alps seemed no more than the piled-up sweepings of the Plain of Lombardy. Had he lived in Waverley's day, it is obvious that he would have preferred the grotesque bears and pleached evergreens of Tully-Veolan to the wildest passes in the realm of Vich Ian Vohr. But let him come across a "trim garden" and his style expands like a sunflower. He is "extraordinarily delighted" with its geometric formalities,—its topiary ingenuities,—its artless surprises. He rejoices in the "artificial echo" which, when "some fair nymph sings to its grateful returns," redoubles her canorous notes; in the "spinning basilisk" that flings a jetto fifty feet high at the bidding of the fountaineer; in the "extravagant musketeers" who deluge the passing stranger with streams from their carbines; in that "agreeable cheat" of the painted Arch of Constantine at Rueil against which birds dash themselves to death in the attempt to fly through. He is "infinitely taken" with the innumerable pet tortoises of Gaston of Orleans; with the still fishponds and their secular carp; with the "apiaries" and "volaries" and "rupellary nidaries" (for waterfowl); with all the endless "labyrinths" and "cryptas" and "perspectives,"—the avenues and parterres and cascades and terraces, which the genius of André le Nôtre had contrived to match the architecture of Mansard. Of these things, and of that horticulture which Bacon calls "the Purest of Humane pleasures," and "the Greatest Refresh-

ment to the Spirits of Man," he never grows weary. "I beseech you"—he writes later to one about to travel—"I beseech you forget not to inform yourself as diligently as may be, in things that belong to Gardening, for that will serve both yourself and your friends for an infinite diversion."¹ Here speaks the coming author of the *Kalendarium Hortense*—the projector of the all-embracing and never-to-be-completed *Elysium Britannicum*.

This practical and educational aspect of the Grand Tour is another and not less noteworthy feature of Evelyn's Continental journeyings. For him they were emphatically means to an end,—an end of graver import than that "vanity of the eye only, which to other travellers has usually been the temptation of making tours."² His experiences correspond almost exactly to those *Wanderjahre* with which the apprentices of the day rounded off their apprenticeship, only in Evelyn's case it was an apprenticeship to the business of life. He brought back none of those "foppish fancies, foolish guises and disguises," against which honest Samuel Purchas inveighs in the "Preface" to his *Pilgrimes*. On the contrary, he had acted entirely in the spirit of that *Omnia explorate: meliora retinete* of St. Paul, which he had chosen for his motto. He had largely increased his knowledge of foreign tongues; he had made no mean progress in natural philosophy; he had learned something of music and drawing; and he had taken "much agreeable toil" among ruins and antiquities, and "the cabinets and curiosities of the virtuosi."³ Better still, he had come "to know men, customs, courts, and disciplines, and whatsoever superior excellencies the places afford, befitting a person of birth and noble

¹ Letter to Mr. Maddox, 10th January, 1657.

² *Ibid.*

³ Letter to Thomas Henshaw, 1st March, 1698.

impressions." The quotation may be continued, applying the words, which, though not written of himself, are his, to his own case. "This is the fruit of travel: thus our incomparable Sidney was bred;¹ and this, *tanquam Minerva Phidiae*, sets the crown upon his perfections when a gallant man shall return with religion and courage, knowledge and modesty, without pedantry, without affectation, material and serious, to the contentment of his relations, the glory of his family, the star and ornament of his age. This is truly to give a citizen to his country."²

With the termination of his Grand Tour, Evelyn ceased to be what he calls an *individuum vagum*. To the close of his career he continued to recall with pleasure the days when he had wandered abroad, not "to count steeples" but for improvement. Yet, though he more than once, in the next few years, passed between London and Paris, he never again visited the Continent as a *bona-fide* traveller. Meanwhile, his first weeks in the French capital were spent idly enough. Like Byron at Venice, however, he soon found the want of "something craggy to break his mind upon"; and he began to study Spanish and High Dutch, both of which things would be of use to him when, later, he came to write the History of the second war with

¹ Sir Philip Sidney was a distinguished and early Grand Tourist, having, like Evelyn, his permit from the Crown. In 1572 Elizabeth granted to "her trusty and well-beloved Philip Sidney, Esq., to go out of England into parts beyond the sea, with three servants and four horses, etc., to remain the space of two years immediately following his departure out of the realm, for the obtaining the knowledge of foreign languages" (Symonds' *Sidney*, 1886, p. 23).

² Evelyn to Edward Thurland, 8th November, 1658. He had already enlarged upon this topic in the "Preface" to the *State of France*, 1652.

Holland. He also “refreshed” his dancing, and other neglected exercises “not in much reputation amongst the sober Italians.”¹ He frequented the chemistry course of M. Nicasius Lefevre, afterwards apothecary to Charles II., and (“though to small perfection”) took lessons on the lute from Mercure.² Finally—and perhaps consequently—he fell in love,—the lady being Mary, sole daughter and heiress of the English Resident, Sir Richard Browne. She was certainly rather young (for these days), if her tombstone at Wotton Church correctly describes her as in her seventy-fourth year in 1709, which would make her between twelve and thirteen. Be this as it may, they were married at the chapel of the Embassy on Thursday, the 27th June, 1647, when the Paris streets were gay with the images and flowers and tapestry of the feast of Corpus Christi.³ The officiating clergyman was Dr. John Earle of the *Micro-cosmographie*, then an exile for his adherence to the Stuarts. The union, which was an entirely happy one, lasted for more than fifty-eight years. There will be something to say of Mary Evelyn hereafter. It is only needful now to recall her own words in her will, when she desired to be laid beside the husband she survived. “His care of my education”—she says—“was such as might become a father, a lover, a friend, and husband; for instruction, tenderness, affection & fidelity to the last moment of his life; which obligation I mention with a gratitude to his memory, ever dear to me; and I must not omit to own the sense I have of my Parents’ care & goodness in placing me in such worthy hands.”⁴

Not long after his marriage, Evelyn’s affairs carried him to England; and in October, 1647, he

¹ Vol. i. p. 352.

² Vol. ii. p. 1.

³ Vol. ii. p. 2.

⁴ *Memoirs of John Evelyn, etc.*, 1827, iv, 444.

left his young wife in charge of her "prudent mother." One of his earliest visits was to King Charles, then the prisoner of Cromwell at Hampton Court, but, as Lucy Hutchinson reports, "rather in the condition of a guarded and attended prince, than as a conquered and purchased captive."¹ Evelyn gave the King an account of "several things he had in charge"—doubtless commissions from Henrietta Maria and Prince Charles, then domiciled at St. Germain. He afterwards went to Sayes Court, a house on the Thames at Deptford leased by the Crown to his father-in-law, and at this date occupied, in Sir Richard's absence, by his kinsman, William Pretyma.² At Sayes Court Evelyn appears to have stayed frequently,³ and in January, 1649, took up his residence there.⁴ Most of the intervening months of 1648 must have been occupied by a rather hazardous correspondence in cypher with Browne at Paris, carried on over the signature of "Aplanos."⁵ In January, 1649, too, he published his first book, a translation of the *Liberty and Servitude* of Molière's friend, François de La Mothe Le Vayer, for the Preface of which (he says) "I was severely threatened."⁶ The peccant passages in the eyes of the authorities were doubtless those which declared that "never was there either heard or read of a more equal and excellent form of government than that under w^{ch} we ourselves have lived, during the reign of our most gracious Sovereigne's Halcion daies," and with this was contrasted "that impious *impostoria pila*, so frequently of late exhibited and held forth to the people, whilst (in the meane time) indeed, it is

¹ *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, 1863, p. 305. See also vol. ii. p. 3, etc. ² Vol. ii. p. 3.

³ Letters of "Aplanos" (see note 5) to Sir Richard Browne, 21st April and 18th December, 1648.

⁴ Vol. ii. p. 7.

⁵ Vol. ii. p. 10.

⁶ Vol. ii. p. 8.

thrown into the hands of a few private persons." The book was issued only a day or two before "his Majesty's decollation" (30th January, 1649),¹ of which "execrable wickedness" Evelyn could not bring himself to become an eye-witness.²

Among the collateral results of the King's death was the seizure as Crown property of Sayes Court, to be forthwith surveyed and sold for state requirements. These things must have been in progress when, in July 1649, after an absence in England of a year and a half, Evelyn returned to Paris. He was well received by the members of the exiled royal family, and appears to have been on terms of intimacy with Clarendon (then Sir Edward Hyde), Ormonde, Newcastle, St. Albans, Waller, Hobbes, Denham, and most of the illustrious fugitives assembled at St. Germain. Perhaps the most interesting event of this not very eventful period in Evelyn's biography was his connection with the artist, Robert Nanteuil, who drew and engraved the portrait which forms the frontispiece to this volume; and from whom he took lessons in etching and engraving. Nanteuil's picture represents him in his younger days, with loose Cavalier locks hanging about a grave, pensive face, and with his cloak worn "bawdrike-wise"—as Montaigne says. In the summer of 1650 he paid a brief visit to England, again for affairs, returning speedily to Paris. After Cromwell's "crowning mercy" of Worcester, any change for the better seeming out of the question, he decided to settle in England; and if practicable, endeavour to arrive at some arrangement with the existing possessors of Sayes Court. In this course he had both the concurrence of his father-in-law and the countenance of his accessible Majesty Charles II., who promised,

¹ *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 3, 5, 6.

² Vol. ii. p. 8.

whenever the ways were open, to secure to him in fee-farm any part of the property which might come back to the Crown,—a promise which, it is perhaps needless to add, was not performed. But as the outcome of Evelyn's negotiations, he eventually acquired possession of Sayes Court and some adjoining lands for £3500, the "sealing, livery and seisin" being effected on the 22nd February, 1658.¹ Already he had begun to plant and lay out the grounds; and for some years his records contain dispersed references to the gradual transformation of what had been a rude orchard and field of a hundred acres into that eminently "boscaresque" combination of garden, walks, groves, enclosures, and plantations, which so soon became the admiration of the neighbourhood.²

In June, 1652, Evelyn was at last joined by his wife, who, accompanied by her mother, Lady Browne, arrived from Paris, not without apprehensions of capture by the Dutch fleet, then hovering near our coasts. After being three days at sea, she landed at Rye; and Evelyn promptly established her at Tunbridge, to careen;³ while he

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 52 and 65

² "The hithermost Grove"—says a manuscript at Wotton House—"I planted about 1656; the other beyond it, 1660; the lower Grove, 1662; the holly hedge even with the Mount hedge below, 1670. I planted every hedge, and tree not onely in the gardens, groves, etc., but about all the fields and house since 1653, except those large, old and hollow elms in the stable court and next the sewer; for it was before, all one pasture field to the very garden of the house, which was but small; from which time also I repaired the ruined house, and built the whole of the kitchen, the chapel, buttry, my study, above and below, cellars and all the outhouses and walls, still-house, orangerie, and made the gardens, etc., to my great cost, and better I had don to have pulled all down at first, but it was don at several times" (*Memoirs of John Evelyn*, 1827, iv. 418).

³ And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
GREEN'S *Spleen*.

himself hastened forward to prepare Sayes Court for her reception. It was on his way thither that he was robbed at the Procession Oak near Bromley, in the way recounted in the *Diary*.¹ In the following autumn Lady Browne died of scarlet fever, and was buried at St. Nicholas, Deptford. From this time forth, after carrying his wife upon a long round of visits among her relatives, Evelyn remained quietly at home, developing and improving his estate; occupying himself in study and meditation; and diligently practising such religious exercises as were possible in days when the parish pulpits, for the most part, were given over to "Independents and fanatics," and the Prayer Book and Sacraments were proscribed.² Four sons were born to him at this period,³ of whom one only, John, survived childhood. The eldest, Richard, a "dearest, strangest miracle of a boy," as he is styled by Jeremy Taylor, died in January, 1658, to the inexpressible grief of his parents. Of his extraordinary gifts and precocity at five years old, an ample account is given in the *Diary*, as well as in the "Epistle Dedicatory" to the *Golden Book of St. John Chrysostom, concerning the Education of Children*, in translating which the bereaved father sought consolation for his loss.⁴ This was the period of Evelyn's friendship for Jeremy Taylor, to whose eloquent periods "concerning evangelical perfection" he had listened admiringly at St. Gregory's, and whom he had subsequently

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 58-60.

² Vol. ii. pp. 10, 53, 99, and 105. Of some of the difficulties besetting the seventeenth-century "passive resister" Evelyn gives a graphic picture in the episode at Exeter Chapel, vol. ii. pp. 125-27. But there must have been exceptions, for he admits that, at St. Gregory's, "the ruling Powers connived at the use of the Liturgy, etc." (vol. ii. p. 101).

³ Vol. ii. pp. 62, 68, 100, and 121.

⁴ Vol. ii. p. 134.

taken to be his "ghostly father."¹ Many of the letters which passed between them at this date are of the highest interest as throwing light upon Evelyn's devout and serious nature; and there is little doubt that his sympathy and pecuniary assistance² were freely bestowed upon Taylor in those troublous days, when, in the Preface to *The Golden Grove*, he praised "Episcopal Government," and denounced the "impertinent and ignorant preachers" who filled the pulpits of the Parliament.³

The version of St. Chrysostom above referred to was by no means Evelyn's only literary production before the Restoration. Early in 1652, he had published a letter to a friend on *The State of France*, prefaced by some excellent remarks and suggestions concerning the uses of foreign travel; and giving a minute account of that country in the ninth year of the reign of Louis XIV. Professedly, it is a conventional record of the kind which all visitors to the Continent were exhorted by their Governors to compile; but it is exceptionally concise and careful. In 1656 this was succeeded by a translation, "to charm his anxious thoughts during those sad and calamitous times," of the first book of Lucretius' *De Rerum Natura*,—a task at first not wholly to the taste of his "ghostly father," who, lest the work should "minister indirectly to error," enjoined him to supply "a sufficient antidote" either by notes or preface. For the *Lucretius*, Mrs. Evelyn, who was a pretty artist, designed a frontispiece, which Hollar engraved.⁴ The Chrysostom, which came next, was

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 71, 101.

² Letter to Jeremy Taylor, 9th May, 1657, and of Taylor to Evelyn, 3rd November, 1659.

³ Gosse's *Jeremy Taylor*, 1904, pp. 111, 113.

⁴ Vol. ii. p. 111. Evelyn never pursued this task, though Taylor seems to have afterwards encouraged him to do so. On one of his "ghostly father's" letters to this effect (15th

followed in December, 1658,¹ by another translation, undertaken at the instance of Evelyn's old travelling companion, Henshaw, of the *French Gardener* of Bonnefons. From references in the "Dedication" to future treatment by its writer of the "appendices to gardens" (*i.e.* parterres, grots, fountains, and so forth), it is plain that the "hortulan" proprietor of Sayes Court was already incubating the *Elysium Britannicum*.² Meanwhile, he bids his friend call to mind the rescript of Diocletian³ to those who would persuade him to re-assume the empire. "For it is impossible that he who is a true *virtuoso*, and has attained to the felicity of being a good gardener, should give jealousy to the State where he lives."⁴

The *French Gardener* went through several September, 1656), he wrote in pencil, "I would be none of y' *Ingenioni malo publico*" (see also letter to Meric Casaubon, 15th July, 1674).

¹ Vol. ii. p. 137.

² See Appendix VII. vol. iii. pp. 378-80.

³ Cowley works this rescript into the closing strophe of *The Garden*, which he addressed to Evelyn from Chertsey in August, 1666:—

Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian gardens noble shade,
W^{ch} by his own Imperial hands was made :
I see him smile, meethinks, as hee does talk
Wth the Ambassadors who come in vain
Tentice him to a throne again :
If I, my friends (said hee) should to you show
All the contents which in this garden grow,
'Tis likelier much y^t you should with mee stay,
Then 'tis y^t you should carry mee away :
And trust mee not, my friends, if every day
I walk not here with more delight
Than ever, after the most happy fight,
In triumph to the Capitol I rod,
To thank y^e Gods, and to bee thought, my self almost a God.

Upcott, who prints this piece at pp. 435-42 of the *Miscellaneous Writings*, claims to have carefully corrected it from an original manuscript of Cowley, given to him by Lady Evelyn.

⁴ *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 98.

editions. After this came, in 1659, a tract entitled *A Character of England*, purporting to be translated from the French of a recent visitor to this country. In this Evelyn briskly "perstrings" some of the national shortcomings,—the discourtesy to strangers, the familiarity of the innkeepers, the "inartificial congestion" of the houses, the irregularities of public worship, the fogs, the drinking, the cards, the tedium of visits and the lack of ceremony, to some of which things we shall find him afterwards return.¹ *A Character of England* was promptly replied to, with many "sordid reproaches" of the supposed foreign critic, in a scurrilous pamphlet entitled *Gallus Castratus*. To this impertinent "whiffler" Evelyn rejoined in a brief vindictory letter prefixed to his third edition. But whatever may be thought as to the justice or injustice of his strictures, it is notable that they were, in some measure, reiterated, not many years afterwards, by a genuine French traveller, M. Samuel de Sorbières,² who, in his turn, was angrily assailed by Sprat.

Evelyn's vindication is dated 24th June, 1659; and his next notable, though unpublished, utterance was a proposal embodied in a letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, for erecting "a philosophic and mathematic college."³ This was written in the following September. By this date Cromwell was dead and buried; his colourless successor had been displaced; and the Restoration was within measurable distance. Evelyn's further literary efforts were frankly royalist. The first, issued in November, 1659, was what he himself styles "a

¹ Vol. ii. p. 156, and pp. 53, 66, and 72, etc.

² Sorbières visited England in 1663. M. Jusserand has given a delightful account of him in his *English Essays from a French Pen*, 1895, pp. 158-92. Evelyn, who did not like him, wrote to Sprat about him on the 31st October, 1664.

³ See vol. ii. Appendix III.

bold *Apology*" for the Royal Party.¹ It met with such success that a second and third edition were called for within the year. The second belongs to the *Annus Mirabilis* itself. It was an indignant retort, composed under great disadvantages, for the writer was at the time seriously unwell, to a calumnious pamphlet by Marchamont Needham, called *News from Brussels*, in which it was suggested that the exiled monarch and his adherents were animated solely by a desire to avenge their wrongs. Evelyn had little difficulty in refuting this slander,² which was, moreover, contradicted by the Declaration of Breda, and the express assurances of the leading royalists that they were "satisfied to bury all past injuries in the joy of the happy restoration of the King, Laws, and Constitution." In a few weeks the consummation so devoutly wished had been attained. Evelyn was still too ill to go himself to Holland to bring the King back, as he had been invited to do. But on the triumphant 29th of May, he stood in the Strand, and blessed God for the return of Charles II. to the throne of his ancestors.³

To those acquainted with the history of the next quarter of a century, the enthusiasm of such a man as John Evelyn for such a monarch as Charles the Second must seem strange. But, apart from the benefits which the Restoration brought and promised to those who had groaned under the regime of the Commonwealth, it must be remembered that the Charles of May, 1660, was not precisely the Charles who died at St. James's

¹ Vol. ii. p. 140.

² *The late News from Brussels unmasked, and His Majesty vindicated from the base Calumny and Scandal therein fixed on him* (*Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 193-204. See also vol. ii. p. 144).

³ Vol. ii. p. 145.

—"victim of his own vices"—in February, 1685. He had borne himself in exile and adversity not without a certain dignity; if he was as profligate as those about him, his profligacy had not been openly scandalous; and he had conspicuously, at all times, the facile bonhomie of the Stuarts. His love of pleasure had not yet absorbed the faculties which disappeared with the paralysis of his will-power. To Evelyn, who had known him at St. Germain, many of his tastes were congenial. Like Evelyn himself, he possessed much of what Taine calls "*la flottante et inventive curiosité du siècle.*" He affected the easier and more mechanical mathematics; he dabbled in chemistry, anatomy, astronomy; he was deeply learned in shipping and sea affairs; he collected paintings, miniatures, ivories, and Japan-ware; and he delighted in planting and building. All these things were attractive to Evelyn, who was only too willing to be consulted concerning a fresh plan for reconstructing Whitehall (when funds were forthcoming); or to develop his own proposals for dispersing the ever-increasing smoke of London. With most good men, he lamented the gradual deterioration of Charles's character; and he detested alike the parasites who fostered his baser humours, and the shameless women who ministered to his lust. Yet—"reverencing king's blood in a bad man"—he never entirely relinquished his first impressions. "He was ever kind to me," he writes in 1685, "and very gracious upon all occasions, and therefore I cannot, without ingratitude, but deplore his loss, which for many respects, as well as duty, I do with all my soul."¹

¹ Seven years later this feeling was still strong. Commenting upon the disregard, under William and Mary, of Restoration Day, he writes, "There was no notice taken of it, nor any part of the office annexed to the Common Prayer-Book made

For the moment, however,—the hopeful moment of May, 1660,—all was promise and rosy expectation. His Majesty was very affable to his “old acquaintance,” Mr. Evelyn; and he was particularly attentive to Mrs. Evelyn, whom, as the daughter of the English Resident, he must also have known at Paris. He was good enough to accept politely a picture she painted for him, and he carried her into his private closet to show her his curiosities. He even talked vaguely of making her Lady of the Jewels to the new Queen who was coming from Portugal. Evelyn himself might have had the Bath; but he refused it. He did, however, obtain, though not altogether in the form he had been led to expect it (this was a not unfrequent characteristic of His Majesty’s benefactions), a lease of Sayes Court, which now reverted to the Crown.¹ It is clear that the King, who piqued himself on his knowledge of character, saw at once that John Evelyn, Esquire, though “a studious decliner of honours and titles,” was a man likely to be useful in many extra-Court capacities. He speedily employed him in drawing up an “impartial narrative” of an affray between the French and Spanish Ambassadors on a question of precedence; he placed him on different Commissions,—Charitable Uses, Street Improvement, and the like; and finally, he nominated him a Member of the Council of that Royal Society, the founding of which, in 1662,² must always be regarded—in spite of Rochester’s epigram—as an eminently “wise” act on His Majesty’s part. With this illustrious body Evelyn had been identified from its infancy as a Philosophic Club under the Commonwealth; and use of, which I think was ill done, in regard his [King Charles’s] restoration not only redeemed us from anarchy and confusion, but restored the Church of England, as it were miraculously” (vol. iii. p. 295).

¹ See *ante*, p. xxxv.

² Vol. ii. p. 157.

he continued to take an interest in its proceedings to the end of his life.

More than one of the works which he produced in the next few years were connected directly or indirectly with the new institution. After the regulation *Poem on His Majesty's Coronation*¹ (concerning which "Panegyric" we are told that the King inquired nervously, first, whether it was in Latin, and, secondly, whether it was long), Evelyn inscribed to Charles his already-mentioned treatise called *Fumifugium; or, the Inconvenience of the Air and Smoke of London dissipated*, in which various ingenious expedients were suggested for the remedy of an evil not yet wholly removed.² This was a subject entirely within the purview of the Royal Society; but it unfortunately appeared before that body had been constituted by Charter. In the "Epistle Dedicatory" to his next production, a version of Gabriel Naudé's *Avis pour dresser une Bibliothèque*,³ a work which candid Mr. Pepys considered to be "above my reach," Evelyn paid a glowing tribute to his new associates, receiving their public thanks in return. The "Naudæus" was succeeded by "a little trifle of sumptuary laws," entitled *Tyrannus or the Mode*. This he seems to have regarded as the initial cause of that Persian costume, in which, a few years later, the English court amused themselves by masquerading, until the "*Roi-Soleil*," by a sublime stroke of impertinence, put his lacqueys into a similar livery, and thus gave "Mr. Spectator," in the next age, the pretext for his excellent fable of "Brunetta and Phillis."⁴

None of Evelyn's efforts had, however, so close a connection with the Royal Society as the two which now followed; and they are, in some respects,

¹ Vol. ii. p. 167.

² Vol. ii. p. 172.

³ Vol. ii. pp. 178, 179.

⁴ Vol. ii. pp. 180, 262-63.

his most important performances. One, *Sculptura; or, the History and Art of Chalcography*, 1662¹ (which included an account of the so-called "new Manner" of engraving in mezzotint, learned by Prince Rupert from Ludwig von Siegen), was suggested by Boyle, to whom it was inscribed. In this Evelyn combined what he had acquired from Nanteüil and Abraham Bosse with much that was the result of his own minute and learned study of the graphic arts. The other book, *Sylva*, is so generally regarded as his masterpiece that it is frequently used by his descendants as an adjective to qualify his surname. • It originated in a number of queries put to the Royal Society by the Commissioners of the Navy respecting the future supply of timber for ship-building. To these Evelyn replied elaborately in October, 1662, by reading before the Society a paper on forest trees, of which they forthwith ordered the printing as their first official issue. In 1664, it duly appeared in expanded form; and its author continued to retouch it lovingly in different fresh editions. He had, moreover, the satisfaction of seeing that the "sensible and notorious decay" of his beloved country's "wooden walls" was in a measure arrested by his recommendations, for his book was thoroughly successful in its object; and there was no exaggeration on the part of the elder Disraeli, when, in an oft-quoted passage, he declared that Nelson's fleets were built from the oaks that Evelyn planted. To *Sylva*, in its printed form, its author added *Pomona*, an Appendix on Cider, together with a *Kalendarium Hortense; or, Gardener's Almanack*.² His only remaining effort of any moment at this date was a translation of Roland Freart's *Parallel of the Ancient Architecture with the Modern*, 1664, a work in which, as

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 158, 188.

² Vol. ii. pp. 195, 208, 303.

may perhaps be guessed, the claims of the Ancients were not underrated either by author or translator.¹ The *Parallel* was dedicated first to the King, and secondly (although Evelyn privately held him to be "a better poet than architect")² to Sir John Denham of *Cooper's Hill*, then Superintendent and Surveyor of the Crown Buildings and Works. To this book Evelyn probably owed his subsequent appointment as Commissioner for the repair of Old St. Paul's.³ But his next important function of this kind was in connection with the care of the Sick and Wounded during the Dutch War.⁴

Of Evelyn's activity in his responsible task; of its onerous character (for most of the work fell on his district);⁵ and of the difficulty of obtaining the needful supplies from an Exchequer depleted by Royal extravagance, the *Diary* affords abundant proof. But to the biographer, seeking the individual behind the record, perhaps the most interesting thing about this office is, that it brought Evelyn into relations with his fellow-diarist, Pepys. Of Pepys, during the ten years over which his *Diary* extends, Evelyn says never a word. But Pepys, on the contrary, mentions Evelyn several times, with the result that we get a view of Evelyn which his own chronicle does not supply. Pepys' first reference is on the 5th May, 1665—a memorable day, for Pepys had left off wearing his own hair, and taken permanently to periwigs. He visited Sayes Court, the owner being absent, and walked in the garden. "And a very noble, lovely ground he hath indeed!" writes Pepys, admiring in particular the "transparent apiary" or bee-hive which had come from that ingenious F.R.S., Dr. Wilkins of Wadham College.⁶ Then he meets Mr. Evelyn

¹ Vol. ii. p. 214.

² Vol. ii. p. 176.

³ Vol. ii. p. 250.

⁴ Vol. ii. p. 218.

⁵ Kent and Sussex. Cp. vol. ii. p. 349.

⁶ Vol. ii. p. 79.

at Captain Cocke's (Captain Cocke was the Treasurer to the Commissioners for the Sick and Wounded), and we see Evelyn *en belle humeur*. Lord Sandwich has taken some East India prizes. "The receipt of this news did put us all into such an ecstasy of joy, that it inspired into Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Evelyn such a spirit of mirth, that in all my life I never met with so merry a two hours as our company this night was." Sir J. Minnes, it seems, was a chartered *farceur*; but he was surpassed by Evelyn. "Among other humours, Mr. Evelyn's repeating of some verses made up of nothing but the various acceptations of *may* and *can*, and doing it so aptly upon occasion of something of that nature, and so fast, did make us all die almost with laughing, and did so stop the mouth of Sir J. Minnes in the middle of all his mirth (and in a thing agreeing with his own manner of genius) that I never saw any man so out-done in all my life; and Sir J. Minnes's mirth too to see himself out-done, was the crown of all our mirth."¹

After this, as might be anticipated, Pepys received a complimentary copy of that Naudæus which he found above his reach. He goes to Sayes Court again, and is shown the famous holly-hedge, later so wantonly maltreated by Peter the Great.² But his account of a subsequent visit is fuller and more personal in its portraiture:—"By water to Deptford, and there made a visit to Mr. Evelyn, who, among other things, showed me most excellent painting in little; in distemper, in Indian ink, water-colours; graving; and, above all, the whole secret of mezzotinto, and the manner of it, which is very pretty,³ and good things done

¹ Pepys' *Diary*, 10th September, 1665.

² *Ibid.* 5th October, 1665; and vol. iii. p. 336.

³ Vol. ii. p. 188.

with it. He read to me very much also of his discourse, he hath been many years and now is about, about Gardenage;¹ which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be.² He showed me his *Hortus Hyemalis*;³ leaves laid up in a book of several plants kept dry, which preserve colour, however, and look very finely, better than any herbal. In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others. He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own, that were not transcendent, yet one or two very pretty epigrams; among others, of a lady looking in a grate [*cage*], and being pecked by an eagle that was there."⁴

Evelyn was ten years older than the Clerk of the Acts, and it is easy to see that the ice as yet was only partially broken. Upon his next visit,⁵ after some "most excellent discourse," Evelyn presents his new acquaintance with the ledger kept by a previous Treasurer of the Navy, a relic which is still to be seen in the British Museum.⁶ Upon another occasion, in Lord Brouncker's coach, Evelyn develops to Pepys his project of an Infirmary,⁷ and deplores the vanity and vices of

¹ Vol. iii. p. 378.

² This may have been the tragi-comedy of *Thyrander*, still said to be at Wotton. It was certainly written at this date, for Evelyn refers to it in a letter to Lord Cornbury of 9th February, 1665. Of the other dramatic efforts mentioned by Pepys no particulars are given. It would be interesting to know if Evelyn anticipated Fontenelle, and wrote upon Abdalonymus, the gardener king of Sidon. Or he might have taken Diocletian for his hero. (See *ante*, p. xxxix.)

³ Vol. i. p. 307.

⁴ Pepys' *Diary*, 5th November, 1665.

⁵ 24th November, 1665.

⁶ *Globe Pepys*, by Professor G. Gregory Smith, 1905, p. 357.

⁷ 29th January, 1666.

the Court, therein proving himself "a most worthy person."¹ Once more he goes to Sayes Court, and wanders about the garden. By this time they are friends. "The more I know him, the more I love him," he says of its owner.² But his longest and most important record comes on the 26th April, 1667, when he walks for two hours with Evelyn at Whitehall, "talking of the badness of the Government, where nothing but wickedness, and wicked men and women command the King: that it is not in his nature to gainsay anything that relates to his pleasures; that much of it arises from the sickliness of our Ministers of State, who cannot be about him as the idle companions are, and therefore he gives way to the young rogues; and then, from the negligence of the Clergy, that a Bishop shall never be seen about him, as the King of France hath always"—a potentate for whom Evelyn seems at this date to have entertained a qualified respect, although he comes afterwards to stigmatise him as the "inhuman French tyrant." The main topic of conversation, however—at all events the topic upon which Pepys lingers with the greatest particularity—is the then recent marriage of the *belle Stewart*—that most radiant of all the Hampton Court Gallery—to the Duke of Richmond. Evelyn manifestly had a better opinion of her than most of her contemporaries; and his testimony (as Lord Braybrooke says) is not to be disregarded.³ There are later interviews, in which the talk is mainly of "the times," "our ruin approaching," and "the folly of the King." But

¹ Even Pepys—it may be noted—though not by any means a Cato, drew the line at the "profane and abominable lives" of the Caroline Court.

² 29th April, 1666.

³ She "managed after all"—says the King's latest and best biographer—"to rise so far above her sisters as to leave her virtue an open question, and to become, as Duchess of Richmond, an 'honest woman'" (Airy's *Charles II.*, 1904, p. 194).

upon all this intercourse—as already observed—Evelyn keeps silence. Yet, without the record of Pepys, we should miss a valuable sidelight upon Evelyn himself. It is plain that if he had condescended to “enliven his Character,”—as Steele once said,—he might have done so without difficulty.

Pepys' *Diary* finishes on the 31st May, 1669; and his last reference to Evelyn comes at the end of the preceding March.¹ Between May, 1665, when he first mentions him, and May, 1669, History had been busily making itself. It was the period of the second Dutch War,—of the Plague and Fire,—of the fall of Clarendon,—of the negotiations for that discreditable Treaty of Dover which made Charles the pensioner of France. Most of these things leave their mark in Evelyn's chronicle, and the Dutch war, in particular, kept him continuously occupied in duties which even the Plague could not interrupt,—a fact fully acknowledged both by the King and the Duke of York.² After the Fire he promptly presented His Majesty with a plan for

¹ Evelyn's first mention of Pepys comes under 10th June, 1669. On the 19th February, 1671, he speaks of him as “an extraordinary ingenious, and knowing person.” But the chief allusions to him are in vol. iii. He visits him in the Tower, 4th June, 1679; on 15th September, 1685, he goes with him to Portsmouth; on the 2nd October following, Pepys shows him proof of Charles being a Catholic. In July, 1689, he sits to Kneller for his portrait at Pepys' request; on the 24th June, 1690, he dines with him before his committal to the Gatehouse. Under 23rd September, 1700, is a record of his visiting Pepys at “Paradisian Clapham”; and there is a laudatory entry about Pepys' death on 26th May, 1703, not long before Evelyn's own decease. Several interesting letters from Evelyn are included in the *Pepys Correspondence*. The last, dated as late as 20th January, 1703, gives a pleasant account of Evelyn's grandson and heir, and records his impressions of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, which he has just received from the author's son.

² Vol. ii. p. 240.

rebuilding the city ; and he seems also to have been the first to suggest that the "monstrous *folio*" of Aitzema on the war,¹ then in progress at the Hague, should be confuted by some competent English historian,—a suggestion which, perhaps not unnaturally, recoiled upon himself.² In 1670 he was actively at work upon this task, by the King's command. In August of the next year the "Preface" was despatched to the Lord Treasurer, and Evelyn says further that what he has written of the book itself will make, at the least, eight hundred or a thousand folio pages.³ Nothing but the "Preface," however, saw the light. This was issued rather tardily in 1674, with the title *Navigation and Commerce, their Original and Progress*. Unluckily, the Treaty of Breda, which it should have preceded, had just been concluded, and the book was suppressed at the instance of the Dutch Ambassador,⁴ who protested against what had been said concerning the Flags and Fishery. According to Evelyn, the offending passages were really but a milder version of what the King had himself supplied. The rest of the book, which was afterwards lent in MS. to Pepys, probably in connection with his projected *Navalia*,⁵ was never reclaimed by Evelyn ; and Bray sought for it fruitlessly among the Pepysian

¹ *Saken van Staet en Oorlogh*, by Lieuwe van Aitzema, 1669-72.

² Vol. ii. pp. 294, 307, 314, 318, 321, 329, etc.

³ Letters to Sir Thomas Clifford (Lord High Treasurer), 20th January, 1670, and 31st August, 1671.

⁴ That is,—it was *formally* suppressed, a course which "turned much to the advantage" of Benjamin Tooke, the stationer, who sold it freely *sub rosa* (vol. ii. p. 370). Pepys, it may here be noted, upon the recommendation of Mr. Coventry, had meditated a "History of the late Dutch War"—i.e. the first (1651-54). It "sorts mightily with my genius," he writes on 13th June, 1664 ; "and, if done well, may recommend me much."

⁵ Vol. iii. p. 365.

Collection at Cambridge.¹ It is now held to be lost. There is always a temptation to overestimate the importance of the unborn in literature; but Evelyn's absolute honesty, his patriotism, his intimate knowledge of the facts, no less than his literary ability, certainly justify some regret that his *History of the Dutch War* never came to be included among his published works.

From 1670 to 1674, the *History of the Dutch War* must have engrossed Evelyn's best energies. But between 1670 and the earlier publication of *Sylva* had appeared a few minor efforts which require brief notice. One was the translation entitled the *Mystery of Jesuitism*, referred to at pp. 221-22 of vol. ii., a copy of which, presented to the Master of the Revels, Sir Henry Herbert, is to be found in the British Museum, and is possibly the identical copy which the King carried for two days in his pocket.² Another was a Preface to the *English Vineyard Vindicated* of the King's Gardener, John Rose, 1666. More memorable than either of these is the tract entitled *Publick Employment and an Active Life preferred to Solitude*, 1667, an answer to "a moral Essay" taking the opposite view by a Scotch Advocate, Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh.³ It is at first sight strange to find Evelyn, with his love for "solitudes" and "retirements," on what is apparently the wrong side in the argument. But the discussion is frankly academic, and the "war"—as he says in his "Preface"—"innocent." "I conjure you"—he writes to Cowley—"to believe that I am still of the same mind, and there is no person alive who does more honour and breathe after the life and repose you so happily cultivate and adorn by your

¹ Letter to Samuel Pepys, 6th December, 1681; Evelyn's *Memoirs*, by Bray, 1827, i., xxv.

² Vol. ii. p. 223.

³ Vol. ii. p. 268.

example.”¹ Sir Roger de Coverley’s decision that much may be said on both sides would probably have sufficed ; but Horace Walpole, always sympathetic to Evelyn, puts the matter in a nutshell :—“ He [Evelyn] knew that retirement in his own hands was industry and benefit to mankind ; but in those of others, laziness and inutility.”² After the *Essay on Solitude* the only works which preceded the Dutch War were a preface to a fresh translation of Freart on the *Perfection of Painting*, 1668,³ and an honest attempt to expose fraud—the *History of the Three late Famous Impostors*, Padre Ottomano, Mahomed Bei, and Sabatai Sevi—the last being a pretended Messiah.⁴

The *History of the Impostors* belongs to 1669 ; and for literary purposes the next four years, as already stated, were absorbed by the chronicle of the Dutch War. In the ten years which intervened between the issue of *Navigation and Commerce* and the death of Charles in 1685, Evelyn published nothing but *Terra*, a “philosophical discourse” treating of the earth in relation to vegetation and planting, which he had read before the Royal Society in April, 1675.⁵ The story of his life, as revealed by his records, may therefore be resumed without interruption. In 1667 he was consulted, mainly on account of his *Fumifugium*, as to some substitute for the lack of fuel then being sadly felt ;⁶ and in the same year he was allied with a certain projecting Sir John Kiviet, a Dutchman, in a scheme for facing the Thames, from the Temple to the Tower, with clinker bricks, a collaboration by which (according to Pepys) he lost

¹ *Letter to Abraham Cowley*, 12th March, 1667 (Appendix VI.).

² *Catalogue of Engravers*, 1763, p. 77.

³ Vol. ii. p. 290.

⁴ Vol. ii. pp. 290, 294.

⁵ Vol. ii. p. 378.

⁶ Vol. ii. pp. 275, 276.

£500.¹ In 1667 also he managed to induce Mr. Henry Howard (afterwards Duke of Norfolk) to transfer the famous *Marmora Arundeliana* collected by his grandfather, the old Earl of Arundel, to the University of Oxford,² having previously persuaded the same nobleman, who had "little inclination to books," to present the bulk of the Arundel Library to the Royal Society.³ In February 1671 the King made him a member of the Council of Foreign Plantations,⁴ with a salary—"to encourage him"—of £500 a year. This Council, afterwards amalgamated with that of Trade,⁵ and having John Locke for its Secretary, became the nucleus of the existing and heterogeneous Board of Trade.⁶ It held its first meetings in the Earl of Bristol's house in Queen's Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.⁷ Buckingham, Arlington, Lauderdale, Carteret, with many other notable names, figured among its early members, and its first President was Sandwich. Evelyn seems to have highly valued this appointment, which he thoroughly deserved, and for the duties of which he was probably far better equipped than most of his colleagues. In the following year he was made Secretary to the Royal Society; but that post he only held for a twelvemonth.⁸ Another of his functions at this date was that of Younger Brother of the Trinity House.⁹

Evelyn's dislike to the "buffoons and ladies of pleasure"¹⁰ (the words are his own), who formed so

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 268, 269, 280; and Pepys, under 23rd September, 1668.

² Vol. ii. p. 280.

³ Vol. ii. p. 267.

⁴ Vol. ii. p. 319.

⁵ Vol. ii. p. 353.

⁶ At present located in Whitehall Gardens. It may be noted it was at first proposed that a Council Chamber should be built in this very neighbourhood, in order that the King might be present at the debates (vol. ii. pp. 326, 327).

⁷ Vol. ii. p. 323.

⁸ Vol. ii. p. 354.

⁹ Vol. ii. p. 355.

¹⁰ Vol. ii. p. 279.

large a part of the Court personnel, has been sufficiently disclosed in his conversations with Pepys. For such men as Clarendon and Clifford, and Sandwich and Ossory, he always retained a respect which, in the case of the first two, did not blind him to the defects of their qualities. But very few of the other sex appear to have obtained or deserved his admiration. The conspicuous exception is the beautiful Margaret Blagge, the youngest daughter of Colonel Thomas Blagge of Horningsherth, and afterwards the wife of Sidney Godolphin. She is first mentioned in the *Diary* in 1669 as "that excellent creature Mrs. Blagge,"¹ being then Maid of Honour to Clarendon's daughter, the Duchess of York; and thenceforth she reappears at intervals in Evelyn's pages. Speaking in July, 1672, of an entertainment he gave to the Maids of Honour, he mentions among them especially "one I infinitely esteemed for her many and extraordinary virtues."² At this date Anne Hyde was dead, and "Mrs." or Miss Blagge had passed to the service of Catherine of Braganza. Shortly afterwards she quitted the Court altogether, returning to it only on one occasion, at the express command of the King and his brother, to take the appropriate part of Diana in "little starched Johnny Crowne's" masque of *Calisto*; or, *the Chaste Nymph*.³ But even six years in that "perilous Climate" had left her native piety unscathed. She was essentially a "*schöne Seele*," instinctively pure and good; and, in spite of her beauty and intellectual gifts, which were considerable, succeeded in preserving both her goodness

¹ Vol. ii. p. 297.

² Vol. ii. p. 349.

³ It is characteristic of the times that even the Chastity of that Court of Comus had to bedizen herself with £20,000 worth of borrowed jewelry, some of which, being lost in the crowd, had to be made good by the Duke of York (vol. ii. p. 374).

and her purity. Arethusa-like, says Evelyn, she "passed through all those turbulent waters without so much as the least stain or tincture in her crystal."¹

"Minding his books and his garden," and quitting his "recess" only upon compulsion, Evelyn had not at first sufficiently appreciated the rare character who sometimes came to Sayes Court with Mrs. Howard. But by July, 1672,—as we have seen—he had grown thoroughly alive to the beauty and intellectual charm of his young visitor; and in October of the same year—partly in jest and partly in earnest—they entered, notwithstanding the disparity in their ages, upon "an inviolable friendship." To Evelyn, from this time, Margaret Blagge became an adopted child, to be advised and served "in all her secular and no few spiritual affairs and concerns" to the best of his ability, whilst she, on her part, repaid him with an attachment "so transcendently sincere, noble, and religious," as to exceed, in all its dimensions, anything he had hitherto conceived. These are mainly his own words, which should be consulted with their context in the posthumous account he wrote of her. In this place her story can only be briefly pursued. On her retirement from Court, which must have taken place not long after the date last mentioned, she found an asylum with her friend Lady Berkeley of Stratton, at Berkeley House in Piccadilly, later the refuge of the Princess Anne. In May, 1675, she was married to Godolphin, then Groom of the Bedchamber to the King,² "the person in the world who knew her best, and most she loved." For obscure reasons, probably imposed upon her

¹ *Life of Mrs. Godolphin*, "King's Classics" reprint, 1904, p. 7.

² Vol. ii. p. 379.

by her husband, the marriage for a time was kept secret, even from Evelyn; and in the following November¹ she accompanied the Berkeleys to Paris, Lord Berkeley being Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary for the Peace of Nimeguen.² Another of the party was Evelyn's son John, a youth of twenty, to whom, in virtue of her two years' seniority, she stood in the light of "Governess,"—his "pretty, pious, pearly Governess" the young man calls her to his father. She returned to England in April, 1676. Dispersed entries in the *Diary* afterwards show Evelyn amiably active in various ways for the benefit of the newly-married pair; and then, in 1678,³ follows the long, sad record which tells of the young wife's premature death in childbirth. At Godolphin's request, Evelyn took charge of her little son; and among the papers which, at Evelyn's death, were found marked "Things I would write out fair and reform if I had leisure," was a lengthy account of her life. That its author would have compressed it in the transcription is unlikely; and that he did not "write it out fair" is perhaps to its advantage, for it is already somewhat diffuse. But it is a thoroughly earnest and sympathetic account of a good woman in bad times, besides being an instructive homily on the text: "Even in a palace, life may be led well." Through that tainted Whitehall atmosphere the "sinless faith" of Margaret Blagge shines serenely,—

A maiden moon that sparkles on a sty,
Glorifying clown and satyr;

and it was not the least of her merits, both in the eyes of her affectionate biographer and her

¹ Vol. ii. p. 387.

² Vol. ii. p. 385.

³ Vol. iii. pp. 20-23.

episcopal editor, that she was "a true daughter of the Church of England."¹

In 1676, when our second volume closes, Evelyn had entered his fifty-seventh year. Henceforth his record, though by no means deficient in general interest, grows gradually briefer in style, and less fruitful in personal details. At this date four only of his eight children were alive, three daughters and a son. The son, already referred to as visiting Paris with the Berkeleys, was married in February, 1680, to Miss Martha Spencer.² Three years afterwards died Evelyn's father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne, who had apparently resided at Sayes Court since his arrival from Paris in 1660.³ In 1685, when Charles II. disappeared from the scene, death was again busy in the Evelyn family. Two of the daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, died of small-pox.⁴ Elizabeth, the younger of the two, had been married but a short time previously to a nephew of one of the Commissioners of the Navy, Sir John Tippet. Mary, who was unmarried, and to whose memory her father devotes a mournful entry, seems to have been entirely of the Mrs. Godolphin type, without the court experience; and also to have possessed that precocity of gift which distinguished her brother Richard. Something of her literary ability is revealed in the tract entitled *Mundus Muliebris*,⁵ which her father published five years later, with notes of his own and probably a

¹ Evelyn's *Life of Margaret Godolphin*, first published by Bishop Wilberforce in 1847 from the MS. in the possession of the author's great-great-grandson, the Archbishop of York, has recently (1904) been made generally accessible by a neat and inexpensive reprint in Professor Gollancz's "King's Classics" series.

² Vol. iii. p. 43.

³ Vol. ii. p. 146, and vol. iii. p. 90.

⁴ Vol. iii. pp. 148, 173.

⁵ Vol. iii. p. 152.

"Preface,"¹ and which exhibits not only a creditable proficiency in pre-Swiftian octosyllabics, but a faculty for stocktaking in chiffons that would have done credit to the late George Augustus Sala. Mary Evelyn's death left her father but one daughter, Susanna, afterwards married to John Draper of Addiscombe in Surrey.² She was soon to be the only surviving child, for her brother John died in 1699, leaving a son—another John—to become Evelyn's heir.

With the accession of the Duke of York as James the Second, came to Evelyn what was perhaps his crowning distinction. In December, 1685, during the absence of the second Earl of Clarendon as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the

¹ From which, as it shows Evelyn in the always attractive rôle of a *laudator temporis acti*, and also gives an example of his lighter manner, the following may be quoted:—"They [our forefathers] had cupboards of ancient useful plate, whole chests of damask for the table, and store of fine Holland sheets (white as the driven snow), and fragrant of rose and lavender, for the bed; and the sturdy oaken bedstead, and furniture of the house, lasted one whole century; the shovel-board and other long tables, both in hall and parlour, were as fixed as the freehold; nothing was moveable save joynt-stools, the black-jacks, silver tankards, and bowls: and though many things fell out between the cup and the lip, when happy [? nappy] ale, March beer, metheglin, malmesey, and old sherry, got the ascendant among the blew-coats and badges, they sung *Old Symon* and *Cheviot-Chase*, and danc'd *Brave Arthur*, and were able to draw a bow that made the proud Monsieur tremble at the whizze of the grey-goose-feather. 'Twas then ancient hospitality was kept up in town and country, by which the tenants were enabled to pay their landlords at punctual day; the poor were relieved bountifully, and charity was as warm as the kitchen, where the fire was perpetual. In those happy days, Sure-foot, the grave and steady mare, carried the good knight, and his courteous lady behind him, to church and to visit the neighbourhood, without so many hell-carts, ratling coaches, and a crue of *lacqueys*, which a grave livery servant or two supply'd, who rid before and made way for his worship." (Preface to *Mundus Muliebris*, Evelyn's *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 700-1.)

² Vol. iii. p. 301.

office of Privy Seal was put into commission, and Evelyn was appointed one of the three Commissioners,¹ two being a quorum. This was an honour not without its drawbacks, as the new King was anxious to do a good many things which Evelyn could by no means regard as compatible either with the fitness of things or the welfare of his beloved Church of England. He could not, for instance, have been enthusiastic about making Catherine Sedley Countess of Dorchester;² and he was not ill pleased that his colleagues proceeded without him. Once—he does not say upon what matter—he deliberately absented himself;³ and on another occasion, when it was a question of allowing the printing of Missals, Offices, Lives of Saints, and so forth, he refused to agree, and the licence was laid by.⁴ He took the same course, with Sancroft's concurrence, in the case of an application by the apostate Obadiah Walker as to the publication of Popish books. On the whole, important as the office was, he must have felt relieved when, at Clarendon's return, his duties came to an end, though the King transferred the seal to a zealous Roman Catholic, Lord Arundel of Wardour.⁵ But if his Commissionership had been a source of anxiety to him, he was certainly indebted to King James for the solution of another difficulty, which, under that monarch's predecessor, he had vainly endeavoured to set right. "For many years" he had "been persecuted for" sums overdrawn by his father-in-law during his residence in France. By the good offices of Godolphin, now a Commissioner of the Treasury, an expensive Chancery suit, of which these had become the subject, was deter-

¹ Vol. iii. pp. 174, 198.

² Vol. iii. p. 196.

³ Vol. iii. p. 201.

⁴ Vol. iii. p. 200.

⁵ Vol. iii. p. 216.

mined; and, in June, 1687, he was granted a Seal for £6000 in discharge of the debt.¹ This was apparently rather less than half his deserts as Browne's executor; but half in those days was much, especially when it included the winding-up of legal proceedings. He was still, however, in the following year, petitioning for overdue allowances in connection with his care of the Sick and Wounded in the Dutch War.²

In 1691 George Evelyn, the proprietor of Wotton, lost his only remaining son; and after the marriage of Susanna Evelyn above related, he invited his brother John, now heir to the estate, to occupy apartments in the Surrey home. To Wotton accordingly, in May, 1694, after forty years' residence at Deptford, Evelyn retired to spend the close of his life. A letter to Dr. Bohun, two years later, gives a pleasant picture of that quiet eventide. He has "so little conversation with the learned," he writes, "that without books and the best Wife and Bro. in the world" he were to be pitied; "but [he goes on] with these subsidiaries, and the revising some of my old impertinences, to which I am adding a Discourse I made on Medals (lying by me long before Obadiah Walker's Treatise appeared),³ I pass some of my Attic nights, if I may be so vain as to name them with the author of those Criticisms. For the rest, I am planting an ever-green grove here to an old house ready to drop, the economy and hospitality of which my good old Brother will not depart from, but *more veterum* kept a Christmas [1696] in which we had not fewer than three hundred bumpkins every holy-day. We have here a very convenient apartment of five rooms together, besides a pretty

¹ Vol. iii. p. 221.

² Vol. iii. pp. 228, 231.

³ Walker's *Greek and Roman History, illustrated by Coins and Medals*, etc., 2 Pts., 1692.

closet, which we have furnished with the spoils of Sayes Court, and is the raree-show of the whole neighborhood, and in truth we live easy as to all domestic cares. Wednesday and Saturday nights we call Lecture Nights, when my Wife and myself take our turns to read the packets of all the news sent constantly from London, which serves us for discourse till fresh news comes; and so you have the history of an old man and his no young companion, whose society I have enjoyed more to my satisfaction these three years here, than in almost fifty before, but am now every day trussing up to be gone, I hope to a better place.”¹

Sayes Court, which seems at first to have been intended as a summer residence for Susanna Evelyn and her husband, was eventually let to another Deptford resident, Admiral (then Captain) John Benbow. “I have let my house to Capt. Benbow,” says the letter just quoted, “and have the mortification of seeing every day much of my former labours and expense there impairing for want of a more polite tenant.” But this was not all. When King William’s favourite,² Peter the

¹ Letter to Dr. Bohun, 18th January, 1697. This is a winter picture. A letter to Pepys, three years later, is dated in July. “You will now enquire what I do here? Why, as the patriarchs of old, I pass the day in the fields, among horses and oxen, sheep, cows, bulls, and sows, *et cetera pecus campi*. We have, thank God! finished our hay harvest prosperously. I am looking after my hinds, providing carriage and tackle against reaping time and sowing. What shall I say more? *Venio ad voluptates agricolarum*, which Cicero, you know, reckons among the most becoming diversions of old age, and so I render it. This without:—now within doors, never was any matron more busy than my wife, disposing of our plain country furniture for a naked old extravagant house, suitable to our employments. She has a dairy, and distaffs, for *lac, linum, et lanam*, and is become a very Sabine.” But he is old (eighty), and has been ill.

² “The Czar is highly caressed by the King” (Sir George Fletcher to Sir Daniel Fleming, 18th January, 1698, *Hist. MSS. Comm.* 12th Rept., 1890, App. Pt. vii. p. 349).

Great, came to Deptford to learn shipbuilding, Benbow sublet Sayes Court to him, with disastrous results. "There is a house full of people," wrote one of Evelyn's servants to Wotton, "and right nasty. The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at 10 o'clock and 6 at night, is very seldom at home a whole day, very often in the King's Yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King is expected here this day, the best parlour is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The King pays for all he has."¹ Not content with wantonly damaging the grass-work and fruit-trees, and beating the bowling-green into holes, one of Czar Peter's favourite morning exercises was to cause himself to be trundled on a wheelbarrow through Evelyn's famous five-foot holly hedge, long the crowning glory of the Deptford grounds. When later Sir Christopher Wren, and London, the King's gardener, at the request of the Treasury, proceeded to report upon the exploits of this barbaric humorist, they found that Evelyn had suffered to the extent of £162 : 7s., and Benbow, £158 : 2 : 6. Unhappily, much that had been done could never be undone; and Evelyn later speaks sadly in *Sylva* "of my now ruined garden, thanks to the Czar of Muscovy."²

Little more remains to be related of Evelyn's life. In October, 1699, his "good old Brother" died, and he became the possessor of Wotton, together with its library and family pictures. In May of the following year he transferred to it the remainder of his Sayes Court belongings.³ Besides

¹ *Memoirs of John Evelyn*, etc.; 1827, iii. 364.

² *Sylva*, 1706, i. p. 265.

³ Vol. iii. p. 351. Sayes Court, never again to be occupied by any member of the family, deserves a parting word. In March, 1701 (*ibid.* p. 355), it was let to Lord Carmarthen, the son of the Duke of Leeds. Fifty-eight years later it passed to the Vestry of St. Nicholas, Deptford, on a sixty-one years' lease as a

the books already specified, he had published a translation of the *Compleat Gardener* of La Quintinye, 1698, and *Numismata*, 1697, being the "Discourse on Medals" mentioned in his letter to Dr. Bohun.¹ Two years later came his final work, *Acetaria*, a chapter "of sallets" from the *Elysium Britannicum*.² During his last years one of his chief interests was the transformation of Charles the Second's unfinished palace at Greenwich into a hospital for worn-out seamen, a long-projected enterprise upon which William the Third embarked definitely after Queen Mary's death. In February, 1695,³ Godolphin offered Evelyn the Treasurership; and in June, 1696, he laid the foundation in that capacity of Wren's additions.⁴ He lived to see the Hospital opened in January, 1705. In 1702 he had been elected a member of the then lately incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.⁵ On the 27th February, 1706, being in his eighty-sixth year, and having outlived many of his most valued friends, he died, after a short illness, and was buried in the dormitory of Wotton Church. Upon his tombstone, in addition to the words quoted in the opening lines of this "Introduction," was recorded, by his own desire, his conviction "That all is vanity

workhouse. In 1820 the lease was renewed for a similar term with power to pull down or alter. Before this second lease had expired, the erection of a workhouse at East Greenwich enabled the Vestry to surrender the premises to the present representative of the family, Mr. W. J. Evelyn. Much transformed, it was first used for emigration purposes. Then what remained was turned into the "Evelyn Almshouses, Sayes Court," by Mr. Evelyn, who later added, on parts of the old estate, a Museum and Recreation Ground (Dews' *Deptford*, 2nd edition, 1884, pp. 36-40). "Sayes St." and "Evelyn St." also preserve the memory of the Diarist.

¹ *Ante*, p. lxi.

² Vol. iii. p. 314.

³ Vol. iii. p. 361.

⁴ Vol. iii. p. 344.

⁵ Vol. iii. p. 329.

which is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom but in real Piety."

On the 9th of February, 1709, Mary Evelyn died, and was buried near her husband. She does not figure very frequently in his *Diary*, but for nearly fifty-nine years she was his devoted helpmate. Considerably younger than Evelyn, she remained to the last "his grateful and docile pupil." From the outset she had been carefully educated. She was an accomplished amateur artist; she spoke French exactly, and understood Italian; she wrote letters in excellent English; and although—"as one having the care of cakes and stilling, and sweetmeats and such useful things"—she only professed to "judge unrefinedly," she had no little critical power, and was an acute and even caustic student of character.¹ Warmly attached to her friends, and extremely hospitable, her real inclinations were, nevertheless, for quiet and seclusion. Of the duties and province of her sex she took what would now be regarded as a needlessly modest estimate. "Women," she wrote, "were not born to read authors, and censure the learned, to compare lives and judge of virtues, to give rules of morality, and sacrifice to the Muses. We are willing to acknowledge all the time borrowed from family duties is misspent; the care of children's education, observing a husband's commands, assisting the sick, relieving the poor, and being serviceable to our friends, are of sufficient weight to employ the most improved capacities among us." Such a deliverance would have delighted Dr. Primrose of Wakefield! It delighted Dr. Bohun, her friend and her son's tutor, from a letter to whom it is extracted.² In 1690 he composed a lengthy "Character" of her, in

¹ Cf. the note upon Lamb's "dear Margaret Newcastle," vol. ii. p. 271.

² *Memoirs of John Evelyn*, 1827, iv. 434.

which he dwells admiringly upon her good sense and her accomplishments, and her merits as a wife and mother.¹ The one abiding grief of her ordered and placid life was the loss of so many of her children.²

For Evelyn himself, his leading traits have already been outlined at the beginning of this "Introduction"; and they have also been illustrated during its progress. On one or two points, however, it may be useful to linger for a moment. Lord Beaconsfield's Cardinal in *Lothair*,³ laying stress upon the fact that Evelyn's character "in every respect approached perfection," adds—apparently as an afterthought—"He was also a most religious man." A most religious man in the best sense he unquestionably was, without the testimony of his tombstone, or the certificate of Cardinal Grandison. It is written plainly in every page of his *Diary*, in its gravity, its reticence, its silences even;—in its absence, during a profane and scandalous age, of all scandal and profanity;—in its regard for public worship and its reverence for the holy communion. Especially is it manifest when the writer's habitual reserve breaks down under the influence of grief or bereavement, or in the

¹ *Memoirs of John Evelyn*, 1827, iv. pp. 423-29.

² Abraham Cowley, in the *Ode* from which quotation has already been made at p. xxxix., does not omit his tribute to the *châtelaine* of Sayes Court:—

In Books and Gardens thou hast plac'd aright
(Things wth thou well dost understand,
And both dost make wth thy laborious hand)
Thy noble, innocent delight:
And in thy virtuous Wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh who would change these soft, yet solid joys,
For empty shows and senceless noise,
And all wth rank Ambition breeds,
Wth seem such beautiful flowers, and are such poisonous weeds.

³ Chapter xvii.

expression of thankfulness to God for the preservation of his life or health, or the life or health of those dear to him. And he gave practical proof of the sincerity of his convictions by the tenacity with which, during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, he clung to the ritual and traditions of a Church, which, as he truly says, seemed "breathing her last." He was only—if you will—a "passive resister," but he was a consistent passive resister. And this brings us to another matter. It is often the misfortune of caution to be mistaken for timidity; and it is not perhaps always easy to repress a lurking regret that a man so uniformly estimable should not sometimes have been a little more demonstrative and a little less prudent. But this is surely to mistake the quality of real bravery. To be *flamberge au vent* on the slightest provocation, like Sir John Reresby, or to have "killed his man," like Sir Kenelm Digby, would have been impossible to one like Evelyn, whose principles were wholly averse from duelling, and whose creed was "defence, not defiance." With all seventeenth-century gentlemen he had learned the use of arms (he could fence like Milton, or ride the "managed" horse like His Grace of Newcastle), and no doubt would have borne himself manfully, if need be, at Edgehill or Brentford; but, as may be seen in his comments upon Albemarle and Sandwich,¹ he deprecated that headlong and dare-devil gallantry of his day which knew neither forethought nor reason. As for moral courage, he had no lack of it; witness his unabated exertions for the sick and wounded during all the terrible time of the Plague and Fire; and his steady determination, as a Commissioner of the Privy Seal, to follow, not the illegal ruling of His Majesty King James, but the dictates of his own conscience.

¹ Vol. ii. p. 347.

It is generally said that he was a bookish recluse and man of peace, seeking above all things to "possess his soul in quiet," and this was certainly what he professed to be. But even this, in the light of his biography, needs some qualification. As a matter of fact, his mind was too active, his interest in contemporary politics too keen, his devotion to his friends too great,¹ to allow him to adhere strictly to his programme;² and it is even conceivable that, in different conditions, and an environment more favourable to his theory of life, he might have been a distinguished man of affairs. In ability he was fully equal to the Cliffords and Arlingtons who rose so rapidly around him. But intrigue and self-seeking were foreign to his nature; and he was obliged to do the best he could in a bad time. He could not prevent the Dutch War or the Treaty of Dover, but he could help to carry on the growing Royal Society and lay the foundation of Greenwich Hospital. And it is unanswerable evidence to the respect felt for his unfailing honesty and unselfish rectitude, that though his position must often have been one of tacit rebuke to those about him, there is apparently no indication that he ever provoked that ridicule which is usually the tribute of the ribald to the right-minded. He had been in the company of both Buckingham and Rochester, yet—as far as we know—he was neither libelled by the one nor

¹ For fifteen months, at the instance of Godolphin, he undertook the entire management of Lord Berkeley's affairs and estate during his absence as Ambassador in France, an "intolerable servitude and correspondence" involving endless drudgery and loss of time, for which he declined to accept any kind of acknowledgment (vol. ii. p. 386; vol. iii. p. 1).

² In 1679, for instance, he describes himself to Dr. Beale as "having for the last ten years of my life been in perpetual motion, and hardly two months in the year at my own habitation, or conversant with my family" (vol. iii. p. 377).

mimicked by the other. Indeed, it is quite possible that Charles himself (who had *some* good instincts) would not have permitted any one to make fun of his "old acquaintance," Mr. Evelyn. As Southey says, he "had no enemy"; and this in a time "torn by civil and religious factions." For his friends, if judgment is to go by their verdict, few men could empanel such a jury of prelates and politicians, philosophers and poets. Sancroft and Tillotson and Tenison, Browne and Jeremy Taylor, Ormonde and Ossory and Godolphin, Boyle and Bentley, Cowley and Waller—these are some of the most eminent names in an age not undistinguished in its notables. And they would all no doubt have agreed unanimously that Mr. Evelyn of Deptford was not only a man of marked accomplishment and conspicuous integrity, but a model husband and father, and an exemplary citizen, friend, and neighbour.

Of Evelyn's writings it is more difficult to speak; and it would be impracticable to discuss them adequately in this "Introduction." "His books," says Sir Leslie Stephen roundly, "are for the most part occasional, and of little permanent value." "Occasional" is not an indulgent adjective, though it might be applied to a good deal that *is* of permanent value,—for instance, the *Hydriotaphia* of Sir Thomas Browne. Yet it is hard to traverse the verdict as a general proposition. Perhaps the fairest thing would be to follow De Quincey's classification, and say that the bulk of Evelyn's printed legacy belongs to the literature of knowledge rather than the literature of power. And the literature of knowledge has a knack of growing obsolete unless it be preserved by the saving element of style. Evelyn's style—it has been said—is not attractive; and this is especially true of his more ambitious published efforts. This is not to

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WOTTON HOUSE IN 1818

THE
DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN¹

I WAS born (at Wotton, in the County of Surrey,) about twenty minutes past two in the morning, being on Tuesday the 31st and last of October, 1620, after my father had been married about seven years,² and that my mother had borne him three children; viz. two daughters and one son, about the 33rd year of his age, and the 23rd of my mother's.

My father, named Richard, was of a sanguine complexion, mixed with a dash of choler: his hair inclining to light, which though exceeding thick, became hoary by that time he had attained to thirty years of age; it was somewhat curled towards the extremities; his beard, which he wore a little peaked, as the mode was, of a brownish colour, and so continued to the last, save that it was somewhat mingled with grey hairs about his cheeks, which, with his countenance, were clear

¹ [This title of the previous Editors has been retained, although, as explained in the "Preface" to the present issue, Evelyn's records are more properly "Memoirs."]

² He was married at St. Thomas's Church, Southwark, 27th January, 1613. My sister Eliza was born at nine at night, 28th November, 1614; Jane, at four in the morning, 16th February, 1616; my brother George at nine at night, Wednesday, 18th June, 1617; and my brother Richard, 9th November, 1622 (*Note by Evelyn*). [A full pedigree of the Evelyn family follows the "Introduction" to this volume.]

and fresh-coloured; his eyes extraordinary quick and piercing; an ample forehead,—in sum, a very well-composed visage and manly aspect: for the rest, he was but low of stature, yet very strong. He was, for his life, so exact and temperate, that I have heard he had never been surprised by excess, being ascetic and sparing. His wisdom was great, and his judgment most acute; of solid discourse, affable, humble, and in nothing affected; of a thriving, neat, silent, and methodical genius; discretely severe, yet liberal upon all just occasions, both to his children, to strangers, and servants; a lover of hospitality; and, in brief, of a singular and Christian moderation in all his actions; not illiterate, nor obscure, as, having continued Justice of the Peace and of the Quorum, he served his country as High Sheriff, being, as I take it, the last dignified with that office for Sussex and Surrey together, the same year, before their separation.¹ He was yet a studious decliner of honours and titles; being already in that esteem with his country, that they could have added little to him besides their burden.² He was a person of that rare conversation that, upon frequent recollection, and calling to mind passages of his life and discourse, I could never charge him with the least passion, or inadvertency. His estate was esteemed about £4000 per annum, well wooded, and full of timber.

¹ Formerly the two counties had in general, though not invariably, only one sheriff. In 1637, each county had its sheriff, and so it has continued since.

² In proof of Evelyn's assertion may be quoted an old receipt, found at Wotton: "R^d, the 29 Oct^r. 1630, of Rich^d Evlinge of Wottone, in the Countye of Surr^e Esq; by waie of composic^one to the use of his Ma^{tie}, being apoynted by his Ma^{tie} Collector for the same, for his Fine for not appeareinge at the tyme & place apoynted for receavinge order of Kthood, the somme of fivetey pound I say received.
THO. CRYMES."

My mother's name was Eleanor,¹ sole daughter and heiress of John Standsfield, Esq., of an ancient and honourable family (though now extinct) in Shropshire, by his wife Eleanor Comber, of a good and well-known house in Sussex. She was of proper personage; of a brown complexion; her eyes and hair of a lovely black; of constitution more inclined to a religious melancholy, or pious sadness; of a rare memory, and most exemplary life; for economy and prudence, esteemed one of the most conspicuous in her country: which rendered her loss much deplored, both by those who knew, and such as only heard of her.

Thus much, in brief, touching my parents; nor was it reasonable I should speak less of them to whom I owe so much.

The place of my birth was Wotton, in the parish of Wotton, or Blackheath, in the county of Surrey, the then mansion-house of my father, left him by my grandfather,² afterwards and now my eldest brother's.³ It is situated in the most southern part of the shire;⁴ and, though in a valley, yet really upon part of Leith Hill, one of the most eminent in England⁵ for the prodigious prospect to be seen from its summit, though by few observed. From it may be discerned twelve or thirteen counties, with part of the sea on the

¹ She was born 17th November, 1598, near Lewes in Sussex.

² [George Evelyn, of Long-Ditton, *d.* 30th May, 1603, who had purchased it in 1579 from Henry Owen.]

³ [George Evelyn, 1617-99.]

⁴ [The parish of Wotton (Wood-town; Odeton or Wodeton in Domesday Book) "is about nine miles in extent, from north to south, but seldom exceeds a mile in breadth, and is still narrower towards the southern extremity. On the north, it borders on Effingham; on the east, on Dorking and Ockley; on the south, on Slinfold and Rudgwick, in Sussex; and on the west, it joins Abinger" (Brayley's *History of Surrey*, 1850, p. 17).]

⁵ [965 feet. It is the highest point in the county.]

coast of Sussex, in a serene day. The house¹ is large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods, as in the judgment of strangers as well as Englishmen it may be compared to one of the most pleasant seats in the nation, and most tempting for a great person and a wanton purse to render it conspicuous. It has rising grounds, meadows, woods, and water, in abundance.

The distance from London little more than twenty miles, and yet so securely placed, as if it were one hundred; three miles from Dorking, which serves it abundantly with provision as well of land as sea; six from Guildford, twelve from Kingston.² I will say nothing of the air, because the pre-eminence is universally given to Surrey, the soil being dry and sandy; but I should speak much of the gardens, fountains, and groves that adorn it, were they not as generally known to be amongst the most natural, and (till this later and universal luxury of the whole nation, since abounding in such expenses) the most magnificent that England afforded; and which indeed gave one of the first examples to that elegance, since so much in vogue, and followed in the managing of their waters, and other elegancies of that nature. Let me add, the contiguity of five or six manors,³ the patronage of the livings about it, and what

¹ [Wotton House—an irregular brick building—has been added to at various times, but largely in 1864, when a muniment room, which also serves as a library, was built (after the design of Mr. H. Woodyer) on the site of the west wing, destroyed by fire about 1800. Sketches by Evelyn, still preserved, show its aspect in 1640, 1646, 1653, and 1704. The present owner is William John Evelyn, Esq., J.P., D.L., *b.* 1822.]

² Eight, and fourteen; and from London a little more than twenty-six measured miles.

³ Seven manors, two advowsons, and a chapel of ease (Sir John Cotton's).

Themistocles pronounced for none of the least advantages—the good neighbourhood.¹ All which conspire here to render it an honourable and handsome royalty, fit for the present possessor, my worthy brother, and his noble lady,² whose constant liberality gives them title both to the place and the affections of all that know them. Thus, with the poet :

Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine captos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.³

I had given me the name of my grandfather, my mother's father,⁴ who, together with a sister of Sir Thomas Evelyn of Long-Ditton,⁵ and Mr. Comber, a near relation of my mother, were my susceptors. The solemnity (yet upon what accident I know not, unless some indisposition in me) was performed in the dining-room by Parson Higham,⁶ the present incumbent of the parish, according to the forms prescribed by the then glorious Church of England.⁷

I was now (in regard to my mother's weakness, or rather custom of persons of quality) put to

¹ ["Having a piece of land he [Themistocles] would sell, he willed the crier to proclaim open sale of it in the market-place, and with all he should add unto the sale, that his land lay by a good neighbour" (North's *Plutarch*, Rouse's ed. 1898, ii. 29).]

² Lady Cotton, a widow, whom Evelyn's elder brother, George, took for his second wife, his first wife having died in 1644 (see *post*, under 11th April, 1640). After the former date, therefore, this portion of Evelyn's "Kalendarium" must have been written. See also *post*, under 8th August 1664.

³ [Ovid, *Epist. ex Ponto*, Bk. I. Ep. iii. ll. 35-36. Evelyn gives the last word of the first line as "cunctos."]

⁴ [John Standsfield (see *ante*, p. 3).]

⁵ [Sir Thomas Evelyn, 1587-1669, Evelyn's cousin. The sister here referred to was Rose Evelyn, afterwards the wife of Thomas Keightley of Staffordshire (see *post*, under 8th March, 1681).]

⁶ [See *post*, under 21st August, 1652.]

⁷ I had given me two handsome pieces of very curiously wrought and gilt plate.—*Evelyn*.

nurse to one Peter, a neighbour's wife and tenant, of a good, comely, brown, wholesome complexion, and in a most sweet place towards the hills, flanked with wood and refreshed with streams; the affection to which kind of solitude I sucked in with my very milk. It appears, by a note of my father's, that I sucked till 17th January, 1622; or at least I came not home before.¹

1628. The very first thing that I can call to memory, and from which time forward I began to observe, was this year (1628) my youngest brother² being in his nurse's arms, who, being then two days and nine months younger than myself, was the last child of my dear parents.

1624. I was not initiated into any rudiments until near four years of age, and then one Frier taught us at the church-porch of Wotton:³ and I do perfectly remember the great talk and stir about Il Conde Gondomar, now Ambassador from Spain (for near about this time was the match of our Prince with the Infanta proposed); and the effects of that comet, 1618, still working in the prodigious revolutions now beginning in Europe, especially in Germany, whose sad commotions sprang from the Bohemians' defection from the Emperor Matthias:⁴ upon which quarrel the

¹ This passage, and the paragraphs before and after it, were printed for the first time in the edition of 1850. A note in the edition of 1857 (p. 4) goes on to say: "Portions of the preceding description of Wotton are also first taken from the original; and it may not be out of place to add that, more especially in the first fifty pages of this volume [volume i. of 1857], a very large number of curious and interesting additions are made to Evelyn's text from the Manuscript of the Diary at Wotton."

² [Richard Evelyn of Woodcote, d. 1670.]

³ [The church-porch at Wotton has now been modernised; but John Coney's sketch of 1818, here reproduced, shows the window of a small room over the door.]

⁴ Evelyn alludes to the insurrection of the Bohemians on the 12th of May, 1618. The emperor died soon after, and the



WOTTON CHURCH IN 1818

Swedes broke in, giving umbrage to the rest of the princes, and the whole Christian world cause to deplore it, as never since enjoying perfect tranquillity.

1625. I was this year (being the first of the reign of King Charles) sent by my father to Lewes, in Sussex, to be with my grandfather, Standsfield, with whom I passed my childhood. This was the year in which the pestilence was so epidemical, that there died in London 5000 a-week,¹ and I well remember the strict watches and examinations upon the ways as we passed; and I was shortly after so dangerously sick of a fever, that (as I have heard) the physicians despaired of me.

1626. My picture was drawn in oil by one Chanterell, no ill painter.

1627. My grandfather, Standsfield, died this year, on the 5th of February: I remember perfectly the solemnity at his funeral. He was buried in the parish church of All Souls, where my grandmother, his second wife,² erected him a pious monument. About this time, was the consecration of the Church of South Malling, near Lewes, by Dr. Field, Bishop of Oxford (one Mr. Coxhall preached, who was afterwards minister); the building whereof was chiefly procured by my

revolted Bohemians offered the crown to the Elector Palatine Frederic, who had married Elizabeth, daughter of James I.; whereupon there was great excitement throughout England, in consequence of the backwardness of the King to assist his son-in-law in the struggle for a kingdom, for which the people willingly, as Evelyn in a subsequent page informs us, made "large contributions." This is the "talk and stir" to which Evelyn has just alluded in connection with Count Gondomar, whose influence had been used with James to withdraw him from the Protestant cause.

¹ [More than 35,000 persons are said to have perished of the plague in this year.]

² [Eleanor Comber (see *ante*, p. 3).]

grandfather, who having the impropriation, gave £20 a-year out of it to this church. I afterwards sold the impropriation. I laid one of the first stones at the building of the church.

1628-30. It was not till the year 1628, that I was put to learn my Latin rudiments, and to write, of one Citolin, a Frenchman, in Lewes. I very well remember that general muster previous to the Isle of Rhè's expedition, and that I was one day awakened in the morning with the news of the Duke of Buckingham being slain by that wretch, Felton, after our disgrace before La Rochelle.¹ And I now took so extraordinary a fancy to drawing and designing, that I could never after wean my inclinations from it, to the expense of much precious time, which might have been more advantageously employed. I was now put to school to one Mr. Potts, in the Cliffe at Lewes, from whom, on the 7th of January, 1630, being the day after Epiphany, I went to the free-school at Southover, near the town, of which one Agnes Morley had been the foundress, and now Edward Snatt was the master, under whom I remained till I was sent to the University.² This year, my grandmother (with whom I sojourned) being married to one Mr. Newton, a learned and most religious gentleman, we went from the Cliffe to dwell at his house in Southover.³ I do most perfectly remember the jubilee which was universally expressed for the happy birth of the Prince of Wales, 29th of May, now Charles the Second, our most gracious Sovereign.

¹ [23rd August, 1628.]

² Long afterwards, Evelyn was in the habit of paying great respect to this early teacher. [In May, 1657, Snatt wrote from Lewes a rapturous letter thanking his old pupil for a presentation copy of the *Essay on the First Book of T. Lucretius Carus de Rerum Natura*, 1656.]

³ [Southover and Cliffe are suburbs of Lewes.]

1681. There happened now an extraordinary dearth in England, corn bearing an excessive price; and, in imitation of what I had seen my father do, I began to observe matters more punctually, which I did use to set down in a blank almanack.¹ The Lord of Castlehaven's arraignment for many shameful exorbitances was now all the talk,² and the birth of the Princess Mary, afterwards Princess of Orange.³

1682: 21st October. My eldest sister⁴ was married to Edward Darcy, Esq., who little deserved so excellent a person, a woman of so rare virtue. I was not present at the nuptials; but I was soon afterwards sent for into Surrey, and my father would willingly have weaned me from my fondness of my too indulgent grandmother, intending to have placed me at Eton: but, not being so provident for my own benefit, and unreasonably terrified with the report of the severe discipline there, I was sent back to Lewes; which perverseness of mine I have since a thousand times deplored. This was the first time that ever my parents had seen all their children together in prosperity. While I was now trifling at home, I saw London, where I lay one night only. The next day, I dined at Beddington,⁵ where I was much delighted with the gardens and curiosities. Thence, we returned to the Lady Darcy's, at

¹ [This no doubt was the beginning of the *Memoirs*.]

² Mervyn Touchet, twelfth Lord Audley and second Earl of Castlehaven, 1592-1631. He was tried by his peers for his nameless "exorbitances" in Westminster Hall, and in pursuance of their sentence, executed on Tower Hill, May 14, 1631.

³ [6th November, 1631.]

⁴ [Elizabeth (see *ante*, p. 1). Her husband is described as "of Dartford, in Kent."]

⁵ [Beddington House, the ancient seat of the Carews, now the Female Orphan Asylum, founded in 1758 by the exertions of blind Sir John Fielding, the novelist's brother (see *post*, under 20th September, 1700).]

Sutton; thence to Wotton; and, on the 16th of August following, 1633, back to Lewes.

1633: *3rd November*. This year my father was appointed Sheriff, the last, as I think, who served in that honourable office for Surrey and Sussex, before they were disjoined.¹ He had 116 servants in liveries, every one liveried in green satin doublets; divers gentlemen and persons of quality waited on him in the same garb and habit, which at that time (when thirty or forty was the usual retinue of the High Sheriff) was esteemed a great matter.² Nor was this out of the least vanity that my father exceeded (who was one of the greatest decliners of it); but because he could not refuse the civility of his friends and relations, who voluntarily came themselves, or sent in their servants. But my father was afterwards most unjustly and spitefully molested by that jeering judge, Richardson,³ for reprieving the execution of a woman, to gratify my Lord of Lindsey, then Admiral:⁴ but out of this he emerged with as

¹ [See *ante*, p. 2 n.]

² [Brayley adds some sumptuary details. They had "cloth cloaks, guarded with silver galoon, as were their hat brims, with white feathers in them." They had also "new javelins," and were preceded by "two trumpeters with banners, on which were blazoned his [Richard Evelyn's] arms" (*History of Surrey*, 1850, p. 21 n.).]

³ Sir Thomas Richardson, 1569-1635, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas in 1626, and of the King's Bench in 1631. One of his acts was an order against keeping wakes on Sundays, which Laud, then Bishop of Bath and Wells, took up as an infringement of the rights of bishops, and got him severely reprimanded at the Council-table. He was owner of Starborough Castle, Lingfield, Surrey, the ancient seat of the Cobhams. A modern house now occupies the site.

⁴ Robert Bertie, 1572-1642, first Earl of Lindsey. He was at different times Lord High Chamberlain, Lord High Admiral, and Governor of Berwick; and was general of the King's forces at the breaking out of the Civil War. He was in command at the Battle of Edgehill, in 1642; but, opposing Prince Rupert's

much honour as trouble. The King made this year his progress into Scotland,¹ and Duke James was born.²

1684: 15th December. My dear sister, Darcy,³ departed this life, being arrived to her 20th year of age; in virtue advanced beyond her years, or the merit of her husband, the worst of men. She had been brought to bed the 2nd of June before, but the infant died soon after her, the 24th of December. I was therefore sent for home the second time, to celebrate the obsequies of my sister; who was interred in a very honourable manner in our dormitory joining to the parish church, where now her monument stands.⁴

1685. But my dear mother being now dangerously sick, I was, on the 3rd of September following, sent for to Wotton. Whom I found so far spent, that, all human assistance failing, she in a most heavenly manner departed this life upon the 29th of the same month, about eight in the evening of Michaelmas Day. It was a malignant fever which took her away, about the 37th of her age, and 22nd of her marriage, to our irreparable loss, and the regret of all that knew her. Certain it is, that the visible cause of her indisposition proceeded from grief upon the loss of her daughter, and the infant, that followed it; and it is as

pretensions, he surrendered a responsibility which the weakness of Charles would have had him divide with a "boy," put himself at the head of his regiment, fought with heroic gallantry, and fell covered with wounds.

¹ [He was crowned there, 18th June.]

² [James, Duke of York, 15th October.]

³ [See *ante*, p. 9.]

⁴ [She is shown, with her infant beneath her, "leaning mournfully on her elbow," says Brayley (*History of Surrey*, 1850, v. 41). Her husband afterwards married the Lady Elizabeth Stanhope, daughter of the Earl of Chesterfield. "He ruined both himself and Estate by his dissolute Life" (Evelyn's note to Aubrey).]

certain, that when she perceived the peril whereto its excess had engaged her, she strove to compose herself and allay it: but it was too late, and she was forced to succumb. Therefore, summoning all her children then living (I shall never forget it), she expressed herself in a manner so heavenly, with instructions so pious and Christian, as made us strangely sensible of the extraordinary loss then imminent; after which, embracing every one of us, she gave to each a ring with her blessing, and dismissed us. Then, taking my father by the hand, she recommended us to his care; and, because she was extremely zealous for the education of my younger brother,¹ she requested my father that he might be sent with me to Lewes; and so, having importuned him that what he designed to bestow on her funeral, he would rather dispose among the poor, she laboured to compose herself for the blessed change which she now expected. There was not a servant in the house whom she did not expressly send for, advise, and infinitely affect with her counsel. Thus she continued to employ her intervals, either instructing her relations, or preparing of herself.

Though her physicians, Dr. Meverall,² Dr. Clement, and Dr. Rand,³ had given over all hopes of her recovery, and Sir Sanders Duncombe⁴ had tried his celebrated and famous powder, yet she was many days impairing, and endured the sharpest conflicts of her sickness with admirable patience and most Christian resignation, retaining both her intellectuals and ardent affections for her dissolution, to the very article of her departure. When

¹ [Richard, then thirteen (see *ante*, p. 1 *n.*).]

² [Perhaps Othowell Meverall, 1585-1648, lecturer to the Barber Surgeons, and afterwards President of the College of Physicians.]

³ [Dr. R. Rand (see *post*, under 5th March, 1657).]

⁴ [See *post*, under 8th February, 1645.]

near her dissolution, she laid her hand on every one of her children; and, taking solemn leave of my father, with elevated heart and eyes, she quietly expired, and resigned her soul to God. Thus ended that prudent and pious woman, in the flower of her age, to the inconsolable affliction of her husband, irreparable loss of her children, and universal regret of all that knew her. She was interred, as near as might be, to her daughter, Darcy, the 8rd of October, at night, but with no mean ceremony.¹

It was the 8rd of the ensuing November, after my brother George was gone back to Oxford, ere I returned to Lewes, when I made way, according to instructions received of my father, for my brother Richard, who was sent the 12th after.

1686. This year being extremely dry, the pestilence much increased in London, and divers parts of England.²

1687: 18th *February*. I was especially admitted (and, as I remember, my other brother) into the Middle Temple, London, though absent, and as yet at school. There were now large contributions to the distressed Palatinates.³

The 10th of December my father sent a servant to bring us necessaries; and, the plague beginning now to cease, on the 8rd of April, 1687, I left school, where, till about the last year, I have been extremely remiss in my studies; so as I went to the University rather out of shame of abiding

¹ [On her mural monument in the Wotton Dormitory, she is described as "a rare example of Piety, Loyalty, Prudence, and Charity," and the inscription ends with the couplet:—

Of her great worth to know, who seeketh more,
Must mount to Heaven, where she is gone before.]

² In a letter dated 26th July in this year, George Evelyn, John's elder brother, writing to their father, describes, with many curious details, a Royal visit to Oxford University (see Appendix I.).

³ [See *ante*, p. 6, n. 4.]

Sacra; authors, it seems, much desired by the students of divinity there.¹

Upon the 2nd of July, being the first Sunday of the month, I first received the blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in the college chapel, one Mr. Cooper, a Fellow of the house, preaching; and at this time was the Church of England in her greatest splendour, all things decent, and becoming the Peace, and the persons that governed. The most of the following week I spent in visiting the Colleges, and several rarities of the University, which do very much affect young comers.

18th July. I accompanied my eldest brother, who then quitted Oxford, into the country; and, on the 9th of August, went to visit my friends at Lewes, whence I returned the 12th to Wotton. On the 17th of September, I received the blessed Sacrament at Wotton Church, and 23rd of October went back to Oxford.

5th November. I received again the Holy Communion in our college chapel, one Prouse, a Fellow (but a mad one), preaching.

9th December. I offered at my first exercise in the Hall, and answered my opponent; and, upon the 11th following, declaimed in the chapel before the Master, Fellows, and Scholars, according to the custom. The 15th after, I first of all opposed in the Hall.

The Christmas ensuing, being at a Comedy which the gentlemen of Exeter College presented to the University, and standing, for the better advantage of seeing, upon a table in the Hall, which was near to another, in the dark, being constrained by the extraordinary press to quit my

¹ [This was in addition to the usual money contribution which Fellow Commoners had to make for plate. In 1697, Evelyn also gave the College his *Discourse on Medals* (Davis, *ut supra*, p. 128).]

station, in leaping down to save myself I dashed my right leg with such violence against the sharp edge of the other board, as gave me a hurt which held me in cure till almost Easter, and confined me to my study.

1638: 22nd *January*. I would needs be admitted into the dancing and vaulting schools; of which late activity one Stokes, the master, did afterwards set forth a pretty book, which was published, with many witty eulogies before it.¹

4th *February*. One Mr. Wariner preached in our chapel; and, on the 25th, Mr. Wentworth, a kinsman of the Earl of Strafford;² after which followed the blessed Sacrament.

13th *April*. My father ordered that I should begin to manage my own expenses, which till then my tutor had done; at which I was much satisfied.

9th *July*. I went home to visit my friends, and, on the 26th, with my brother and sister to Lewes, where we abode till the 31st; and thence to one Mr. Michael's, of Houghton, near Arundel, where we were very well treated; and, on the 2nd of August, to Portsmouth, and thence, having surveyed the fortifications (a great rarity in that blessed halcyon time in England), we passed into the Isle of Wight, to the house of my Lady Richards, in a place called Yaverland;³ but we

¹ Now extremely scarce. Its title is:—"The Vaulting-Master: or, The Art of Vaulting. Reduced to a Method, comprized under certaine Rules, Illustrated by Examples, And Now primarily set forth, by Will: Stokes. Printed for Richard Davis, in Oxon, 1652." It is a small oblong quarto, with the author's portrait prefixed, and a number of plates beautifully engraved (most probably by George Glover), representing feats of activity on horseback.

² [Peter Wentworth, Lord Strafford's cousin. He was Dean of Armagh, 1636-37.]

³ [A village on Sandown Bay.]

returned the following day to Chichester, where, having viewed the city and fair cathedral, we returned home.

About the beginning of September, I was so afflicted with a quartan ague, that I could by no means get rid of it till the December following. This was the fatal year wherein the rebellious Scots opposed the King, upon the pretence of the introduction of some new ceremonies and the Book of Common Prayer, and madly began our confusions, and their own destruction, too, as it proved in event.¹

1639: 14th January. I came back to Oxford, after my tedious indisposition, and to the infinite loss of my time; and now I began to look upon the rudiments of music, in which I afterwards arrived to some formal knowledge, though to small perfection of hand, because I was so frequently diverted with inclinations to newer trifles.

20th May. Accompanied with one Mr. J. Crafford (who afterwards being my fellow-traveller in Italy, there changed his religion),² I took a journey of pleasure to see the Somersetshire baths, Bristol, Cirencester, Malmesbury, Abingdon, and divers other towns of lesser note; and returned the 25th.

8th October. I went back to Oxford.

14th December. According to injunctions from the Heads of Colleges, I went (amongst the rest) to the Confirmation in St. Mary's,³ where, after sermon, the Bishop of Oxford⁴ laid his hands upon us, with the usual form of benediction prescribed:

¹ This passage appears first in the edition of 1850; but Evelyn saw reason afterwards somewhat to change his tone. See *post*, under 4th February, 1685.

² [He is not mentioned again in the Diary.]

³ [St. Mary Magdalen,—the parish church.]

⁴ [Dr. John Bancroft, 1574-1640, Bishop of Oxford, 1632-40.]

but this, received (I fear) for the more part out of curiosity, rather than with that due preparation and advice which had been requisite, could not be so effectual as otherwise that admirable and useful institution might have been, and as I have since deplored it.

1640 : 21st *January*. Came my brother, Richard, from school, to be my chamber-fellow at the University. He was admitted the next day, and matriculated the 31st.

11th *April*. I went to London to see the solemnity of his Majesty's riding through the city in state to the Short Parliament, which began the 18th following,—a very glorious and magnificent sight, the King circled with his royal diadem and the affections of his people :¹ but the day after I returned to Wotton again, where I stayed, my father's indisposition suffering great intervals, till April 27th, when I was sent to London to be first resident at the Middle Temple : so as my being at the University, in regard of these avocations, was of very small benefit to me. Upon May the 5th following, was the Parliament unhappily dissolved ; and, on the 20th, I returned with my brother George to Wotton, who, on the 28th of the same month, was married at Albury to Mrs. Caldwell (an heiress of an ancient Leicestershire family),² where part of the nuptials was celebrated.

10th *June*. I repaired with my brother to the term, to go into our new lodgings (that were formerly in Essex-court), being a very handsome apartment just over against the Hall-court, but four pair of stairs high, which gave us the

¹ [This instance of syllepsis is rather rare in Evelyn.]

² Mary, daughter of Daniel Caldwell of Horndon, in Essex, by Mary, daughter of George Duncomb, Esq., of Albury. She died 15th May, 1644, and he afterwards married Lady Cotton (see *ante*, p. 5).

advantage of the fairer prospect; but did not much contribute to the love of that impolished study, to which (I suppose) my father had designed me, when he paid £145 to purchase our present lives, and assignments afterwards.

London, and especially the Court, were at this period in frequent disorders, and great insolences were committed by the abused and too happy City: in particular, the Bishop of Canterbury's Palace at Lambeth was assaulted by a rude rabble from Southwark,¹ my Lord Chamberlain imprisoned, and many scandalous libels and invectives scattered about the streets, to the reproach of Government, and the fermentation of our since distractions: so that, upon the 25th of June, I was sent for to Wotton, and the 27th after, my father's indisposition augmenting, by advice of the physicians he repaired to the Bath.

7th July. My brother George and I, understanding the peril my father was in upon a sudden attack of his infirmity, rode post from Guildford towards him, and found him extraordinary weak; yet so as that, continuing his course, he held out till the 8th of September, when I returned home with him in his litter.

15th October. I went to the Temple, it being Michaelmas Term.

80th. I saw his Majesty (coming from his Northern Expedition) ride in pomp and a kind of ovation, with all the marks of a happy peace,

¹ ["At Lambeth mye house was beset at midnight, Maij ii, with 500 people that came thither with a drumme beatinge before them. I had some little notice of it about 2 howres before, and went to Whit-Hall, leavinge mye house as well ordred as I could with such armes and men as I could gett readye. And I thanke God, bye his goodnes, kept all safe. Some wear taken and to be tryed for their lives."—*Archbishop Laud to Lord Conway*, May 25, 1640. (*Gentleman's Magasine*, April, 1850, p. 349.) One man was excuted, 23rd May.]

restored to the affections of his people, being conducted through London with a most splendid cavalcade; and, on the 8rd November following (a day never to be mentioned without a curse), to that long ungrateful, foolish, and fatal Parliament,¹ the beginning of all our sorrows for twenty years after, and the period of the most happy monarch in the world: *Quis talia fando!*

But my father being by this time entered into a dropsy, an indisposition the most unsuspected, being a person so exemplarily temperate, and of admirable regimen, hastened me back to Wotton, December the 12th; where, the 24th following, between twelve and one o'clock at noon, departed this life that excellent man and indulgent parent, retaining his senses and piety to the last, which he most tenderly expressed in blessing us, whom he now left to the world and the worst of times, whilst he was taken from the evil to come.

1641. It was a sad and lugubrious beginning of the year, when, on the 2nd of January, 1640-1, we at night followed the mourning hearse to the church at Wotton; when, after a sermon and funeral oration by the minister,² my father was interred near his formerly erected monument,³ and mingled with the ashes of our mother, his dear wife. Thus we were bereft of both our parents in a period when we most of all stood in need of their counsel and assistance, especially myself, of a raw, vain, uncertain, and very unwary inclination: but so it pleased God to make trial of my conduct in a conjuncture of the greatest and most prodigious

¹ [The Long Parliament. Its first deliberations were occupied with the trial of Strafford and the impeachment of Laud. Its last sitting took place March 16, 1660. It was dissolved and determined, 12 Car. II. c. i.]

² [Mr. Higham. See *ante*, p. 5.]

³ [On the north wall of the Wotton Dormitory. His epitaph says he died on the 20th December.]

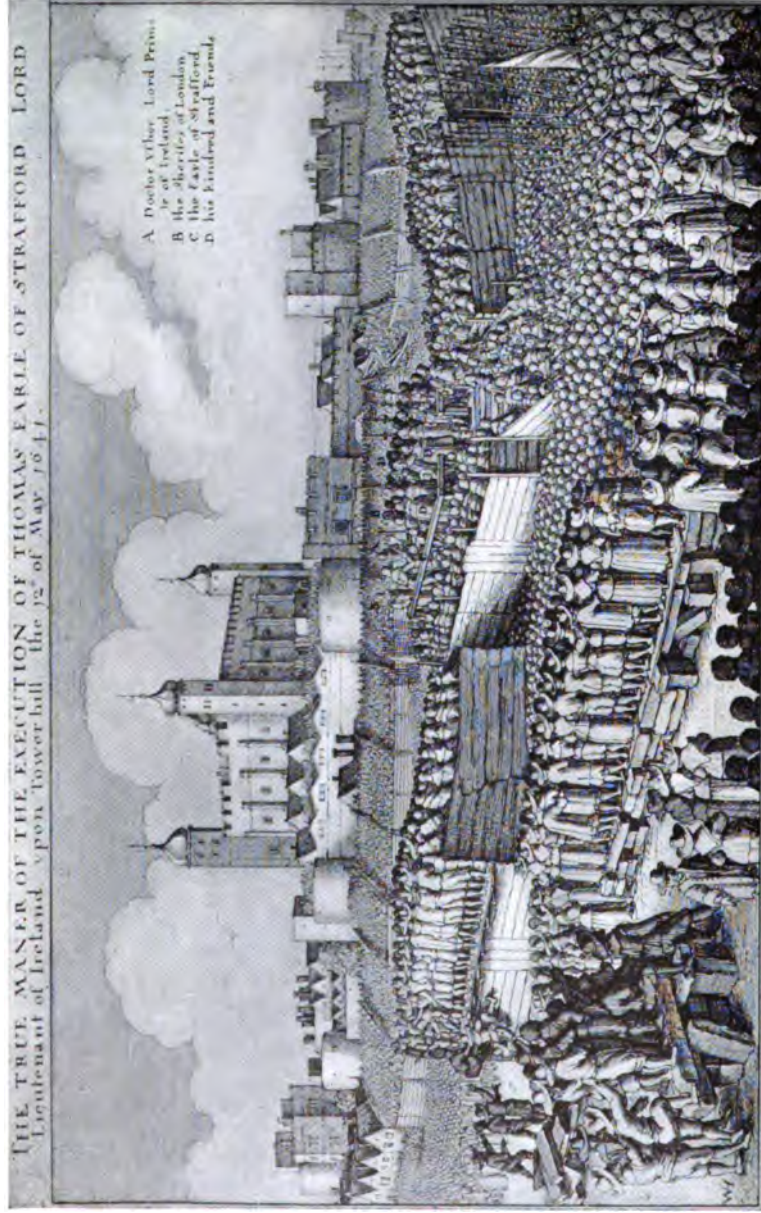
hazard that ever the youth of England saw ; and, if I did not amidst all this impeach my liberty nor my virtue with the rest who made shipwreck of both, it was more the infinite goodness and mercy of God than the least providence or discretion of mine own, who now thought of nothing but the pursuit of vanity, and the confused imaginations of young men.

15th April. I repaired to London to hear and see the famous trial of the Earl of Strafford, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, who, on the 22nd of March, had been summoned before both Houses of Parliament, and now appeared in Westminster-hall,¹ which was prepared with scaffolds for the Lords and Commons, who, together with the King, Queen, Prince, and flower of the *noblesse*, were spectators and auditors of the greatest malice and the greatest innocency that ever met before so illustrious an assembly. It was Thomas, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, Earl Marshal of England, who was made High Steward upon this occasion ;² and the sequel is too well known to need any notice of the event.

On the 27th April, came over out of Holland the young Prince of Orange, with a splendid

¹ On the 15th April, Strafford made his eloquent defence, at which it seems to have been Evelyn's good fortune to be present. And here—says Forster—the reader may remark the fact, not without significance, that between the entries on this page of the Diary which relate to Lord Strafford, the young Prince of Orange came over to make love to the Princess Royal, then twelve years old ; and that the marriage was subsequently celebrated amid extraordinary Court rejoicings and festivities, in which the King took a prominent part, during the short interval which elapsed between the sentence and execution of the King's great and unfortunate minister.

² [This was Thomas Howard, second Earl, 1586-1646. He had been Earl Marshal since 1621. In 1636 (as stated below), he went to Vienna to urge the restitution of the Palatinate to the nephew of Charles I. (see *post*, under 10th September and 8th October, 1641).]



THE EXECUTION OF STRAFFORD

equipage, to make love to his Majesty's eldest daughter, the now Princess Royal.¹

That evening, was celebrated the pompous funeral of the Duke of Richmond, who was carried in effigy, with all the ensigns of that illustrious family, in an open chariot, in great solemnity, through London to Westminster Abbey.

On the 12th of May, I beheld on Tower-hill the fatal stroke which severed the wisest head in England from the shoulders of the Earl of Strafford, whose crime coming under the cognisance of no human law or statute, a new one was made, not to be a precedent, but his destruction. With what reluctancy the King signed the execution, he has sufficiently expressed; to which he imputes his own unjust suffering—to such exorbitancy² were things arrived.

On the 24th May, I returned to Wotton; and, on the 28th of June, I went to London with my sister Jane,³ and the day after sat to one Van der Borcht⁴ for my picture in oil, at Arundel-house,⁵

¹ [William II. of Nassau, Prince of Orange, afterwards married, May 2, 1648, to the Princess Mary.]

² [Enormity (see *ante*, p. 9).]

³ [See note, *ante*, p. 1.]

⁴ Hendrik van der Borcht, a painter of Brussels, lived at Frankenthal. Lord Arundel, finding his son at Frankfort, sent him to Mr. Petty, his chaplain and agent, then collecting for him in Italy, and afterwards kept him in his service as long as he lived. The younger Van der Borcht was both painter and engraver; he drew many of the Arundelian curiosities, and etched several things both in that and the Royal Collection. A book of his drawings from the former, containing 567 pieces, is preserved at Paris; and is described in the catalogue of L'Orangerie. After the death of the Earl, he entered into the service of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., and lived in esteem in London for a considerable time; but returned to Antwerp, and died there in 1660. [Hollar engraved the portrait of both father and son, the former from a picture by the latter.]

⁵ [In the Strand, between Milford Lane and Strand Bridge. Arundel Street, Norfolk Street, Howard Street, and others now occupy the site.]

whose servant that excellent painter was, brought out of Germany when the Earl returned from Vienna (whither he was sent Ambassador-extraordinary, with great pomp and charge, though without any effect, through the artifice of the Jesuited Spaniard, who governed all in that conjuncture). With Van der Borcht, the painter, he brought over Wenceslaus Hollar, the sculptor,¹ who engraved not only the unhappy Deputy's trial in Westminster-hall, but his decapitation; as he did several other historical things, then relating to the accidents happening during the Rebellion in England, with great skill; besides many cities, towns, and landscapes, not only of this nation, but of foreign parts, and divers portraits of famous persons then in being; and things designed from the best pieces of the rare paintings and masters of which the Earl of Arundel was possessor, purchased and collected in his travels with incredible expense: so as, though Hollar's were but etched in aqua-fortis, I account the collection to be the most authentic and useful extant. Hollar was the son of a gentleman near Prague, in Bohemia, and my very good friend, perverted at last by the Jesuits at Antwerp to change his religion; a very honest, simple, well-meaning man, who at last came over again into England, where he died. We have the whole history of the King's reign, from his trial in Westminster-hall and before, to the restoration of King Charles II., represented in several sculptures,²

¹ Wenceslaus Hollar, the engraver, 1607-77. In the troubles he distinguished himself as a Royalist, for which he was imprisoned by the Parliament. He escaped to the Continent; but afterwards returned to England, where he eventually died in poverty. [George Vertue published a description of his works, with a life; and an elaborate catalogue of his prints by Gustav Parthey appeared at Berlin in 1853.]

² [Sculptures = engravings. Johnson still uses the word in this sense in a letter to Mr. Barnard of May 28, 1768.]

with that also of Archbishop Laud, by this indefatigable artist; besides innumerable sculptures in the works of Dugdale, Ashmole, and other historical and useful works. I am the more particular upon this for the fruit of that collection, which I wish I had entire.

This picture¹ I presented to my sister, being at her request, on my resolution to absent myself from this ill face of things at home, which gave umbrage² to wiser than myself that the medal was reversing, and our calamities but yet in their infancy: so that, on the 15th of July, having procured a pass at the Custom-house, where I repeated my oath of allegiance, I went from London to Gravesend, accompanied with one Mr. Caryll, a Surrey gentleman, and our servants, where we arrived by six o'clock that evening, with a purpose to take the first opportunity of a passage for Holland.³ But the wind as yet not favourable, we had time to view the Block-house of that town, which answered to another over against it at Tilbury, famous for the rendezvous of Queen

¹ His own portrait, by Van der Borch. [It is still in the Picture Gallery at Wotton House.]

² [Suspicion, foreshadowing.]

³ [In this he was acting upon the counsel he gives in his Preface to *The State of France* as to foreign travel:—"The principall places of Europe, wherein a gentleman may, *uno intuitu*, behold as in a theater the chief and most signal actions which (out of his owne countrey) concerne this later age and part of the world, are the Netherlands, comprehending Flanders and the divided provinces; which is a perfect *encycle* and synopsis of whatever one may elsewhere see in all the other countreyes of Europe; and for this end I willingly recommend them to be first visited, no otherwise than do those who direct us in the study of history to the reading first of some authentick epitome, or universall chronology, before we adventure to launch forth into that vast and profound ocean of voluminous authours" (*Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 50). He goes on to regret that when he visited the Low Countries his judgment was yet immature.]

Elizabeth, in the year 1588, which we found stored with twenty pieces of cannon, and other ammunition proportionable. On the 19th July, we made a short excursion to Rochester, and having seen the cathedral, went to Chatham to see the *Royal Sovereign*, a glorious vessel of burden lately built there, being for defence and ornament, the richest that ever spread cloth before the wind.¹ She carried an hundred brass cannon, and was 1200 tons; a rare sailer, the work of the famous Phineas Pett, inventor of the frigate-fashion of building, to this day practised.² But what is to be deplored as to this vessel is, that it cost his Majesty the affections of his subjects, perverted by the malcontent great ones, who took occasion to quarrel for his having raised a very slight tax for the building of this, and equipping the rest of the navy, without an act of Parliament; though, by the suffrages of the major part of the Judges the King might legally do in times of imminent danger, of which his Majesty was best apprised. But this not satisfying a jealous party, it was condemned as unprecedented, and not justifiable as to the Royal

¹ [This vessel, which had been built at Woolwich in 1637 with the Ship-money, "was in almost all the great engagements that were fought between England and Holland." The Dutch called her the *Golden Devil* from the gilding on her stern. Her first name was *Sovereign of the Seas*. In 1684 she was rebuilt, and renamed the *Royal Sovereign*. She was afterwards accidentally burned at Chatham (see *post*, under 2nd February, 1696). There is a model of her at Greenwich Hospital.]

² [Phineas Pett, 1570-1647, master-builder of the navy, and resident Commissioner at Chatham, 1630-1647. He left a Diary, extracts from which are published in vol. xii. of the *Archaeologia*. He is said to have been "the first scientific naval architect." It is, however, Peter Pett, his nephew, 1593-1652, who is credited with the invention of the frigate, reference to which is made on his monument in St. Nicholas Church: "*Verum illud eximium et novum navigij ornamentum, quod nostri frigatum nuncupant, . . . primus invenit*" (Dews' *Deptford*, 1884, pp. 76, 220). See also *post*, 7th March, 1690.]

prerogative; and, accordingly, the Judges were removed out of their places, fined, and imprisoned.¹

We returned again this evening, and on the 21st July embarked in a Dutch frigate, bound for Flushing, convoyed and accompanied by five other stout vessels, whereof one was a man-of-war. The next day, at noon, we landed at Flushing.

Being desirous to overtake the leaguer,² which was then before Gennep,³ ere the summer should be too far spent, we went this evening from Flushing to Middleburg, another fine town in this island,⁴ to Veere, whence the most ancient and illustrious Earls of Oxford derive their family, who have spent so much blood in assisting the state during their wars. From Veere we passed over many towns, houses, and ruins of demolished suburbs, etc., which have formerly been swallowed up by the sea; at what time no less than eight of those islands had been irrecoverably lost.

The next day we arrived at Dort, the first town of Holland, furnished with all German commodities, and especially Rhenish wines and timber. It hath almost at the extremity a very spacious and venerable church; a stately senate-house, wherein was holden that famous synod against the Arminians in 1618;⁵ and in that hall hangeth a picture of "The

¹ In this way, Evelyn in 1641 refers to the tax of Ship-money. In a letter dated eight years later, 26th March, 1649, his tone is somewhat different. If monarchy is to be saved in England, nothing is to be done as to Government "but what shall be approved of by the old way of a free parliament, and the known laws of the land."

² [Siege. See *post*, under 17th December, 1684.]

³ On the Niers, in the province of Limburg—a place which, having been greatly strengthened by the Cardinal Infante D. Ferdinando, in 1635, was at this time besieged by the French and Dutch.

⁴ [*I.e.* the island of Walcheren.]

⁵ [From 13th November, 1618, to 19th May, 1619. Its object was to effect a compromise between the Arminians and the Calvinists; but the latter prevailed.]

Passion," an exceeding rare and much-esteemed piece.

From Dort, being desirous to hasten towards the army, I took waggon this afternoon to Rotterdam, whither we were hurried in less than an hour, though it be ten miles distant; so furiously do those foremen drive. I went first to visit the great church, the Doole, the Bourse, and the public statue of the learned Erasmus, of brass.¹ They showed us his house, or rather the mean cottage, wherein he was born, over which there are extant these lines, in capital letters :

ÆDIBUS HIS ORTUS, MUNDUM DECORAVIT ERASMUS
ARTIBUS, INGENIO, RELIGIONE, FIDE.²

The 26th July, I passed by a straight and commodious river through Delft to the Hague; in which journey I observed divers leprous poor creatures dwelling in solitary huts on the brink of the water, and permitted to ask the charity of passengers, which is conveyed to them in a floating box that they cast out.³

Arrived at the Hague, I went first to the Queen

¹ [In the Groote Markt. It is by Hendrik de Keyser, and was erected in 1622.]

² [In the last chapter of Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth*, 1861, some of the best scenes in which are confessedly from the "medieval pen" of Erasmus, the motto "over the tailor's house in the Brede-Kirk Straet" is given as—"Haec est parva domus natus quæ magnus Erasmus." But further alterations must now have taken place, for according to Baedeker, "the façade of the house No. 5 in this street [the Wyde Kerkstraat], with a statuette of Erasmus in the pediment, is an exact reproduction of the front of the house in which the great scholar was born" (*Belgium and Holland*, 1905, p. 294).]

³ ["Perhaps," says Southey in vol. xix. of the *Quarterly Review*, "this is the latest notice of lepers in Europe being thus thrust apart from the rest of mankind, and Holland is likely to be the country in which the disease would continue longest" (p. 5).]

of Bohemia's court,¹ where I had the honour to kiss her Majesty's hand, and several of the Princesses', her daughters. Prince Maurice was also there, newly come out of Germany; and my Lord Finch,² not long before fled out of England from the fury of the Parliament. It was a fasting day with the Queen for the unfortunate death of her husband, and the presence-chamber had been hung with black velvet ever since his decease.

The 28th July I went to Leyden; and the 29th to Utrecht, being thirty English miles distant (as they reckon by hours). It was now kermesse, or a fair, in this town, the streets swarming with boors and rudeness, so that early the next morning, having visited the ancient Bishop's court, and the two famous churches, I satisfied my curiosity till my return, and better leisure. We then came to Rynen, where the Queen of Bohemia hath a neat and well-built palace, or country-house, after the Italian manner, as I remember; and so, crossing the Rhine, upon which this villa is situated, lodged that night in a countryman's house. The 31st to Nimeguen; and on the 2nd of August we arrived at the leaguer, where was then the whole army encamped about Gennep, a very strong castle situated on the river Waal;³ but, being taken four or five days before, we had only a sight of the demolitions. The next Sunday was the thanks-

¹ Elizabeth Stuart, 1596-1662, daughter of James I., mother of the princes Maurice and Rupert; her youngest daughter was Sophia, Electress of Hanover, whose eldest son was George I.

² Sir John Finch, 1584-1660, Speaker of the House of Commons in 1628; Attorney-General to Queen Henrietta Maria in 1635; the following year promoted to be Judge of the Common Pleas; afterwards Lord Chief Justice; thence promoted to be Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in 1637; and in April, 1640, advanced to the peerage as Baron Finch, of Fordwich.

³ [Query,—Niers, a tributary of the Maas, which again runs into the Waal.]

the learned Hugo Grotius, who, being in durance as a capital offender, as was the unhappy Barneveldt,¹ by the stratagem of his lady, was conveyed in a trunk supposed to be filled with books only. We lay at Gorcum,² a very strong and considerable frontier.

18th August. We arrived late at Rotterdam, where was their annual mart or fair, so furnished with pictures (especially landscapes and drolleries,³ as they call those clownish representations), that I was amazed. Some of these I bought, and sent into England. The reason of this store of pictures, and their cheapness, proceeds from their want of land to employ their stock, so that it is an ordinary thing to find a common farmer lay out two or three thousand pounds in this commodity. Their houses are full of them, and they vend them at their fairs to very great gains. Here I first saw an elephant, who was extremely well disciplined and obedient. It was a beast of a monstrous size, yet as flexible and nimble in the joints, contrary to the vulgar tradition, as could be imagined from so prodigious a bulk and strange fabric;⁴ but I most of all admired the dexterity and strength of its proboscis, on which it was able to support two or three men, and by which

junction of the Maas and the Waal. Hugo de Groot or Grotius, 1583-1645, escaped from it in the manner described, 21st March, 1621.]

¹ [Johan van Olden Barneveldt, 1547-1619, a Dutch statesman and Arminian, beheaded by the States-General at the Hague, 14th May, 1619.]

² [Or Gorinchem.]

³ [Drolleries were pictures of low humour. Falstaff recommends Mrs. Quickly "a pretty slight drollery" for the walls of her Eastcheap Tavern (2 *Henry IV.* Act II. Sc. i.).]

⁴ ["The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure" (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. Sc. iii.). "That an Elephant hath no joints," etc.—is the title of Chap. i. of Book iii. of the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* of Sir Thomas Browne.]

it took and reached whatever was offered to it; its teeth were but short, being a female, and not old. I was also shown a pelican, or *onocratalus* of Pliny, with its large gullets, in which he kept his reserve of fish; the plumage was white, legs red, flat, and film-footed: likewise a cock with four legs, two rumps and vents: also a hen which had two large spurs growing out of her sides, penetrating the feathers of her wings.¹

17th August. I passed again through Delft, and visited the church in which was the monument of Prince William of Nassau,—the first of the Williams, and saviour (as they call him) of their liberty, which cost him his life by a vile assassination.² It is a piece of rare art, consisting of several figures, as big as the life, in copper. There is in the same place a magnificent tomb of his son and successor, Maurice.³ The Senate-house hath a very stately portico, supported with choice columns of black marble, as I remember, of one entire stone. Within, there hangs a weighty vessel of wood, not unlike a butter-churn, which the adventurous woman that hath two husbands at one time is to wear on her shoulders, her head peeping out at the top only, and so led about the town, as a penance for her incontinence. From hence, we went the next day to Ryswyk, a stately country-house of the Prince of Orange,⁴ for nothing more remarkable

¹ ["Hee offend[s] lesse who writes many toyes, than he, who omits one serious thing" (Howell's *Forreine Travell*, 1642, Sect. iii.)]

² [William I. the Silent, Prince of Orange, 1533-1584, was shot (July 10) in the Prinsenhof at Delft (now the William of Orange Museum) by Balthasar Gerards, a Burgundian agent of Philip II. of Spain. His monument, by Hendrik de Keyser, is in the Nieuwe Kerk.]

³ [Maurice of Nassau, 1567-1625.]

⁴ [The palace of Ryswyk, in which the Treaties of Peace were signed in 1697 (see *post*, under 2nd December, 1697), was removed in 1783. An obelisk was erected on the site.]

than the delicious walks planted with lime trees, and the modern paintings within.

19th August. We returned to the Hague, and went to visit the Hof, or Prince's Court, with the adjoining gardens full of ornament, close walks, statues, marbles, grotts, fountains, and artificial music. There is to this palace a stately hall, not much inferior to ours of Westminster, hung round with colours and other trophies¹ taken from the Spaniards; and the sides below are furnished with shops. Next day (the 20th) I returned to Delft, thence to Rotterdam, the Hague, and Leyden, where immediately I mounted a waggon, which that night, late as it was, brought us to Haarlem. About seven in the morning after I came to Amsterdam, where being provided with a lodging, the first thing I went to see was a Synagogue of the Jews (being Saturday), whose ceremonies, ornaments, lamps, law, and schools, afforded matter for my contemplation. The women were secluded from the men, being seated in galleries above, shut with lattices, having their heads muffled with linen, after a fantastical and somewhat extraordinary fashion; the men, wearing a large calico mantle, yellow coloured, over their hats, all the while waving their bodies, whilst at their devotions. From thence, I went to a place without the town, called Overkirk, where they have a spacious field assigned them to bury their dead, full of sepulchres with Hebraic inscriptions, some of them stately and costly. Looking through one of these monuments, where the stones were disjointed, I perceived divers books and papers lie about a corpse; for it seems, when any learned Rabbi dies, they bury some of

¹ As Westminster Hall used to be down to the beginning of the reign of George III. [The banners taken at Naseby and Worcester, at Preston and Dunbar and Blenheim, were all to be hung in it in the years to come.]

his books with him. With the help of a stick, I raked out several, written in Hebrew characters, but much impaired. As we returned, we stepped in to see the Spin-house, a kind of bridewell, where incorrigible and lewd women are kept in discipline and labour, but all neat. We were showed an hospital for poor travellers and pilgrims, built by Queen Elizabeth of England; and another maintained by the city.

The State or Senate-house of this town, if the design be perfected, will be one of the most costly and magnificent pieces of architecture in Europe, especially for the materials and the carvings. In the Doole is painted, on a very large table,¹ the bust of Marie de Médicis, supported by four royal diadems, the work of one Vanderdall, who hath set his name thereon, 1st September, 1638.

On Sunday, I heard an English sermon at the Presbyterian congregation, where they had chalked upon a slate the psalms that were to be sung, so that all the congregation might see it without the bidding of a clerk. I was told, that after such an age no minister was permitted to preach, but had his maintenance continued during life.

I purposely changed my lodgings, being desirous to converse with the sectaries that swarmed in this city, out of whose spawn came those almost innumerable broods in England afterwards. It was at a Brownist's house,² where we had an extraordinary good table. There was in pension with us my Lord Keeper,³ Finch, and one Sir J. Fotherbee. Here I

¹ [The tablet, or panel on which a picture is painted. Evelyn frequently uses the term for the picture itself (see *post*, under 8th October, 1641).]

² [The Brownists were a separatist sect founded by Robert Browne (1550?-1633?), the reputed first congregationalist, who boasted, on his death-bed, that he had been in thirty-two prisons during his religious warfare with the established authorities.]

³ [See *ante*, p. 29.]

also found an English Carmelite, who was going through Germany with an Irish gentleman. I now went to see the Weese-house, a foundation like our Charter-house, for the education of decayed persons, orphans, and poor children, where they are taught several occupations. The girls are so well brought up to housewifery, that men of good worth, who seek that chiefly in a woman, frequently take their wives from this hospital. Thence to the Rasp-house, where the lusty knaves are compelled to work ; and the rasping of brasil and logwood for the dyers is very hard labour. To the Dool-house,¹ for madmen and fools. But none did I so much admire, as an Hospital for their lame and decrepit soldiers and seamen, where the accommodations are very great, the building answerable ; and, indeed, for the like public charities the provisions are admirable in this country, where, as no idle vagabonds are suffered (as in England they are), there is hardly a child of four or five years old, but they find some employment for it.²

It was on a Sunday morning that I went to the Bourse, or Exchange, after their sermons were ended, to see the Dog-market, which lasts till two in the afternoon, in this place of convention of merchants from all parts of the world. The building is not comparable to that of London, built by

¹ [*Dolhuis*, mad-house.]

² In the early editions of this Diary, the entry relating to the Amsterdam Hospital stood thus :—"But none did I so much admire as an Hospitall for their lame and decrepid souldiers, it being for state, order, and ac'om'odations, one of the worthiest things that the world can shew of that nature. Indee'de it is most remarkable what provisions are here made and maintain'd for publiq and charitable purposes, and to protect the poore from misery, and the country from beggers" (*Diary*, 1827, i. 29). The passage in the text is from Evelyn's own later correction. It should be noted, in connection with this remark on the hospital of Amsterdam, that the first stone of Greenwich Hospital was afterwards laid by Evelyn.

that worthy citizen, Sir Thomas Gresham, yet in one respect exceeding it, that vessels of considerable burden ride at the very quay contiguous to it ; and indeed it is by extraordinary industry that as well this city, as generally all the towns of Holland, are so accommodated with grachts [canals], cuts, sluices, moles, and rivers, made by hand, that nothing is more frequent than to see a whole navy, belonging to this mercantile people, riding at anchor before their very doors : and yet their streets even, straight, and well paved, the houses so uniform and planted with lime trees, as nothing can be more beautiful.¹

The next day, we were entertained at a kind of tavern, called the Briloft, appertaining to a rich Anabaptist, where, in the upper rooms of the house, were divers pretty water-works, rising 108 feet from the ground. Here were many quaint devices, fountains, artificial music, noises of beasts, and chirping of birds ; but what pleased me most was a large pendent candlestick, branching into several sockets, furnished all with ordinary candles to appearance, out of the wicks spouting out streams of water, instead of flames. This seemed then and was a rarity, before the philosophy of compressed air made it intelligible. There was likewise a

¹ Some slight differences are observable in the description of the Dutch towns as it stands in the earlier editions. It may be worth while,—where the change does not simply consist, as for the most part is the case, in a more full and careful reproduction of the original text, but, as happens occasionally, in the substitution of Evelyn's later corrections for his earlier and less finished text,—to preserve in these notes the text as first printed. The last six lines of the above are in the first version as follows :—
 “. . . moles, and rivers, that nothing is more frequent then to see a whole navy of marchands and others environ'd with streetes and houses, every man's barke or vessel at anker before his very doore ; and yet the street so exactly straitte, even, and uniforme, that nothing can be more pleasing, especialy being so frequently planted and shaded with the beautifull lime-trees, set in rows before every man's house ” (*Diary*, 1827, i. 29).

cylinder that entertained the company with a variety of chimes, the hammers striking upon the brims of porcelain dishes, suited to the tones and notes, without cracking any of them. Many other water-works were shown.

The Keiser's or Emperor's Gracht, which is an ample and long street, appearing like a city in a forest; the lime trees planted just before each house, and at the margin of that goodly aqueduct so curiously wharfed with clinkered brick, which likewise paves the streets, than which nothing can be more useful and neat. This part of Amsterdam is built and gained upon the main sea, supported by piles at an immense charge, and fitted for the most busy concourse of traffickers and people of commerce beyond any place, or mart, in the world. Nor must I forget the port of entrance into an issue of this town, composed of very magnificent pieces of architecture, some of the ancient and best manner; as are divers churches.¹

¹ The description of the Briloft is thus given in the earlier editions: "There was a lamp of brasse, with eight socketts from the middle stem, like those we use in churches, having counterfeit tapers in them, streams of water issuing as out of their wickes, the whole branch hanging loose upon a tach ["catch" or "fastening"] in the middst of a beame, and without any other perceptible com'erce with any pipe, so that, unless it were by compression of the ayre with a syringe, I could not comprehend how it should be don. There was a chime of purselan dishes, which fitted to clock-worke and rung many changes and tunes" (*Diary*, 1827, i. 30). That of the Keiser's Gracht stands thus: "The Keisers Graft, or Emperors Streete, appears a citty in a wood through the goodly ranges of the stately lime-trees planted before each man's doore, and at the margent of that goodly aquæ-duct, or river, so curiously wharfed with clincars (a kind of white sun-bak'd brick), and of which material the spacious streetes on either side are paved. This part of Amsterdam is gained upon the maine Sea, supported by piles at an im'ense charge. Prodigious it is to consider the multitude of vessels which continually ride before this Citty, which is certainly the most busie concourse of mortalls now upon the whole earth, and the most addicted to com'erce" (*ib.* i. 30).

The turrets, or steeples, are adorned after a particular manner and invention; the chimes of bells are so rarely managed, that being curious to know whether the motion was from any engine, I went up to that of St. Nicholas, where I found one who played all sorts of compositions from the tablature before him, as if he had fingered an organ; for so were the hammers fastened with wires to several keys put into a frame twenty feet below the bells, upon which (by help of a wooden instrument, not much unlike a weaver's shuttle, that guarded his hand) he struck on the keys and played to admiration. All this while, through the clattering of the wires, din of the too nearly sounding bells, and noise that his wooden gloves made, the confusion was so great, that it was impossible for the musician, or any that stood near him, to hear anything himself; yet, to those at a distance, and especially in the streets, the harmony and the time were the most exact and agreeable.

The south church is richly paved with black and white marble,—the west is a new fabric; and generally all the churches in Holland are furnished with organs, lamps, and monuments, carefully preserved from the fury and impiety of popular reformers, whose zeal has foolishly transported them in other places rather to act like madmen than religious.¹

Upon St. Bartholomew's day, I went amongst the book-sellers, and visited the famous Hondius² and Bleaw's³ shop, to buy some maps, atlases, and

¹ [See *post*, under 10th October, 1641, with reference to the destruction of the windows of Canterbury Cathedral.]

² [There were several artists named Hondius or De Hondt. This may have been William Hondius, the son of Henry. He was living in Holland at this date.]

³ [William Jansen Blaeuw, 1571-1638, geographer, printer, and friend of Tycho Brahe. His *Theatrum Mundi*, 1663-71, was published by his son John (d. 1680), probably here referred to.]

other works of that kind.¹ At another shop, I furnished myself with some shells and Indian curiosities; and so, towards the end of August, I returned again to Haarlem by the river, ten miles in length, straight as a line, and of competent breadth for ships to sail by one another. They showed us a cottage where, they told us, dwelt a woman who had been married to her twenty-fifth husband, and being now a widow, was prohibited to marry in future; yet it could not be proved that she had ever made away with any of her husbands, though the suspicion had brought her divers times to trouble.

Haarlem is a very delicate town, and hath one of the fairest churches of the Gothic design I had ever seen.² There hang in the steeple, which is very high, two silver bells, said to have been brought from Damietta, in Egypt, by an earl of Holland, in memory of whose success they are rung out every evening. In the nave, hang the goodliest branches of brass for tapers that I have seen, esteemed of great value for the curiosity of the workmanship; also a fair pair of organs, which I could not find they made use of in divine service, or so much as to assist them in singing psalms, but only for show, and to recreate the people before and after their devotions, whilst the burgomasters were walking and conferring about their affairs. Near the west window hang two models of ships, completely equipped, in memory of that invention of saws under their keels, with which they cut through the chain of booms, which barred the port

¹ The entry as to the booksellers, etc., is thus expressed in the earlier edition: "I went to Hundius's shop to buy some mapps, greatly pleased with the designes of that indefatigable person. Mr. Bleaw, the setter forth of the Atlas's and other workes of that kind, is worthy seeing" (*Diary*, 1827, i. 32).

² [The Groote Kerk. It was restored throughout at the end of the last century.]

of Damietta. Having visited this church, the fish-market, and made some inquiry about the printing-house, the invention whereof is said to have been in this town,¹ I returned to Leyden.

At Leyden, I was carried up to the castle, or Pyrgus, built on a very steep artificial mount, cast up (as reported) by Hengist the Saxon, on his return out of England, as a place to retire to, in case of any sudden inundations.

The churches are many and fair; in one of them lies buried the learned and illustrious Joseph Scaliger,² without any extraordinary inscription, who, having left the world a monument of his worth more lasting than marble, needed nothing more than his own name; which I think is all engraven on his sepulchre. He left his library to this University.

28th August. I went to see the college and schools, which are nothing extraordinary, and was complimented with a *matricula* by the *magnificus* Professor, who first in Latin demanded of me where my lodging in the town was, my name, age, birth, and to what Faculty I addicted myself; then, recording my answers in a book, he administered an oath to me that I should observe the statutes and orders of the University whilst I stayed, and then delivered me a ticket, by virtue whereof I was made excise-free; for all which worthy privileges, and the pains of writing, he accepted of a rix-dollar.

Here was now the famous Dan. Heinsius,³ whom

¹ [The invention of printing, now given to Gutenberg (see *post*, p. 48), was formerly attributed to Laurens Janszoon Coster of Haarlem, whose statue in bronze, erected in 1856, stands in front of the Groote Kerk.]

² [Joseph Justus Scaliger, 1540-1609. His monument is in the south transept of the Church of St. Peter.]

³ Daniel Heinsius, 1580-1655, a Dutch scholar and critic, who edited numerous editions of the Classics. He was chosen

I so longed to see, as well as the no less famous printer Elzevir's printing-house and shop,¹ renowned for the politeness of the character and editions of what he has published through Europe. Hence to the physic-garden,² well stored with exotic plants, if the catalogue presented to me by the gardener be a faithful register.

But, amongst all the rarities of this place, I was much pleased with a sight of their anatomy-school, theatre, and repository adjoining,³ which is well furnished with natural curiosities; skeletons, from the whale and elephant to the fly and spider; which last is a very delicate piece of art, to see how the bones (if I may so call them of so tender an insect) could be separated from the mucilaginous parts of that minute animal. Amongst a great variety of other things, I was shown the knife newly taken out of a drunken Dutchman's guts, by an incision in his side, after it had slipped from his fingers into his stomach. The pictures of the chirurgion and his patient, both living, were there.

There is without the town a fair Mall, curiously planted.

professor of history and politics at Leyden; then secretary and librarian of the University. In 1618, he was appointed secretary to the states of Holland at the Synod of Dort; and the fame of his learning became so diffused, that the Pope endeavoured to draw him to Rome.

¹ [Bonaventura (1583-1654), and Abraham Elzevir or Elzevier (1592-1652), established the *Officina Elzeviriana* at Leyden in 1626; and it was continued by their descendants.]

² [The Botanic Garden behind the University.]

³ [The Natural History Museum, which includes a famous Department of Comparative Anatomy. Thoresby, 1678, speaks of all these places:—"At Leyden, we saw the Physic Garden, stocked with great variety of foreign trees, herbs, etc., and the Anatomy Theatre, which has the skeletons of almost all manner of beasts, rare as well as common, and human of both sexes, etc. There is a most curious collection of rarities, heathen idols, Indian arrows, garments, armour, money, etc." (Thoresby's *Diary*, 1830, i. 18-19).]

Returning to my lodging, I was showed the statue, cut in stone, of the happy monk, whom they report to have been the first inventor of typography, set over the door; but this is much controverted by others, who strive for the glory of it, besides John Gutenberg.¹

I was brought acquainted with a Burgundian Jew, who had married an apostate Kentish woman. I asked him divers questions: he told me, amongst other things, that the World should never end; that our souls transmigrated, and that even those of the most holy persons did penance in the bodies of brutes after death,—and so he interpreted the banishment and savage life of Nebuchadnezzar: that all the Jews should rise again, and be led to Jerusalem; that the Romans only were the occasion of our Saviour's death, whom he affirmed (as the Turks do) to be a great prophet, but not the Messiah. He showed me several books of their devotion, which he had translated into English, for the instruction of his wife; he told me that when the Messiah came, all the ships, barks, and vessels of Holland should, by the power of certain strange whirlwinds, be loosed from their anchors, and transported in a moment to all the desolate ports and havens throughout the world, wherever the dispersion was, to convey their brethren and tribes to the Holy City; with other such like stuff. He was a merry drunken fellow, but would by no means handle any money (for something I purchased of him), it being Saturday; but desired me to leave it in the window, meaning to receive it on Sunday morning.

1st September. I went to Delft and Rotterdam, and two days after back to the Hague, to bespeak a suit of horseman's armour, which I caused to be

¹ [John Gutenberg, or Gensfleisch, 1399-1468, who printed the *Mazarin Bible* at Mentz from movable metal types in 1450-55.]

fain to run aground, to our no little hazard. At our arrival, a soldier conveyed us to the Governor, where our names were taken, and our persons examined very strictly.

17th September. I was permitted to walk the round and view the works, and to visit a convent of religious women of the order of St. Clara (who by the capitulation were allowed to enjoy their monastery and maintenance undisturbed, at the surrender of the town twelve years since), where we had a collation and very civil entertainment. They had a neat chapel, in which the heart of the Duke of Cleves, their founder, lies inhumed under a plate of brass. Within the cloister is a garden, and in the middle of it an overgrown lime-tree, out of whose stem, near the root, issue five upright and exceeding tall suckers, or bolls, the like whereof for evenness and height I had not observed.

The chief church of this city is curiously carved within and without, furnished with a pair of organs, and a most magnificent font of copper.¹

18th. I went to see that most impregnable town and fort of Heusden, where I was exceedingly obliged to one Colonel Crombe, the lieutenant-governor, who would needs make me accept the honour of being captain of the watch, and to give the word this night. The fortification is very irregular, but esteemed one of the most considerable for strength and situation in the Netherlands. We departed towards Gorcum. Here Sir Kenelm Digby,² travelling towards Cologne, met us.

¹ [The Cathedral of St. John, one of the three most important mediæval churches in Holland. The copper font in the baptistery dates from 1492.]

² [Sir Kenelm Digby, 1603-65, author, courtier, sailor, and diplomatist. He was the only son of Sir Everard Digby, executed for his share in the Gunpowder Plot. Knighted by James I. in 1623, Sir Kenelm had successfully commanded a privateering squadron in the Mediterranean against the French and Venetians]

The next morning, the 19th, we arrived at Dort, passing by the Decoys, where they catch innumerable quantities of fowl.

22nd September. I went again to Rotterdam to receive a pass which I expected from Brussels, securing me through Brabant and Flanders, designing to go into England through those countries. The Cardinal Infante,¹ brother to the King of Spain, was then governor. By this pass, having obtained another from the Prince of Orange, upon the 24th of September I departed through Dort; but met with very bad tempestuous weather, being several times driven back, and obliged to lie at anchor off Keele, other vessels lying there waiting better weather. The 25th and 26th we made other essays; but were again repulsed to the harbour, where lay sixty vessels waiting to sail. But, on the 27th, we, impatient of the time and inhospitableness of the place, sailed again with a contrary and impetuous wind and a terrible sea, in great jeopardy; for we had much ado to keep ourselves above water, the billows breaking desperately on our vessel: we were driven into Willemstad, a place garrisoned by the English, where the Governor had a fair house. The works, and especially the counterscarp, are curiously hedged with quick, and planted with a stately row of limes on the rampart. The church is of a round structure, with a cupola, and the town belongs

in 1628; and he had already married and lost his wife, the beautiful Venetia Stanley, 1633. In this year (1641), he fought a duel at Paris with a certain Mont de Ros, who had maligned King Charles, and he killed his man. His curious *Private Memoirs* were published in 1827 with an Introduction by Sir Harris Nicolas; and his life was written in 1896 [by T. Longueville]. There are portraits of him by Vandyck and Cornelius Janssen. (See *post*, under 7th November, 1651.)

¹ [See *ante*, p. 27 n.]

entirely to the Prince of Orange, as does that of Breda, and some other places.

28th September. Failing of an appointment, I was constrained to return to Dort for a bill of exchange; but it was the 1st of October ere I could get back. At Keele, I numbered 141 vessels, who durst not yet venture out; but, animated by the master of a stout barque, after a small encounter of weather, we arrived by four that evening at Steenberg. In the passage we sailed over a sea called the Plaats, an exceeding dangerous water, by reason of two contrary tides which meet there very impetuously. Here, because of the many shelves, we were forced to tide it along the channel; but, ere we could gain the place, the ebb was so far spent, that we were compelled to foot it at least two long miles, through a most pelting shower of rain.

2nd October. With a gentleman of the Rhyngrave's, I went in a cart, or tumbrel (for it was no better; no other accommodation could be procured), of two wheels and one horse, to Bergen-op-Zoom, meeting by the way divers parties of his Highness's army now retiring towards their winter quarters; the convoy skiffs riding by thousands along the harbour. The fort was heretofore built by the English.

The next morning, I embarked for Lillo, having refused a convoy of horse which was offered me. The tide being against us, we landed short of the fort on the beach, where we marched half leg deep in mud, ere we could gain the dyke, which, being five or six miles from Lillo, we were forced to walk on foot very wet and discomposed; and then entering a boat we passed the ferry, and came to the castle. Being taken before the Governor, he demanded my pass, to which he set his hand, and asked two rix-dollars for a fee, which methought

appeared very exorbitant in a soldier of his quality. I told him that I had already purchased my pass of the commissaries at Rotterdam; at which, in a great fury, snatching the paper out of my hand, he flung it scornfully under the table, and bade me try whether I could get to Antwerp without his permission: but I had no sooner given him the dollars, than he returned the passport surlily enough, and made me pay fourteen Dutch shillings to the *cantone*, or searcher, for my contempt, which I was glad to do for fear of further trouble, should he have discovered my Spanish pass, in which the States were therein treated by the name of rebels. Besides all these exactions, I gave the commissary six shillings, to the soldiers something, and, ere perfectly clear of this frontier, thirty-one stivers to the man-of-war, who lay blocking up the river betwixt Lillo and the opposite sconce called Liefkenshoek.

4th October. We sailed by several Spanish forts, out of one of which, St. Mary's port, came a Don on board us, to whom I showed my Spanish pass, which he signed, and civilly dismissed us. Hence, sailing by another man-of-war, to which we lowered our topsails, we at length arrived at Antwerp.

The lodgings here are very handsome and convenient. I lost little time; but, with the aid of one Mr. Lewkner, our conductor, we visited divers churches, colleges, and monasteries. The Church of the Jesuits is most sumptuous and magnificent; a glorious fabric without and within, wholly incrusted with marble, inlaid and polished into divers representations of histories, landscapes, and flowers. On the high altar is placed the statue of the Blessed Virgin and our Saviour in white marble, with a boss in the girdle set with very fair and rich sapphires, and divers other stones of price. The

choir is a glorious piece of architecture : the pulpit supported by four angels, and adorned with other carvings, and rare pictures by Rubens, now lately dead, and divers votive tables and relics.¹ Hence, to the Vrouw Kirk, or Notre Dame of Antwerp : it is a very venerable fabric, built after the Gothic manner, especially the tower, which I ascended, the better to take a view of the country adjacent ;² which, happening on a day when the sun shone exceedingly bright, and darted his rays without any interruption, afforded so bright a reflection to us who were above, and had a full prospect of both land and water about it, that I was much confirmed in my opinion of the moon's being of some such substance as this earthly globe : perceiving all the subjacent country, at so small an horizontal distance, to repercuss such a light as I could hardly look against, save where the river, and other large water within our view, appeared of a more dark and uniform colour ; resembling those spots in the moon supposed to be seas there, according to Hevelius,³ and as they appear in our late telescopes.⁴ I numbered in this church thirty privileged

¹ [St. Carlo Borromeo. Its pictures by Rubens, with exception of three altar-pieces, now in the Imperial Museum of Vienna, were destroyed by lightning in 1718. Rubens died May 30, 1640.]

² ["The view from the upper gallery [of the steeple] takes in the towers of Bergen-op-Zoom, Flushing, Breda, Mechlin, Brussels, and Ghent" (Murray's *Handbook for Belgium*, etc., 1852, p. 54).]

³ [John Hevelius, or Hevelke, of Dantzic, 1611-87.]

⁴ In the 1827 edition of the *Diary*, i. 42-43, the entry descriptive of the tower of Antwerp Cathedral is thus given :— "It is a very venerable fabriq, built after the Gotick manner ; the tower is of an excessive height. This I ascended that I might the better take a view of the country about it, which happening on a day when the sun shonn exceedingly hot, and darted the rayes without any interruption, afforded so bright a reflection to us who were above, and had a full prospect of both land and water about it, that I was much confirmed in my opinion of the

altars, that of St. Sebastian adorned with a painting of his martyrdom.

[We went to see the Jerusalem Church, affirmed to have been founded by one who, upon divers great wagers, passed to and fro between that city and Antwerp on foot, by which he procured large sums of money, which he bestowed on this pious structure.¹] Hence, to St. Mary's Chapel, where I had some conference with two English Jesuits, confessors to Colonel Jaye's regiment. These fathers conducted us to the Cloister of Nuns where we heard a Dutch sermon upon the exposure of the Host. The Senate-house of this city is a very spacious and magnificent building.

5th October. I visited the Jesuits' School, which, for the fame of their method, I greatly desired to see. They were divided into four classes, with several² inscriptions over each: as, first, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*; over the second, *Princeps diligentiae*; the third, *Imperator Byzantium*; over the fourth and uppermost, *Imperator Romanorum*.

moon's being of some such substance as this earthly globe consists of; perceiving all the subjacent country, at so small an horizontal distance, to repercuss such a light as I could hardly look against, save where the river, and other large water within our view, appeared of a more dark and uniforme colour, resembling those spots in the moone supposed to be seas there, according to our new philosophy, and viewed by optical glasses. I numbered in this church 30 privileged altars, whereof that of St. Sebastian's was rarely painted." Occasional sentences of the preceding matter are entirely new.

¹ This notice, slipped by accident into the entries which refer to Antwerp, belongs to those of Bruges. [The Jerusalem Church of Bruges, built in 1428, takes its name from a copy of the Holy Sepulchre which it contains, to reproduce which accurately one of its founders,—the brothers Adornes,—is said to have made no fewer than three journeys to the Holy Land. Southey, who saw it in 1815, considered it a "most ridiculous puppet show" (*Journal of a Tour in the Netherlands*, 1903, p. 225).]

² [Separate.]

Under these, the scholars and pupils had their places or forms, with titles and priority according to their proficiency. Their dormitory and lodgings above were exceedingly neat. They have a prison for the offenders and less diligent; and, in an ample court to recreate themselves in, is an aviary, and a yard where eagles, vultures, foxes, monkeys, and other animals are kept, to divert the boys withal at their hours of remission. To this school join the music and mathematical schools, and lastly a pretty, neat chapel. The great street is built after the Italian mode, in the middle whereof is erected a glorious crucifix of white and black marble, greater than the life. This is a very fair and noble street, clean, well paved, and sweet to admiration.

The Oesters house, belonging to the East India Company, is a stately palace, adorned with more than 800 windows. From hence, walking into the Gun-garden, I was allowed to see as much of the citadel as is permitted to strangers. It is a matchless piece of modern fortification, accommodated with lodgments for the soldiers and magazines. The grachts, ramparts, and platforms are stupendous. Returning by the shop of Plantin,¹ I bought some books, for the name's sake only of that famous printer.

But there was nothing about this city which more ravished me than those delicious shades and walks of stately trees, which render the fortified works of the town one of the sweetest places in Europe;² nor did I ever observe a more quiet, clean,

¹ [Christopher Plantin, 1514-69,—“first printer to the King, and the King of printers.” His “shop,” altered and extended by the architect, Pierre Dens, is now the Plantin-Moretus Museum, to which a delightful volume has been devoted by Mr. Theo. L. De Vinne (Grolier Club, New York, 1888).]

² [Upon this Southey comments as follows:—“Long will it be before any traveller can again speak of the delicious shades

elegantly built, and civil place, than this magnificent and famous city of Antwerp. In the evening, I was invited to Signor Duarte's, a Portuguese by nation, an exceeding rich merchant, whose palace I found to be furnished like a prince's. His three daughters entertained us with rare music, vocal and instrumental, which was finished with a handsome collation. I took leave of the ladies and of sweet Antwerp, as late as it was, embarking for Brussels on the Scheldt in a vessel, which delivered us to a second boat (in another river) drawn or towed by horses. In this passage, we frequently changed our barge, by reason of the bridges thwarting our course. Here I observed numerous families inhabiting their vessels and floating dwellings, so built and divided by cabins, as few houses on land enjoyed better accommodation; stored with all sorts of utensils, neat chambers, a pretty parlour, and kept so sweet, that nothing could be more refreshing. The rivers on which they are drawn are very clear and still waters, and pass through a most pleasant country on both the banks. We had in our boat a very good ordinary, and excellent company. The cut is straight as a line for twenty English miles. What I much admired was, near the midway, another artificial river, which intersects this at right angles, but on an eminence of ground, and is carried in an aqueduct of stone so far above the other, as that the waters neither mingle, nor hinder one another's passage.

We came to a town called Villefrow, where all the passengers went on shore to wash at a fountain issuing out of a pillar, and then came aboard again. On the margin of this long tract are abundance of

and stately trees of Antwerp! Carnot, in preparing to defend the place, laid what was then its beautiful environs as bare as a desert" (*Quarterly Review*, April, 1818, p. 5). Southey visited Antwerp in the Waterloo year.]

shrines and images, defended from the injuries of the weather by niches of stone wherein they are placed.

7th [6th?] October. We arrived at Brussels at nine in the morning. The Stadt-house, near the market-place, is, for the carving in freestone, a most laborious and finished piece, well worthy observation. The flesh-shambles are also built of stone. I was pleased with certain small engines, by which a girl or boy was able to draw up, or let down, great bridges, which in divers parts of this city crossed the channel for the benefit of passengers. The walls of this town are very entire, and full of towers at competent distances. The cathedral is built upon a very high and exceeding steep ascent, to which we mounted by fair steps of stone. Hence I walked to a convent of English Nuns, with whom I sat discoursing most part of the afternoon.

8th [7th?]. Being the morning I came away, I went to see the Prince's Court, an ancient, confused building, not much unlike the Hof, at the Hague: there is here likewise a very large Hall, where they vend all sorts of wares. Through this we passed by the chapel, which is indeed rarely arched, and in the middle of it was the hearse, or *catafalco*, of the late Archduchess, the wise and pious Clara Eugenia.¹ Out of this we were conducted to the lodgings, tapestried with incomparable arras, and adorned with many excellent pieces of Rubens, old and young Brueghel,² Titian, and Steenwyck, with stories of most of the late actions in the Netherlands.

¹ [The Infanta Clara Isabella Eugenia (daughter of Philip II.), to whom the "Spanish Netherlands" were ceded in 1598 on her marriage with Albert, Archduke of Austria, the Spanish Governor. He died in 1621, and she reigned alone until 1633.]

² [*I.e.* "Peasant" Brueghel, 1525-69, and his son, "Hell-fire" Brueghel, 1564-1638.]

By an accident, we could not see the library. There is a fair terrace which looks to the vineyard, in which, on pedestals, are fixed the statues of all the Spanish kings of the house of Austria. The opposite walls are painted by Rubens,¹ being an history of the late tumults in Belgia; in the last piece the Archduchess shuts a great pair of gates upon Mars, who is coming out of hell, armed, and in a menacing posture; which, with that other of the Infanta taking leave of Don Philip the Fourth, is a most incomparable table.

From hence, we walked into the park, which for being entirely within the walls of the city is particularly remarkable: nor is it less pleasant than if in the most solitary recesses; so naturally is it furnished with whatever may render it agreeable, melancholy,² and country-like. Here is a stately heronry, divers springs of water, artificial cascades, rocks, grotts; one whereof is composed of the extravagant roots of trees, cunningly built and hung together with wires. In this park are both fallow and red deer.

From hence, we were led into the *manège*, and out of that into a most sweet and delicious garden, where was another grot of more neat and costly materials, full of noble statues, and entertaining us with artificial music; but the hedge of water, in form of lattice-work, which the fountaineer caused to ascend out of the earth by degrees, exceedingly pleased and surprised me; for thus, with a pervious wall, or rather a palisade hedge of water, was the whole parterre environed.

There is likewise a fair aviary; and in the court next it are kept divers sorts of animals, rare and exotic fowl, as eagles, cranes, storks, bustards,

¹ [He was court painter to the Archduke and his wife.]

² [Evelyn probably means "retired," "suited to contemplation."]

pheasants of several kinds, and a duck having four wings. In another division of the same close are rabbits of an almost perfect yellow colour.

There was no Court now in the palace; the Infante Cardinal, who was the Governor of Flanders, being dead but newly, and every one in deep mourning.¹

At near eleven o'clock, I repaired to his Majesty's agent, Sir Henry de Vic,² who very courteously received me, and accommodated me with a coach and six horses, which carried me from Brussels to Ghent, where it was to meet my Lord of Arundel, Earl Marshal of England,³ who had requested me when I was at Antwerp to send it for him, if I went not thither myself.

Thus taking leave of Brussels and a sad Court, yet full of gallant persons (for in this small city, the acquaintance being universal, ladies and gentlemen, I perceived, had great diversions, and frequent meetings), I hasted towards Ghent. On the way, I met with divers little waggons, prettily contrived, and full of peddling merchandises, drawn by mastiff-dogs, harnessed completely like so many coach-horses; in some four, in others six, as in Brussels itself I had observed. In Antwerp I saw, as

¹ [Ferdinand of Spain, Governor of Flanders from 1633 to 1641, on the 9th November in which latter year he died at Brussels. He was the third son of Philip III., and brother of Philip IV. See *ante*, pp. 27 and 47.]

² For twenty years resident at Brussels for Charles II.; also Chancellor of the Order of the Garter; and in 1662 appointed Comptroller of the Household of the Duke of York. He died in 1672. [He had long been in the English Service, and was with Buckingham at Rochelle, concerning which affair there are several letters from him to Lord Conway in Hardwicke's Collection of State Papers. His only daughter, Anna Charlotta, married John Lord Frescheville, Baron of Staveley, in Derbyshire.]

³ [As already stated at p. 45, the Earl had brought Marie de Médicis to the Continent. In February, 1642, he left England again for good, ostensibly acting as escort to Henrietta Maria and Princess Mary (see *post*, under August, 1645).]

I remember, four dogs draw five lusty children in a chariot: the master commands them whither he pleases, crying his wares about the streets. After passing through Ouse, by six in the evening, I arrived at Ghent. This is a city of so great a circumference, that it is reported to be seven leagues round; but there is not half of it now built, much of it remaining in fields and desolate pastures even within the walls, which have strong gates towards the west, and two fair churches.

Here I beheld the palace wherein John of Gaunt¹ and Charles V. were born; whose statue² stands in the market-place, upon a high pillar, with his sword drawn, to which (as I was told) the magistrates and burghers were wont to repair upon a certain day every year with ropes about their necks, in token of submission and penance for an old rebellion of theirs; but now the hemp is changed into a blue ribbon. Here is planted the *basilisco*, or great gun, so much talked of.³ The Lys and the Scheldt meeting in this vast city, divide it into twenty-six islands, which are united by many bridges, somewhat resembling Venice. This night I supped with the Abbot of Andoyne, a pleasant and courteous priest.

8th October. I passed by boat to Bruges, taking in at a redoubt a convoy of fourteen

¹ [In 1338-39 it had been the residence of Edward III., and thus became the birthplace of Queen Philippa's son.]

² [Charles V.'s. It was destroyed in 1792; and its site is now occupied by a bronze statue of Jacques van Artevelde, by P. Devigne-Quyo (1863).]

³ [This was no doubt the great bombard known as Mad Margery (*De Dulle Griete*), a relative of Edinburgh's Mons Meg. It is of hammered iron, hooped like a tub. Its length is nineteen feet; its circumference eleven feet. That egregious traveller, Thomas Coryat of Odcombe, found another of the family in the Citadel at Milan,—“an exceeding huge Basiliske, which was so great that it would easily contayne the body of a very corpulent man” (*Crudities*, 1776, i. 125).]

musketeers, because the other side of the river, being Contribution-land, was subject to the inroads and depredations of the bordering States. This river was cut by the famous Marquis Spinola, and is in my judgment a wonderful piece of labour, and a worthy public work, being in some places forced through the main rock, to an incredible depth, for thirty miles. At the end of each mile is built a small redoubt, which communicates a line to the next, and so the whole way, from whence we received many volleys of shot, in compliment to my Lord Marshal,¹ who was in our vessel, a passenger with us. At five that evening, we were met by the magistrates of Bruges, who came out to convey my lord to his lodgings, at whose cost he was entertained that night.

The morning after we went to see the Stadt-house and adjoining aqueduct, the church, and market-place, where we saw cheeses and butter piled up in heaps; also the fortifications and grachts, which are extremely large.

The 9th, we arrived at Ostend by a straight and artificial river. Here, with leave of the captain of the watch, I was carried to survey the river and harbour, with fortifications on one side thereof: the east and south are mud and earth walls. It is a very strong place, and lately stood a memorable siege three years, three months, three weeks, and three days.² I went to see the church of St. Peter,³ and the cloisters of the Franciscans.

10th October. I went by waggon, accompanied with a jovial commissary, to Dunkirk, the journey being made all on the sea-sands. On our arrival,

¹ [The Earl of Arundel.]

² [From 1601 to 1604, when it finally yielded to Spinola, but only by command of the States-General, who, owing to its obstinate resistance, had gained their ends.]

³ [Burned down in 1896, and now rebuilt.]

we first viewed the court of guards, the works, the town-house, and the new church ; the latter is very beautiful within ; and another, wherein they showed us an excellent piece of " Our Saviour's bearing the Cross." The harbour, in two channels, coming up to the town was choked with a multitude of prizes.

From hence, the next day, I marched three English miles towards the packet-boat, being a pretty frigate of six guns, which embarked us for England about three in the afternoon.

At our going off, the fort, against which our pinnace anchored, saluted my Lord Marshal with twelve great guns, which we answered with three. Not having the wind favourable, we anchored that night before Calais. About midnight, we weighed ; and, at four in the morning, though not far from Dover, we could not make the pier till four that afternoon, the wind proving contrary and driving us westward : but at last we got on shore, October the 12th.

From Dover, I that night rode post to Canterbury. Here I visited the cathedral, then in great splendour ; those famous windows being entire, since demolished by the fanatics.¹ The next morning, by Sittingbourne, I came to Rochester, and thence to Gravesend, where a light-horseman (as they call it)² taking us in, we spent our tide as far as Greenwich. From hence, after we had a little refreshed ourselves at the College (for by reason of the contagion then in London we balked³ the inns), we came to London, landing at Arundel-stairs.⁴

¹ [In 1643, Richard Culmer, a fanatical divine, known as "Blue Dick," was commissioned by the Parliament to destroy the stained glass of Canterbury Cathedral.]

² [According to Smyth's *Sailor's Word-Book*, this is "an old name for the light boat, since named gig."]

³ [Avoided, gave the go-by to.]

⁴ [These were at the bottom of Arundel Street, near the present Arundel Hotel.]

Here I took leave of his Lordship, and retired to my lodgings in the Middle Temple,¹ being about two in the morning, the 14th of October.

16th October. I went to see my brother at Wotton. On the 31st of that month (unfortunate for the Irish Rebellion, which broke out on the 28rd),² I was one-and-twenty years of age.

7th November. After receiving the Sacrament at Wotton church, I visited my Lord Marshal at Albury.³

23rd. I returned to London; and, on the 25th, saw his Majesty ride through the City after his coming out of Scotland, and a Peace proclaimed, with great acclamations and joy of the giddy people.

15th December. I was elected one of the Comptrollers of the Middle Temple-revellers, as the fashion of the young students and gentlemen was, the Christmas being kept this year with great solemnity; but, being desirous to pass it in the country, I got leave to resign my staff of office, and went with my brother Richard to Wotton.

10th January, 1642. I gave a visit to my cousin Hatton, of Ditton.⁴

19th. I went to London, where I stayed till 5th March, studying a little, but dancing and fooling more.

3rd October. To Chichester, and hence the next day to see the siege of Portsmouth; for now was that bloody difference between the King and

¹ [See *ante*, p. 19.]

² [Upon which day was planned the surprise of Dublin Castle and the rising in Ulster.]

³ [Albury Park, Guildford, Surrey, at this date the seat of the Howards. From the Howards it passed to the Finches, and in 1819 was bought by Mr. Drummond. It now belongs to the Duke of Northumberland, to whose family it came by marriage with the Drummonds.]

⁴ [Serjeant Hatton, of Thames-Ditton (see *post*, under 5th October, 1647).]

Parliament broken out, which ended in the fatal tragedy so many years after. It was on the day of its being rendered to Sir William Waller; which gave me an opportunity of taking my leave of Colonel Goring, the governor, now embarking for France.¹ This day was fought that signal battle at Edgehill.² Thence I went to Southampton and Winchester, where I visited the castle, school, church, and King Arthur's Round Table; but especially the church, and its Saxon kings' monuments, which I esteemed a worthy antiquity.

The 12th November was the battle of Brentford, surprisingly fought; and to the great consternation of the City, had his Majesty (as it was believed he would) pursued his advantage. I came in with my horse and arms just at the retreat;³ but was not permitted to stay longer than the 15th, by reason of the army marching to Gloucester; which would have left both me and my brothers exposed to ruin, without any advantage to his Majesty.

7th December. I went from Wotton to London, to see the so much celebrated line of communication, and on the 10th returned to Wotton, nobody knowing of my having been in his Majesty's army.

10th March, 1643. I went to Hartingford-berry, to visit my cousin, Keightley.⁴

11th. I went to see my Lord of Salisbury's Palace at Hatfield,⁵ where the most considerable

¹ [Portsmouth was surrendered to the Parliament by Colonel Goring (see *ante*, p. 30), 9th September, 1642.]

² [The battle of Edgehill was fought Sunday, 23rd October, 1642.]

³ [Charles had taken Brentford on the 12th; but being faced next day by Essex at Turnham Green, he retreated through Reading to Oxford, which he reached 29th November.]

⁴ [See *ante*, p. 5, n. 5.]

⁵ [Hatfield House, Herts, is still the seat of Lord Salisbury; and the gardens, where Pepys "never saw . . . so good flowers, nor so great gooseberries, as big as nutmegs" (*Diary*, 22nd July, 1661), retain their magnificence.]

rarity, besides the house (inferior to few then in England for its architecture), were the garden and vineyard, rarely well watered and planted. They also showed us the picture of Secretary Cecil, in mosaic work, very well done by some Italian hand.

I must not forget what amazed us exceedingly in the night before, namely, a shining cloud in the air, in shape resembling a sword, the point reaching to the north; it was as bright as the moon, the rest of the sky being very serene. It began about eleven at night, and vanished not till above one, being seen by all the south of England. I made many journeys to and from London.

15th April. To Hatfield, and near the town of Hertford I went to see Sir J. Harrison's house new built.¹ Returning to London, I called to see his Majesty's house and gardens at Theobalds,² since demolished by the rebels.

2nd May. I went from Wotton to London, where I saw the furious and zealous people demolish that stately Cross in Cheapside.³

On the 4th I returned, with no little regret, for the confusion that threatened us. Resolving to possess myself in some quiet, if it might be, in a time of so great jealousy, I built by my brother's permission a study, made a fish-pond, an island, and some other solitudes and retirements at Wotton; which gave the first occasion of improving them to those waterworks and gardens which

¹ Afterwards called Ball's Park, belonging to the Townshend family, George the Second's Secretary of State, Charles, third Viscount, having married Miss Harrison.

² [Theobalds, Cheshunt, Herts, where James I. died, 27th March, 1625. It was dismantled and the greater part razed by the Parliamentary Commissioners. Theobalds Square, Cheshunt, now occupies the site.]

³ ["While the thing was a-doing," says Howell, "there was a noyse of trumpets blew all the while" (*Londinopolis*, 1657).]

afterwards succeeded them, and became at that time the most famous of England.

12th July. I sent my black *manège* horse¹ and furniture with a friend to his Majesty, then at Oxford.²

23rd. The Covenant being pressed, I absented myself; but, finding it impossible to evade the doing very unhandsome things, and which had been a great cause of my perpetual motions hitherto between Wotton and London, October the 2nd, I obtained a license of his Majesty, dated at Oxford and signed by the King, to travel again.³

6th November. Lying by the way from Wotton at Sir Ralph Whitfield's, at Bletchingley (whither both my brothers had conducted me), I arrived at London on the 7th, and two days after took boat at the Tower-wharf, which carried me as far as Sittingbourne, though not without danger, I being only in a pair of oars, exposed to a hideous storm; but it pleased God that we got in before the peril was considerable. From thence, I went by post to Dover, accompanied with one Mr. Thicknesse, a very dear friend of mine.⁴

11th. Having a reasonable good passage, though the weather was snowy and untoward enough, we came before Calais, where, as we went on shore, mistaking the tide, our shallop struck on the sands, with no little danger; but at length we got off.

¹ [Horse trained for war in the riding academy. Evelyn's contemporary, the Duke of Newcastle (see *post*, under 18th April, 1667), is said to have taken particular pleasure in "Horses of Mannage," and Scott makes Edward Waverley familiar with "the arts of the *manège*" (ch. vii.).]

² [See *ante*, p. 61, n. 3.]

³ [This seems to suggest that he had obtained a previous license. But that now granted evidently did not, like the license issued to James Howell by the Lords of the Council in 1617, include a prohibition to visit Rome (see *post*, under 4th November, 1644).]

⁴ [See *ante*, p. 14; and *post*, under 26th September, 1645.]

Calais is considered an extraordinary well-fortified place, in the old castle and new citadel regarding the sea. The haven consists of a long bank of sand, lying opposite to it. The market-place and the church are remarkable things, besides those relics of our former dominion there. I remember there were engraven in stone, upon the front of an ancient dwelling which was showed us, these words in English—*God save the King*, together with the name of the architect and date. The walls of the town are substantial; but the situation towards the land is not pleasant, by reason of the marshes and low grounds about it.

12th November. After dinner, we took horse with the Messagere, hoping to have arrived at Boulogne that night; but there fell so great a snow, accompanied with hail, rain, and sudden darkness, that we had much ado to gain the next village; and in this passage, being to cross a valley by a causeway, and a bridge built over a small river, the rain that had fallen making it an impetuous stream for near a quarter of a mile, my horse slipping had almost been the occasion of my perishing. We none of us went to bed; for the soldiers in those parts leaving little in the villages, we had enough to do to get ourselves dry, by morning, between the fire and the fresh straw. The next day early, we arrived at Boulogne.

This is a double town, one part of it situate on a high rock, or downs; the other, called the lower town, is yet with a great declivity towards the sea; both of them defended by a strong castle, which stands on a notable eminence. Under the town runs the river, which is yet but an inconsiderable brook. Henry VIII., in the siege of this place, is said to have used those great leathern guns which I have since beheld in the Tower of London, inscribed, *Non Marte opus est cui non deficit*

Mercurius; if at least the history be true, which my Lord Herbert doubts.¹

The next morning, in some danger of parties [Spanish] surprising us, we came to Montreuil, built on the summit of a most conspicuous hill, environed with fair and ample meadows; but all the suburbs had been from time to time ruined, and were now lately burnt by the Spanish inroads. This town is fortified with two very deep dry ditches; the walls about the bastions and citadel are a noble piece of masonry. The church is more glorious without than within: the market-place large: but the inhabitants are miserably poor. The next day, we came to Abbeville, having passed all this way in continual expectation of the volunteers, as they call them. This town affords a good aspect towards the hill from whence we descended: nor does it deceive us; for it is handsomely built, and has many pleasant and useful streams passing through it, the main river being the Somme, which discharges itself into the sea at St. Valery, almost in view of the town. The principal church is a very handsome piece of Gothic architecture, and the ports and ramparts sweetly planted for defence and ornament. In the morning, they brought us choice of guns and pistols to sell at reasonable rates, and neatly made, being here a merchandise of great account, the town abounding in gun-smiths.

Hence we advanced to Beauvais, another town of good note, and having the first vineyards we had seen. The next day to Beaumont, and the morrow to Paris, having taken our repast at St.

¹ [*Life and Raigne of King Henry the Eighth*, 1649, p. 516. But Lord Herbert speaks of "Canon of Wood coloured like brasse." Leathern guns, invented by Colonel Robert Scot (*d.* 1631), were, however, used by Gustavus Adolphus at the battle of Leipzig; and a leathern cannon is said to have been proved in the King's Park, Edinburgh, as late as October, 1778.]

Denis, two leagues from that great city. St. Denis is considerable only for its stately cathedral, and the dormitory of the French kings, there inhumed as ours at Westminster Abbey. The treasury is esteemed one of the richest in Europe. The church was built by king Dagobert,¹ but since much enlarged, being now 890 feet long, 100 in breadth, and 80 in height, without comprehending the cover: it has also a very high shaft of stone, and the gates are of brass. Here, whilst the monks conducted us, we were showed the ancient and modern sepulchres of their kings, beginning with the founder to Louis his son, with Charles Martel and Pepin, son and father of Charlemagne. These lie in the choir, and without it are many more: amongst the rest that of Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable of France; in the chapel of Charles V., all his posterity; and near him the magnificent sepulchre of Francis I., with his children, wars, victories, and triumphs engraven in marble. In the nave of the church lies the *catafalque*, or hearse, of Louis XIII., Henry II., a noble tomb of Francis II., and Charles IX. Above are bodies of several Saints; below, under a state of black velvet, the late Louis XIII., father of this present monarch. Every one of the ten chapels, or oratories, had some Saints in them; amongst the rest, one of the Holy Innocents. The treasury is kept in the sacristy above, in which are crosses of massy gold and silver, studded with precious stones, one of gold three feet high, set with sapphires, rubies, and great oriental pearls. Another given by Charles the Great, having a noble amethyst in the middle of it, stones and pearls of inestimable value. Amongst the still more valuable relics are, a nail from our Saviour's Cross, in a box of gold full of precious stones; a crucifix of the true wood of the Cross, carved by Pope Clement III., enchased

¹ [A.D. 630.]

in a crystal covered with gold; a box in which is some of the Virgin's hair; some of the linen in which our blessed Saviour was wrapped at his nativity; in a huge reliquary, modelled like a church, some of our Saviour's blood, hair, clothes, linen with which he wiped the Apostles' feet; with many other equally authentic toys, which the friar who conducted us would have us believe were authentic relics. Amongst the treasures is the crown of Charlemagne, his seven-foot high sceptre and hand of justice, the *agrafe* of his royal mantle, beset with diamonds and rubies, his sword, belt, and spurs of gold; the crown of St. Louis, covered with precious stones, amongst which is one vast ruby, uncut, of inestimable value, weighing 800 carats (under which is set one of the thorns of our blessed Saviour's crown), his sword, seal, and hand of justice. The two crowns of Henry IV., his sceptre, hand of justice, and spurs. The two crowns of his son Louis. In the cloak-royal of Anne of Bretagne is a very great and rare ruby. Divers books covered with solid plates of gold, and studded with precious stones. Two vases of beryl, two of agate, whereof one is esteemed for its bigness, colour, and embossed carving, the best now to be seen: by a special favour I was permitted to take the measure and dimensions of it: the story is a Bacchanalia and sacrifice to Priapus; a very holy thing truly, and fit for a cloister! It is really antique, and the noblest jewel there.¹ There is also a large gondola of chrysolite, a huge urn of porphyry, another of calcedon, a vase of onyx, the largest I had ever seen

¹ [Gray and Walpole also inspected this in *their* Grand Tour. "The glory of their collection was a vase of an entire onyx, measuring at least five inches over, three deep, and of great thickness. It is at least two thousand years old, the beauty of the stone and sculpture upon it (representing the mysteries of Bacchus) beyond expression admirable; we have dreamed of it ever since." (Gray to West, Gosse's *Gray's Works*, 1884, i. 20.).]

of that stone; two of crystal; a morsel of one of the waterpots in which our Saviour did his first miracle; the effigies of the queen of Saba,¹ of Julius, Augustus, Mark Antony, Cleopatra, and others, upon sapphires, topazes, agates, and cornelians: that of the queen of Saba has a Moorish face; those of Julius and Nero on agates are rarely coloured and cut. A cup in which Solomon was used to drink, and an Apollo on a great amethyst. There lay in a window a mirror of a kind of stone said to have belonged to the poet Virgil. Charlemagne's chessmen, full of Arabic characters. In the press next the door, the brass lantern full of crystals, said to have conducted Judas and his company to apprehend our blessed Saviour. A fair unicorn's horn, sent by a king of Persia, about seven feet long. In another press (over which stands the picture in oil of their Orleans Amazon with her sword), the effigies of the late French kings in wax, like ours in Westminster, covered with their robes; with a world of other rarities. Having rewarded our courteous friar, we took horse for Paris, where we arrived about five in the afternoon. In the way were fair crosses of stone carved with fleur-de-lis at every furlong's end, where they affirm St. Denis rested and laid down his head after martyrdom, carrying it from the place where this monastery is builded. We lay at Paris at the Ville de Venise; where, after I had something refreshed, I went to visit Sir Richard Browne, his Majesty's Resident with the French king.²

¹ Or Sheba.

² [Sir Richard Browne, 1605-83, of Sayes Court, Deptford. After being educated at Merton College, Oxford, and travelling on the Continent, he was sworn Clerk of the Council to Charles I., 1641. Having then filled some minor diplomatic posts, he was appointed English Resident at the Court of France, succeeding the Earl of Leicester. He held this office until the Restoration. He was made a baronet in 1649. (See *post*, under 12th February, 1683.)]



Richard Browne

Engraved by J. Smith

The Earl of Norwich¹ came as extraordinary: I went to meet him in his horses, at the palace of Monsieur where I saw that gallant person, his faces, and rare prospects. My lord was by the master of the ceremonies, and a cavalcade of men of quality, to the Louvre, where on the 23rd he had a French king, and the Queen Regent in the golden chamber of presence. He conducted him to his lodgings in the night so took my leave.

I went with some company to see some places without the city: as the Isle, and the bridge, passed by the rivers Seine and the Marne, which is divided into three parts, whereof the largest is the city. The city lies between it and the river, in form of an island. Over the river is a stately bridge called Pont Neuf, begun in 1578, finished by Henry IV. his stone is all of hewn freestone found under the earth more plentifully at Montmartre, than elsewhere, in the midst of which are many houses, on which are built many more houses. There is one large street, and two for foot passengers, higher, and of convenient breadth to go a-breast. On the middle of the bridge, on one side stands the famous

¹ Earl of Norwich (see *ante*, p. 30, n. 1), who had been in French alliance, and obtained from Mazari the pardon of his crimes and money. Charles, to reward him, gave him the title of Duke of Nemours, 28th November, 1644.]

² Louis de François, Baron de Bassompierre, who had been confined for twelve years in the Bastille, and who had been released by Mazari, and given the title of Colonel Général des Suisses.]

³ He lived during the building of the Louvre, and died in 1644.]



Richard Pennock

5th December. The Earl of Norwich¹ came as Ambassador Extraordinary: I went to meet him in a coach and six horses, at the palace of Monsieur de Bassompierre,² where I saw that gallant person, his gardens, terraces, and rare prospects. My lord was waited on by the master of the ceremonies, and a very great cavalcade of men of quality, to the Palais Cardinal,³ where on the 28rd he had audience of the French king, and the Queen Regent his mother, in the golden chamber of presence. From thence, I conducted him to his lodgings in Rue St. Denis, and so took my leave.

24th. I went with some company to see some remarkable places without the city: as the Isle, and how it is encompassed by the rivers Seine and the Oise. The city is divided into three parts, whereof the town is greatest. The city lies between it and the University in form of an island. Over the Seine is a stately bridge called Pont Neuf, begun by Henry III. in 1578, finished by Henry IV. his successor. It is all of hewn freestone found under the streets, but more plentifully at Montmartre, and consists of twelve arches, in the midst of which ends the point of an island, on which are built handsome artificers' houses. There is one large passage for coaches, and two for foot-passengers three or four feet higher, and of convenient breadth for eight or ten to go a-breast. On the middle of this stately bridge, on one side stands the famous

¹ [George Lord Goring (see *ante*, p. 30, n. 1), who had been recently sent to negotiate an alliance, and obtained from Mazarin promises of aid both in arms and money. Charles, to reward him, made him Earl of Norwich, 28th November, 1644.]

² [The famous marshal, François, Baron de Bassompierre, 1579-1646. Having been confined for twelve years in the Bastille by Richelieu, he had been released by Mazarin, and reinstated in his position of Colonel-Général des Suisses.]

³ [Where the King lived during the building of the Louvre (see *post*, under 6th April, 1644).]

statue of Henry the Great on horseback, exceeding the natural proportion by much; and, on the four faces of a stately pedestal (which is composed of various sorts of polished marbles and rich mouldings), inscriptions of his victories and most signal actions are engraven in brass. The statue and horse are of copper, the work of the great John di Bologna, and sent from Florence by Ferdinand the First, and Cosmo the Second, uncle and cousin to Marie de Médicis, the wife of King Henry, whose statue it represents.¹ The place where it is erected is inclosed with a strong and beautiful grate of iron, about which there are always mountebanks showing their feats to idle passengers. From hence is a rare prospect towards the Louvre and suburbs of St. Germain, the Isle du Palais, and Notre Dame. At the foot of this bridge is a water-house, on the front whereof, at a great height, is the story of our Saviour and the woman of Samaria pouring water out of a bucket.² Above, is a very rare dial of several motions, with a chime, etc. The water is conveyed by huge wheels, pumps, and other engines, from the river beneath. The confluence of the people and multitude of coaches passing every moment over the bridge, to a new spectator is an agreeable diversion. Other bridges there are, as that of Notre Dame and the Pont-au-Change, etc., fairly built, with houses of stone, which are laid over this river; only the Pont St. Anne, landing the suburbs of St. Germain at the Tuileries, is built of wood, having likewise a water-house in the midst

¹ [John of Bologna's statue was melted down in 1792 to make cannon. Another statue, by François-Frédéric Lemot, erected in 1818, has now taken its place, and repeats the old inscriptions.]

² ["La Samaritaine"—familiar to readers of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*,—reconstructed in 1715, perished in 1792. There is a model of the old pump, etc., in the Musée Carnavalet, Rue Sévigné.]



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| 1. Le Carré de la Couronne | 7. Le Port de Rocher | 14. Hôtel de Ville |
| 2. Le Pavillon des Phylées | 8. L'Église de St. Paul | 15. L'Église de St. Paul |
| 3. La Grande Galerie | 9. L'Église de St. Paul | 16. Le Pont au change |
| 4. La Cour de St. Louis | 10. L'Église de St. Paul | 17. Le Pont au change |
| 5. L'Église de St. Louis | 11. L'Église de St. Paul | 18. Le Pont au change |
| 6. L'Église de St. Louis | 12. L'Église de St. Paul | 19. La Samaritaine |
| 13. L'Église de St. Louis | 20. La Place Dauphine | |

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of it, and a statue of Neptune casting water out of a whale's mouth, of lead, but much inferior to the Samaritan.

The University lies south-west on higher ground, contiguous to, but the lesser part of, Paris. They reckon no less than sixty-five colleges;¹ but they in nothing approach ours at Oxford for state and order. The booksellers dwell within the University. The schools (of which more hereafter) are very regular.

The suburbs are those of St. Denis, Honoré, St. Marcel, St. Jacques, St. Michael, St. Victoire, and St. Germain, which last is the largest, and where the nobility and persons of best quality are seated: and truly Paris, comprehending the suburbs, is, for the material the houses are built with, and many noble and magnificent piles, one of the most gallant cities in the world; large in circuit, of a round form, very populous, but situated in a bottom, environed with gentle declivities, rendering some places very dirty, and making it smell as if sulphur were mingled with the mud;² yet it is paved with

¹ ["Fifty-five,"—says Sir John Reresby in 1654,—“but few of them endowed except one called *la Sorbonne*; and that of late by Cardinal Richelieu [see *post*, under 4th January, 1644], so that they are only places of publick lecture, the scholars having both their lodging and other accommodation in the town” (*Travels*, 1831, p. 8).

Sir John Reresby of Thrybergh, Bart., 1634-89, is not mentioned by Evelyn, although he was his contemporary. He travelled on the Continent between 1654 and 1658. His *Travels* were published with his *Memoirs* in 1831; but a more exact edition of the latter, based upon the original MS. in the British Museum, and edited by James J. Cartwright, M.A., appeared in 1875.]

² [*Les Odeurs de Paris* seem to have engaged attention long before M. Louis Veillot. Coryat, in 1608, declares many of the Paris streets to be “the dirtiest, and so consequently the most stinking of all that ever I saw in any citie in my life”; and Peter Heylyn, writing earlier than Evelyn, says, “This I am confident of, that the nastiest lane in London is frankincense

a kind of freestone, of near a foot square, which renders it more easy to walk on than our pebbles in London.

On Christmas eve, I went to see the Cathedral at Notre Dame, erected by Philip Augustus, but begun by King Robert, son of Hugh Capet. It consists of a Gothic fabric, sustained with 120 pillars, which make two aisles in the church round about the choir, without comprehending the chapels, being 174 paces long, 60 wide, and 100 high. The choir is enclosed with stone-work graven with the sacred history, and contains forty-five chapels chancelled with iron. At the front of the chief entrance are statues in *rilievo* of the kings, twenty-eight in number, from Childebert to the founder, Philip; and above them are two high square towers, and another of a smaller size, bearing a spire in the middle, where the body of the church forms a cross. The great tower is ascended by 889 steps, having twelve galleries from one to the other. They greatly reverence the crucifix over the screen of the choir, with an image of the Blessed Virgin. There are some good modern paintings hanging on the pillars. The most conspicuous statue is the huge colossal one of St. Christopher; with divers other figures of men, houses, prospects, and rocks, about this gigantic piece; being of one stone, and more remarkable for its bulk than any other perfection. This is the prime church of France for dignity, having archdeacons, vicars, canons, priests,

and juniper to the sweetest street in this city." Howell, in a letter to Captain Francis Bacon from Paris in 1620, is also eloquent on the same theme: "This Town (for *Paris* is a *Town*, a *City*, and an *University*) is always dirty, and 'tis such a Dirt, that by perpetual Motion is beaten into such black unctuous Oil, that where it sticks no Art can wash it off some Colours; insomuch, that it may be no improper Comparison to say, That an ill Name is like the *Crot[te]* (the *Dirt*) of Paris, which is indelible" (Howell's *Familiar Letters*, Jacobs's ed. 1892, i. 43).]

and chaplains in good store, to the number of 127. It is also the palace of the archbishop. The young king was there with a great and martial guard, who entered the nave of the church with drums and fifes, at the ceasing of which I was entertained with the church-music ; and so I left him.

4th January, 1644. I passed this day with one Mr. J. Wall, an Irish gentleman, who had been a friar in Spain, and afterwards a reader in St. Isidoro's chair, at Rome ; but was, I know not how, getting away, and pretending to be a soldier of fortune, an absolute cavalier, having, as he told us, been a captain of horse in Germany. It is certain he was an excellent disputant, and so strangely given to it that nothing could pass him. He would needs persuade me to go with him this morning to the Jesuits' College, to witness his polemical talent. We found the Fathers in their Church at the Rue St. Antoine, where one of them showed us that noble fabric, which for its cupola, pavings, incrustations of marble, the pulpit, altars (especially the high altar), organ, *lavatorium*, etc., but above all, for the richly carved and incomparable front I esteem to be one of the most perfect pieces of architecture in Europe, emulating even some of the greatest now at Rome itself. But this not being what our friar sought, he led us into the adjoining convent, where, having showed us the library, they began a very hot dispute on some points of divinity, which our cavalier contested only to show his pride, and to that indiscreet height, that the Jesuits would hardly bring us to our coach, they being put beside all patience. The next day, we went into the University, and into the College of Navarre, which is a spacious well-built quadrangle, having a very noble library.

Thence to the Sorbonne, an ancient fabric built by one Robert de Sorbonne, whose name it retains,

but the restoration which the late Cardinal de Richelieu¹ has made to it renders it one of the most excellent modern buildings; the sumptuous church, of admirable architecture, is far superior to the rest. The cupola, portico, and whole design of the church, are very magnificent.

We entered into some of the schools, and in that of divinity we found a grave Doctor in his chair, with a multitude of auditors, who all write as he dictates; and this they call a *Course*. After we had sat a little, our cavalier started up, and rudely enough began to dispute with the doctor; at which, and especially as he was clad in the Spanish habit, which in Paris is the greatest bugbear imaginable,² the scholars and doctor fell into such a fit of laughter, that nobody could be heard speak for a while: but silence being obtained, he began to speak Latin, and made his apology in so good a style, that their derision was turned to admiration; and beginning to argue, he so baffled the Professor, that with universal applause they all rose up, and did him great honours, waiting on us to the very street and our coach, and testifying great satisfaction.

2nd February. I heard the news of my nephew George's birth, which was on January 15th, English style, 1644.³

8rd. I went to the Exchange. The late addition to the buildings is very noble; but the galleries where they sell their petty merchandise nothing so

¹ [Armand-Jean du Plessis, Cardinal-Duc de Richelieu, died 4th December, 1642. He rebuilt the College in 1629; the Church in 1635. The Church was finished in 1659. There is a splendid triple portrait of Richelieu by Philippe de Champaigne in the National Gallery. It was made to assist the Roman sculptor Mocchi in framing a bust.]

² [Cf. Howell's *Instructions for Forreine Travell*, 1642, Section v.:—"A Spaniard lookes like a bug-beare in France in his own cut."]

³ [George Evelyn, eldest son of George Evelyn of Wotton. He died in 1676.]

stately as ours at London, no more than the place where they walk below, being only a low vault.

The Palais,¹ as they call the upper part, was built in the time of Philip the Fair, noble and spacious. The great Hall annexed to it, is arched with stone, having a range of pillars in the middle, round which, and at the sides, are shops of all kinds, especially booksellers'. One side is full of pews for the clerks of the advocates, who swarm here (as ours at Westminster). At one of the ends stands an altar, at which mass is said daily. Within are several chambers, courts, treasuries, etc. Above that is the most rich and glorious Salle d'Audience, the chamber of St. Louis, and other superior Courts where the Parliament sits, richly gilt on embossed carvings and frets, and exceeding beautified.

Within the place where they sell their wares, is another narrower gallery, full of shops and toys, etc., which looks down into the prison-yard. Descending by a large pair of stairs, we passed by Sainte Chapelle, which is a church built by St. Louis, 1242, after the Gothic manner: it stands on another church, which is under it, sustained by pillars at the sides, which seem so weak as to appear extraordinary in the artist. This chapel is most famous for its relics, having, as they pretend, almost the entire crown of thorns: the agate patine, rarely sculptured, judged one of the largest and best in Europe. There was now a very beautiful spire erecting. The court below is very spacious, capable

¹ ["I must not pass by the great *pallais*, or palace, a great pile of irregular building, and of great antiquity, some part of it below stairs employed as shops and warehouses; part of it above is not unlike our new and old exchanges, where such-like merchandises are exposed to sale. The rest of it is divided into many large chambers and apartments, where the several courts of parliament have their session" (Reresby in 1654, *Travels*, 1831, p. 9).]

of holding many coaches, and surrounded with shops, especially engravers', goldsmiths', and watch-makers'. In it are a fair fountain and portico. The Isle du Palais consists of a triangular brick building, whereof one side, looking to the river, is inhabited by goldsmiths. Within the court are private dwellings. The front, looking on the great bridge, is possessed by mountebanks, operators, and puppet-players. On the other part, is the every day's market for all sorts of provisions, especially bread, herbs, flowers, orange trees, choice shrubs. Here is a shop called *Noah's Ark*, where are sold all curiosities, natural or artificial, Indian or European, for luxury or use, as cabinets, shells, ivory, porcelain, dried fishes, insects, birds, pictures, and a thousand exotic extravagances. Passing hence, we viewed the port Dauphine, an arch of excellent workmanship; the street, bearing the same name, is ample and straight.

4th February. I went to see the Marais de Temple, where are a noble church and palace, heretofore dedicated to the Knights Templars, now converted to a piazza, not much unlike ours at Covent Garden; but large, and not so pleasant, though built all about with divers considerable palaces.

The Church of St. Geneviève is a place of great devotion, dedicated to another of their Amazons, said to have delivered the city from the English; for which she is esteemed the tutelary saint of Paris. It stands on a steep eminence, having a very high spire, and is governed by canons regular. At the Palais Royal Henry IV. built a fair quadrangle of stately palaces, arched underneath. In the middle of a spacious area, stands on a noble pedestal a brazen statue of Louis XIII.,¹ which,

¹ [The bronze of Louis XIII., erected by Richelieu in 1639, was destroyed in 1792. An equestrian statue by Dupaty and Cortot

though made in imitation of that in the Roman capitol, is nothing so much esteemed as that on the Pont Neuf.

The hospital of the *Quinze-Vingts*,¹ in the Rue St. Honoré, is an excellent foundation; but above all is the *Hôtel Dieu* for men and women,² near Notre Dame, a princely, pious, and expensive structure. That of the *Charité*³ gave me great satisfaction, in seeing how decently and christianly the sick people are attended, even to delicacy. I have seen them served by noble persons, men and women. They have also gardens, walks, and fountains. Divers persons are here cut for the stone, with great success, yearly in May. The two *Châtelets* (supposed to have been built by Julius Cæsar) are places of judicature in criminal causes; to which is a strong prison.⁴ The courts are spacious and magnificent.

8th February. I took coach and went to see the famous *Jardin Royal*, which is an enclosure walled in, consisting of all varieties of ground for planting and culture of medical simples. It is well chosen, having in it hills, meadows, wood and upland, natural and artificial, and is richly stored with exotic plants. In the middle of the parterre is a fair fountain. There is a very fine house, chapel, laboratory, orangery, and other accommodations for the President, who is always one of the King's chief physicians.

has now taken its place, and the *Place Royale* (not "*Palais Royal*") is now called the *Place des Vosges*.]

¹ [The *Hospice des Quinze-Vingts*, founded by St. Louis in 1260, now occupies the old *Hôtel des Mousquetaires Noirs*, to which it was removed from the Rue St. Honoré by the Cardinal de Rohan.]

² [The *Hôtel-Dieu* was re-erected in 1868-78, on a different site, but still in the vicinity of Notre Dame.]

³ [The *Hôpital de la Charité*, in the Rue des Saints Pères, is—or is shortly to be—pulled down.]

⁴ [The *Grand* and *Petit Châtelets* are now non-existent.]

From hence, we went to the other side of the town, and to some distance from it, to the Bois de Vincennes, going by the Bastille,¹ which is the fortress, tower, and magazine of this great city. It is very spacious within, and there the Grand Master of the artillery has his house, with fair gardens and walks.

The Bois de Vincennes has in it a square and noble castle,² with magnificent apartments, fit for a royal court, not forgetting the chapel. It is the chief prison for persons of quality. About it there is a park walled in, full of deer; and in one part there is a grove of goodly pine trees.

The next day, I went to see the Louvre with more attention, its several courts and pavilions. One of the quadrangles, begun by Henry IV., and finished by his son and grandson, is a superb, but mixed structure. The cornices, mouldings, and compartments, with the insertion of several coloured marbles, have been of great expense.

We went through the long gallery, paved with white and black marble, richly fretted and painted *a fresco*. The front looking to the river, though of rare work for the carving, yet wants of that magnificence which a plainer and truer design would have contributed to it.

In the Cour aux Tuileries is a princely fabric; the winding geometrical stone stairs, with the cupola, I take to be as bold and noble a piece of architecture as any in Europe of the kind. To this is a *corps de logis*, worthy of so great a prince. Under these buildings, through a garden in which is an ample fountain, was the king's printing-house,

¹ [Destroyed by the populace, 14th July, 1789, at the beginning of the Revolution. The *Colonne de Juillet* in the *Place de la Bastille* now marks its site.]

² [It was used as a royal residence until 1740, and is now closed to the public. The *Bois* was laid out 1860-67.]

and that famous letter so much esteemed. Here I bought divers of the classic authors, poets, and others.

We returned through another gallery, larger but not so long, where hung the pictures of all the kings and queens and prime nobility of France.

Descending hence, we were let into a lower very large room, called the Salle des Antiques, which is a vaulted *cimelia*, destined for statues only, amongst which stands that so celebrated Diana of the Ephesians, said to be the same which uttered oracles in that renowned Temple. Besides those colossean figures of marble, I must not forget the huge globe suspended by chains. The pavings, inlayings, and incrustations of this Hall are very rich.

In another more private garden towards the Queen's apartment is a walk, or cloister, under arches, whose terrace is paved with stones of a great breadth; it looks towards the river and has a pleasant aviary, fountain, stately cypresses, etc. On the river are seen a prodigious number of barges and boats of great length, full of hay, corn, wood, wine, and other commodities, which this vast city daily consumes. Under the long gallery we have described, dwell goldsmiths, painters, statuaries, and architects, who being the most famous for their art in Christendom have stipends allowed them by the King. Into that of Monsieur Sarrazin¹ we entered, who was then moulding for an image of a Madonna to be cast in gold of a great size, to be sent by the Queen Regent to Loretto, as an offering for the birth of the Dauphin, now the young King.

¹ Jacques Sarrazin, 1588-1660, a celebrated painter and sculptor, much employed by the royal family of France. For Cardinal Richelieu he executed, in silver and gold, Anne of Austria's offering to the Chapel of Loretto, a group representing the dauphin's presentation to the Virgin Mary.

I finished this day with a walk, in the great garden of the Tuileries,¹ rarely contrived for privacy, shade, or company, by groves, plantations of tall trees, especially that in the middle, being of elms, the other of mulberries; and that labyrinth of cypresses; not omitting the noble hedges of pomegranates, fountains, fish-ponds, and an aviary; but, above all, the artificial echo, redoubling the words so distinctly, and as it is never without some fair nymph singing to its grateful returns; standing at one of the focuses, which is under a tree, or little cabinet of hedges, the voice seems to descend from the clouds; at another, as if it was underground. This being at the bottom of the garden, we were let into another, which being kept with all imaginable accurateness as to the orangery, precious shrubs, and rare fruits, seemed a Paradise. From a terrace in this place we saw so many coaches, as one would hardly think could be maintained in the whole city, going, late as it was in the year, towards the course, which is a place adjoining, of near an English mile long, planted with four rows of trees, making a large circle in the middle. This course is walled about, near breast-high, with squared freestone, and has a stately arch at the entrance, with sculpture and statues about it, built by Marie de Médicis. Here it is that the gallants and ladies of the Court take the air and divert themselves, as with us in Hyde Park, the circle being capable of containing a hundred coaches to turn commodiously, and the larger of the plantations for five or six coaches a-breast.

Returning through the Tuileries, we saw a building in which are kept wild beasts for the King's pleasure, a bear, a wolf, a wild boar, a leopard, etc.

¹ [It still retains the same general features as when laid out for Louis XIV. by André Le Nôtre.]

27th February. Accompanied with some English gentlemen, we took horse to see St. Germain-en-Laye, a stately country-house of the King, some five leagues from Paris. By the way, we alighted at St. Cloud, where on an eminence near the river, the Archbishop of Paris has a garden, for the house is not very considerable,¹ rarely watered and furnished with fountains, statues, and groves; the walks are very fair; the fountain of Laocoon is in a large square pool, throwing the water near forty feet high, and having about it a multitude of statues and basins, and is a surprising object. But nothing is more esteemed than the cascade falling from the great steps into the lowest and longest walk from the Mount Parnassus, which consists of a grotto, or shell-house, on the summit of the hill, wherein are divers water-works and contrivances to wet the spectators; this is covered with a fair cupola, the walls painted with the Muses, and statues placed thick about it, whereof some are antique and good. In the upper walks are two perspectives, seeming to enlarge the alleys, and in this garden are many other ingenious contrivances. The palace, as I said, is not extraordinary. The outer walls only painted *a fresco*. In the court is a volary, and the statues of Charles IX., Henry III., IV., and Louis XIII., on horseback, mezzorilievo'd in plaster. In the garden is a small chapel; and under shelter is the figure of Cleopatra, taken from the Belvidere original, with others. From the terrace above is a tempest well painted; and thence an excellent prospect towards Paris, the meadows, and river.

At an inn in this village is a host who treats all

¹ [In 1658 it was purchased, and rebuilt by Louis XIV. from the designs of Mansard and Lepautre. The bombs of St. Valérien destroyed it in 1870, and its ruins were cleared away in 1898. The park was laid out by Le Nôtre.]

the great persons in princely lodgings for furniture and plate, but they pay well for it, as I have done. Indeed, the entertainment is very splendid, and not unreasonable, considering the excellent manner of dressing their meat, and of the service. Here are many debauches and excessive revellings, as being out of all noise and observance.

From hence, about a league farther, we went to see Cardinal Richelieu's villa, at Rueil.¹ The house is small, but fairly built, in form of a castle, moated round. The offices are towards the road, and over against it are large vineyards, walled in. But, though the house is not of the greatest, the gardens about it are so magnificent, that I doubt whether Italy has any exceeding it for all rarities of pleasure. The garden nearest the pavilion is a parterre, having in the midst divers noble brass statues, perpetually spouting water into an ample basin, with other figures of the same metal; but what is most admirable is the vast inclosure, and variety of ground, in the large garden, containing vineyards, corn-fields, meadows, groves (whereof one is of perennial greens), and walks of vast length, so accurately kept and cultivated, that nothing can be more agreeable. On one of these walks, within a square of tall trees, is a basilisk of copper, which, managed by the fountaineer, casts water near sixty feet high, and will of itself move round so swiftly, that one can hardly escape wetting. This leads to the Citronière, which is a noble conserve of all those rarities; and at the end of it is the Arch of Con-

¹ [Richelieu's palace at Rueil no longer exists. Its beautiful grounds were cut up by the heirs of the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, the niece to whom he bequeathed it, and who beautified it so much as to excite the cupidity of Louis XIV. The fortress-like château was destroyed in the Revolution. A memory of the gardens survives in the six views of Gabriel Perelle after Israel Silvestre.]

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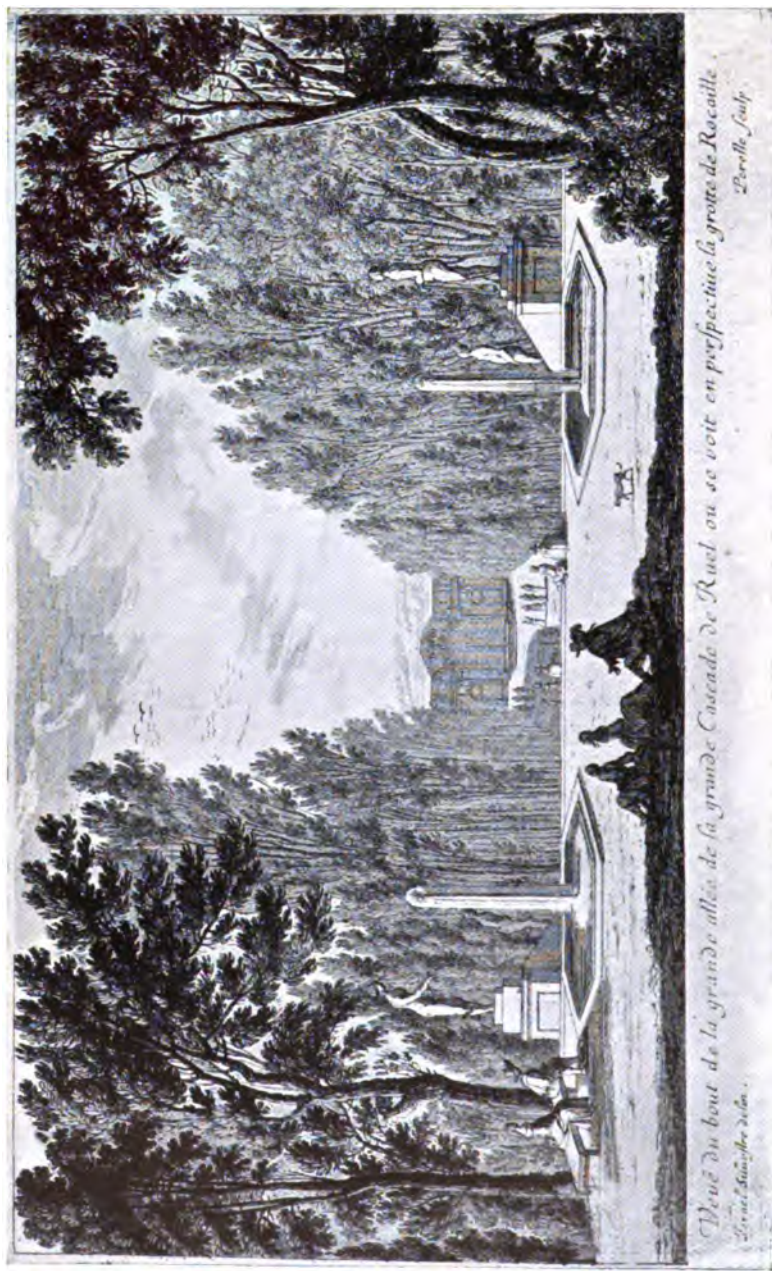
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Vue du bout de la grande allée de la grande Cascade de Rueil ou se voit en perspective la grotte de Racolle.
Dessiné par M. de la Roche.
Gravé par M. de la Roche.

VIEW IN RICHELIEU'S GARDEN AT RUEIL

stantine,¹ painted on a wall in oil, as large as the real one at Rome, so well done, that even a man skilled in painting may mistake it for stone and sculpture. The sky and hills, which seem to be between the arches, are so natural, that swallows and other birds, thinking to fly through, have dashed themselves against the wall. I was infinitely taken with this agreeable cheat. At the farther part of this walk is that plentiful, though artificial cascade, which rolls down a very steep declivity, and over the marble steps and basins, with an astonishing noise and fury; each basin hath a jetto in it, flowing like sheets of transparent glass, especially that which rises over the great shell of lead, from whence it glides silently down a channel through the middle of a spacious gravel walk, terminating in a grotto. Here are also fountains that cast water to a great height, and large ponds, two of which have islands for harbour of fowls, of which there is store. One of these islands has a receptacle for them built of vast pieces of rock, near fifty feet high, grown over with moss, ivy, etc., shaded at a competent distance with tall trees: in this rupellary nidary do the fowl lay eggs, and breed. We then saw a large and very rare grotto of shell-work, in the shape of satyrs, and other wild fancies: in the middle stands a marble table, on which a fountain plays in divers forms of glasses, cups, crosses, fans, crowns, etc. Then the fountaineer represented a shower of rain from the top, met by small jets from below. At going out, two extravagant musketeers shot us with a stream of water from their musket barrels. Before this grotto is a long pool into which ran divers spouts of water from leaden scallop basins. The viewing this paradise made us late at St. Germain.

The first building of this palace is of Charles V.,

¹ [See *post*, under 14th November, 1644.]

called the Sage ; but Francis I. (that true virtuoso) made it complete ; speaking as to the style of magnificence then in fashion, which was with too great a mixture of the Gothic, as may be seen in what there is remaining of his in the old Castle, an irregular piece as built on the old foundation, and having a moat about it. It has yet some spacious and handsome rooms of state, and a chapel neatly painted. The new Castle is at some distance, divided from this by a court, of a lower, but more modern design, built by Henry IV.¹ To this belong six terraces, built of brick and stone, descending in cascades towards the river, cut out of the natural hill, having under them goodly vaulted galleries ; of these, four have subterranean grotts and rocks, where are represented several objects in the manner of scenes and other motions, by force of water, shown by the light of torches only ; amongst these, is Orpheus with his music ; and the animals, which dance after his harp ; in the second, is the King and Dauphin ; in the third, is Neptune sounding his trumpet, his chariot drawn by sea-horses ; in the fourth, the story of Perseus and Andromeda ; mills ; hermitages ; men fishing ; birds chirping ; and many other devices. There is also a dry grot to refresh in ; all having a fine prospect towards the river, and the goodly country about it, especially the forest. At the bottom, is a parterre ; the upper terrace near half a mile in length, with double declivities, arched and balustered with stone, of vast and royal cost.

In the pavilion of the new Castle are many fair rooms, well painted, and leading into a very noble

¹ [This, with exception of the Pavillon Henri IV., was destroyed in 1776. The older building, which afterwards became the retreat of James II. (see *post*, under 24th December, 1688), was used by Napoleon I. as a prison. Of late years it has been restored.]

garden and park, where is a pall-mall, in the midst of which, on one of the sides, is a chapel, with stone cupola, though small, yet of a handsome order of architecture. Out of the park you go into the forest, which being very large, is stored with deer, wild boars, wolves, and other wild game. The Tennis Court, and *Cavallerizza* for the managed horses, are also observable.

We returned to Paris by Madrid,¹ another villa of the King's, built by Francis I., and called by that name to absolve him of his oath that he would not go from Madrid (in which he was prisoner), in Spain, but from whence he made his escape. This house is also built in a park, and walled in. We next called in at the Bons-Hommes, well situated, with a fair chapel and library.²

1st March. I went to see the Count de Liancourt's Palace in the Rue de Seine, which is well built. Towards his study and bedchamber joins a little garden, which, though very narrow, by the

¹ [See *post*, under 25th April, 1650. In Reresby's *Travels*, 1831, p. 6, is the following reference to this "villa," now no longer in existence:—"Near unto it [Saint Germain] stands another, built by Francis the First, called Madrid, to evade his engagement to Charles, the fifth emperor, who had taken him prisoner, and after giving him liberty, upon his engagement to return to Madrid, if he could not accomplish such terms as were agreed on betwixt them for his release; which not being able to do, he made this, and came to it, instead of returning into Spain." Dr. Martin Lister also describes Madrid in his *Travels in France*, 1698:—"It is altogether moresque, in imitation of one in Spain; with at least two rows of covered galleries running quite round, on the outside the four faces of the house; which sure in a hot country are really refreshing and delightful; and this is said to be on purpose for a defence against a much hotter climate than where it stands, which that king [Francis the First] had no mind to visit a second time."]

² [A convent (see *post*, under 23rd February, 1651). This order of hermits appeared in France about 1257; in England about 1283. The name *bon homme* is said to have been given by Louis VI.]

addition of a well-painted perspective, is to appearance greatly enlarged ; to this there is another part, supported by arches in which runs a stream of water, rising in the aviary, out of a statue, and seeming to flow for some miles, by being artificially continued in the painting, when it sinks down at the wall. It is a very agreeable deceit. At the end of this garden, is a little theatre, made to change with divers pretty scenes, and the stage so ordered, with figures of men and women painted on light boards, and cut out, and, by a person who stands underneath, made to act as if they were speaking, by guiding them, and reciting words in different tones, as the parts require.¹ We were led into a round cabinet, where was a neat invention for reflecting lights, by lining divers sconces with thin shining plates of gilded copper.

In one of the rooms of state was an excellent painting of Poussin, being a Satyr kneeling ; over the chimney, the Coronation of the Virgin, by Paolo Veronese ; another Madonna over the door, and that of Joseph, by Cigali ; in the Hall, a Cavaliero di Malta, attended by his page, said to be of Michael Angelo ; the Rape of Proserpine, with a very large landscape of Correggio. In the next room, are some paintings of Primaticcio, especially the Helena, the Naked Lady brought before Alexander, well-painted, and a Ceres. In the bed-chamber a picture of the Cardinal de Liancourt, of Raphael, rarely coloured. In the cabinet are divers pieces of Bassano, two of Polemburg, four of Paul Bril, the skies a little too blue. A Madonna of Nicholao, excellently painted on a stone ; a Judith of Mantegna ; three women of Jeronimo ; one of Steenwyck ; a Madonna after Titian, and a

¹ [This, no doubt, was one of those "*jeux de marionnettes*," of which full details are to be found in the treatise of M. Charles Magnin, 2nd ed. 1862.]

Magdalen of the same hand, as the Count esteems it ; two small pieces of Paolo Veronese, being the Martyrdoms of St. Justina and St. Catherine ; a Madonna of Lucas Van Leyden, sent him from our King ; six more of old Bassano ; two excellent drawings of Albert ;¹ a Magdalen of Leonardo da Vinci ; four of Paolo ;² a very rare Madonna of Titian, given him also by our King ; the "Ecce Homo," shut up in a frame of velvet, for the life and accurate finishing exceeding all description. Some curious agates, and a chaplet of admirable invention, the intaglios being all on fruit-stones. The Count was so exceeding civil, that he would needs make his lady go out of her dressing-room, that he might show us the curiosities and pictures in it.

We went thence to visit one Monsieur Perishot, one of the greatest virtuosos in France, for his collection of pictures, agates, medals, and flowers, especially tulips and anemones. The chiefest of his paintings was a Sebastian, of Titian.

From him we went to Monsieur Frene's, who showed us many rare drawings, a Rape of Helen in black chalk ; many excellent things of Snyders, all naked ; some of Julio and Michael Angelo ; a Madonna of Passignano ; some things of Parmensis, and other masters.

The next morning, being recommended to one Monsieur de Hausse, President du Parlement, and once Ambassador at Venice for the French King, we were very civilly received, and showed his library. Amongst his paintings were, a rare Venus and Adonis of Veronese, a St. Anthony, after the first manner of Correggio, and a rare Madonna of Palma.

Sunday, the 6th March, I went to Charenton, two leagues from Paris, to hear and see the manner of

¹ [Albert Dürer.]

² [Veronese.]

the French Protestant Church service. The place of meeting they call the Temple,¹ a very fair and spacious room, built of freestone, very decently adorned with paintings of the Tables of the Law, the Lord's Prayer, and Creed. The pulpit stands at the upper end in the middle, having an inclosure of seats about it, where the elders and persons of greatest quality and strangers, sit; the rest of the congregation on forms and low stools, but none in pews, as in our churches, to their great disgrace, as nothing so orderly, as here the stools and other cumber are removed when the assembly rises. I was greatly pleased with their harmonious singing the Psalms, which they all learn perfectly well, their children being as duly taught these, as their catechism.

In our passage, we went by that famous bridge over the Marne, where that renowned echo returns the voice of a good singer nine or ten times.

7th March. I set forwards with some company towards Fontainebleau, a sumptuous Palace of the King's, like ours at Hampton Court, about fourteen leagues from the city. By the way, we pass through a forest so prodigiously encompassed with hideous rocks of whitish hard stone² heaped one on another in mountainous heights, that I think the like is nowhere to be found more horrid and solitary.³ It

¹ [This was the *Temple des Protestants*, authorised by Henry IV., and destroyed in 1685 at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.]

² [The sandstone, or *grès de Fontainebleau*.]

³ [Addison, writing to Congreve in October, 1699, was more favourably impressed with Fontainebleau. "I am however so singular as to prefer Fontainebleau to all the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods that give you a fine variety of Savage prospects. . . . The cascades seem to break through the Clefts and cracks of Rocks that are cover'd over with Moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by Accident. There is an Artificial Wildness in the Meadows, Walks and Canals, and y^e Garden instead of a Wall is Fenc'd on the Lower End by a

abounds with stags, wolves, boars, and not long after a lynx, or ounce, was killed amongst them, which had devoured some passengers. On the summit of one of these gloomy precipices, intermingled with trees and shrubs, the stones hanging over, and menacing ruin, is built an hermitage.¹ In these solitudes, rogues frequently lurk and do mischief (and for whom we were all well appointed with our *carabines*); but we arrived safe in the evening at the village, where we lay at the Horne, going early next morning to the Palace.

This House is nothing so stately and uniform as Hampton Court, but Francis I. began much to beautify it; most of all Henry IV. and (not a little) the late King.² It abounds with fair halls, chambers, and galleries; in the longest, which is 360 feet long, and 18 broad, are painted the victories of that great Prince, Henry IV. That of Francis I., called the grand Gallery, has all the King's palaces painted in it; above these, in sixty pieces of excellent work in fresco, is the History of Ulysses, from Homer, by Primaticcio, in the time of Henry III., esteemed the most renowned in Europe for the design.³ The Cabinet is full of excellent pictures, especially a Woman, of Raphael. In the Hall of the Guards is a piece of tapestry painted on the wall, very naturally, representing the victories of Charles VII. over our countrymen. In the Salle des Festins is a rare Chimney-piece, and Henry IV. on horseback, of white marble, esteemed worth 18,000 crowns;

Natural mound of Rock-work that strikes the Eye very Agreeably"
(*Life of Joseph Addison*, by Lucy Aikin, 1843, i. p. 77).]

¹ [This, which is stated to have been above the Gorges d'Apremont and de Franchard, dated from Philippe-Auguste. It was destroyed by Louis XIV.]

² [Louis XIII., d. 14th May, 1643.]

³ [A number of these, owing to their licentious character, were effaced by Anne of Austria when, in 1653, she became Regent.]

Clementia and Pax, nobly done. On columns of jasper, two lions of brass. The new stairs, and a half-circular court, are of modern and good architecture, as is a chapel built by Louis XIII., all of jasper, with several incrustations of marble through the inside.

Having seen the rooms, we went to the volary, which has a cupola in the middle of it, great trees and bushes, it being full of birds who drank at two fountains. There is also a fair tennis-court, and noble stables; but the beauty of all are the gardens. In the Court of the Fountains stand divers antiquities and statues, especially a Mercury. In the Queen's Garden is a Diana ejecting a fountain, with numerous other brass statues.

The great Garden, 180 toises long and 154 wide, has in the centre a fountain of Tiber of a Colossean figure of brass, with the Wolf over Romulus and Remus.¹ At each corner of the garden rises a fountain. In the garden of the piscina, is a Hercules of white marble: next, is that of the pines, and without that a canal of an English mile in length, at the end of which rise three jettos in the form of a fleur-de-lis, of a great height; on the margin are excellent walks planted with trees. The carps come familiarly to hand [to be fed]. Hence they brought us to a spring, which they say being first discovered by a dog, gave occasion of beautifying this place, both with the palace and gardens.² The white and terrific rocks at some distance in the

¹ ["At the toppe of it there is represented in brasse the Image of *Romulus* very largely made, lying sidelong and leaning, upon one of his elbowes. Under one of his legs is carved the shee Wolfe, with *Romulus* and *Remus* very little, like sucklings, sucking at her teats" (Coryat in 1608, *Crudities*, 1776, i. 36).]

² [The "Fontaine Bleau" or "de Belle Eau" (supposed by some to give its name to the place), the source of which was lost in forming the artificial ponds. The gardens at Fontainebleau were laid out by Le Nôtre for Louis XIV.]

forest, yield one of the most august and stupendous prospects imaginable. The park about this place is very large, and the town full of noblemen's houses.

Next morning, we were invited by a painter, who was keeper of the pictures and rarities, to see his own collection. We were led through a gallery of old Rosso's work,¹ at the end of which, in another cabinet, were three Madonnas of Raphael, and two of Andrea del Sarto. In the Academy where the painter himself wrought, was a St. Michael, of Raphael, very rare; St. John Baptist, of Leonardo, and a Woman's head; a Queen of Sicily, and St. Margaret, of Raphael; two more Madonnas, whereof one very large, by the same hand; some more of del Sarto; a St. Jerome, of Pierino del Vaga; the Rape of Proserpine, very good; and a great number of drawings.

Returning part of our way to Paris, that day, we visited a house called Maison Rouge, having an excellent prospect, grot, and fountains, one whereof rises fifty feet, and resembles the noise of a tempest, battles of guns, etc., at its issue.

Thence to Essonnes, a house of Monsieur Essling, who is a great virtuoso; there are many good paintings in it; but nothing so observable as his gardens, fountains, fish-pools, especially that in a triangular form, the water cast out by a multitude of heads about it: there is a noble cascade and pretty baths, with all accommodations. Under a marble table is a fountain of serpents twisting about a globe.

We alighted next at Corbeil, a town famous for the siege by Henry IV. Here we slept, and returned next morning to Paris.

18th March. I went with Sir J. Cotton, a

¹ [Giovannbattista Rosso (Maitre Roux), 1496-1541, a Florentine who designed the Gallery of Francis I. at Fontainebleau, and executed many of the pictures.]

Cambridgeshire Knight,¹ a journey into Normandy. The first day, we passed by Gaillon, the Archbishop of Rouen's Palace.² The gardens are highly commended, but we did not go in, intending to reach Pontoise by dinner. This town is built in a very gallant place, has a noble bridge over the Oise, and is well refreshed with fountains.

This is the first town in Normandy, and the farthest that the vineyards extend to on this side of the country, which is fuller of plains, wood, and enclosures, with some towns towards the sea, very like England.

We lay this night at a village, called Magny. The next day, descending a very steep hill, we dined at Fleury, after riding five leagues down St. Catherine, to Rouen, which affords a goodly prospect, to the ruins of that chapel and mountain. This country so abounds with wolves that a shepherd whom we met, told us one of his companions was strangled by one of them the day before, and that in the midst of his flock. The fields are mostly planted with pears and apples, and other cider fruits. It is plentifully furnished with quarries of stone and slate, and hath iron in abundance.

I lay at the White Cross, in Rouen, which is a very large city, on the Seine, having two smaller rivers besides, called the Aubette and Robec. There stand yet the ruins of a magnificent bridge of stone,³ now supplied by one of boats only, to which come up vessels of considerable burden.

¹ [Sir John Cotton, 1621-1701, third Baronet. See *post*, under 12th March, 1668, for reference to his library.]

² [Part only of the château of the Archbishops of Rouen now remains, the major portion having been demolished at the Revolution.]

³ [Built, in 1167, by Queen Matilda, daughter of Henry I. It lasted till the middle of the fifteenth century, when the bridge of boats was substituted.]

The other side of the water consists of meadows, and there have the Reformed a Church.

The Cathedral Notre Dame was built, as they acknowledge, by the English; some English words graven in Gothic characters upon the front seem to confirm it. The towers and whole church are full of carving. It has three steeples, with a pyramid; in one of these, I saw the famous bell so much talked of, thirteen feet in height, thirty-two round, the diameter eleven, weighing 40,000 pounds.¹

In the Chapel d'Amboise, built by a Cardinal of that name,² lies his body, with several fair monuments. The Choir has behind it a great dragon painted on the wall, which they say had done much harm to the inhabitants, till vanquished by St. Romain, their Archbishop; for which there is an annual procession. It was now near Easter, and many images were exposed with scenes and stories representing the Passion; made up of little puppets, to which there was great resort and devotion, with offerings. Before the church is a fair palace. St. Ouen is another goodly church and an abbey with fine gardens. Here the King hath lodgings, when he makes his progress through these parts. The structure, where the Court of Parliament is kept,³ is very magnificent, containing very fair halls and chambers, especially La Chambre Dorée. The town-house is also well built, and so are some gentlemen's houses; but most part of the rest are of timber, like our

¹ [In the south-west tower (*Tour de Beurre*). It was called George d'Amboise after the Cardinal of that name (Archbishop of Rouen, and the popular Minister of Louis XII.), and was melted at the Revolution, all but a fragment in the Museum.]

² [George d'Amboise, 1460-1510, above mentioned. His body, and that of his brother, were torn from their graves in 1793, and the lead of the coffins melted.]

³ [Now the *Salle d'Assises*.]

merchants' in London, in the wooden part of the city.

21st March. On Easter Monday, we dined at Tôtes, a solitary inn between Rouen and Dieppe, at which latter place we arrived. This town is situated between two mountains, not unpleasantly, and is washed on the north by our English seas.

The port is commodious; but the entrance difficult. It has one very ample and fair street, in which is a pretty church. The Fort Pollet consists of a strong earth-work, and commands the haven, as on the other side does the castle, which is also well fortified, with the citadel before it; nor is the town itself a little strong. It abounds with workmen, who make and sell curiosities of ivory and tortoise-shells; and indeed whatever the East Indies afford of cabinets, porcelain, natural and exotic rarities, are here to be had, with abundant choice.

28rd. We passed along the coast by a very rocky and rugged way, which forced us to alight many times before we came to Havre de Grace, where we lay that night.

The next morning, we saw the citadel, strong and regular, well stored with artillery and ammunition of all sorts:¹ the works furnished with fair brass cannon, having a motto, *Ratio ultima Regum*. The allogements of the garrison are uniform; a spacious place for drawing up the soldiers, a pretty chapel, and a fair house for the Governor. The Duke of Richelieu being now in the fort, we went to salute him; who received us very civilly, and commanded that we should be showed whatever we desired to see. The citadel was built by the late Cardinal de Richelieu, uncle of the present

¹ [Where Cardinal Mazarin, six years later, shut up the leaders of the Fronde, Condé, Conti, and Longueville,—“the lion, the ape, and the fox,” according to Gaston of Orleans.]

Duke, and may be esteemed one of the strongest in France. The haven is very capacious.

When we had done here, we embarked ourselves and horses to pass to Honfleur, about four or five leagues distant, where the Seine falls into the sea. It is a poor fisher-town, remarkable for nothing so much as the odd, yet useful habits which the good women wear, of bears' and other skins, as of rugs at Dieppe, and all along these maritime coasts.

25th March. We arrived at Caen, a noble and beautiful town, situate on the river Orne, which passes quite through it, the two sides of the town joined only by a bridge of one entire arch. We lay at the Angel, where we were very well used, the place being abundantly furnished with provisions, at a cheap rate. The most considerable object is the great Abbey and Church, large and rich, built after the Gothic manner, having two spires and middle lantern at the west end, all of stone. The choir round and large, in the centre whereof, elevated on a square, handsome, but plain sepulchre,¹ is this inscription :

Hoc sepulchrum invictissimi juxta et clementissimi conquestoris, Gulielmi, dum viverat Anglorum Regis, Normanorum Cenomannorumque Principis, hujus insignis Abbatiae piissimi Fundatoris: Cum anno 1562 vesano hæreticorum furore direptum fuisset, pio tandem nobilium ejusdem Abbatiae religiosorum gratitudinis sensu in tam beneficum largitorem, instauratum fuit, a^o D'ni 1642. D'no Johanne de Bailhache Assætorii proto priore. D.D.

¹ [This was a second tomb, erected *circa* 1626, which had replaced an earlier one, and only contained a thigh-bone of the Conqueror. "In 1742, this second tomb, being considered to be in the way of the services of the church, was removed to another part of the choir, where it was destroyed and rifled in 1798, when the one remaining fragment of the body of William was lost for ever" (Hare's *North-Western France*, 1895, 116).]

On the other side are these monkish rhymes :

Qui rexit rigidos Northmannos, atq. Britannos
 Audacter vicit, fortiter obtinuit,
 Et Cenomanensis virtute coërcuit ensis,
 Imperiique sui Legibus applicuit.
 Rex magnus parvâ jacet hâc Gulielm' in urnâ,
 Sufficit et magno parva domus Domino.
 Ter septem gradibus te voverat atq. duobus
 Virginis in gremio Phœbus, et hîc obiit.

We went to the castle, which is strong and fair, and so is the town-house, built on the bridge which unites the two towns. Here are schools and an University for the Jurists.

The whole town is handsomely built of that excellent stone so well known by that name in England.¹ I was led to a pretty garden, planted with hedges of alaternus,² having at the entrance a screen at an exceeding height, accurately cut in topiary work, with well-understood architecture, consisting of pillars, niches, friezes, and other ornaments, with great curiosity; some of the columns curiously wreathed, others spiral, all according to art.

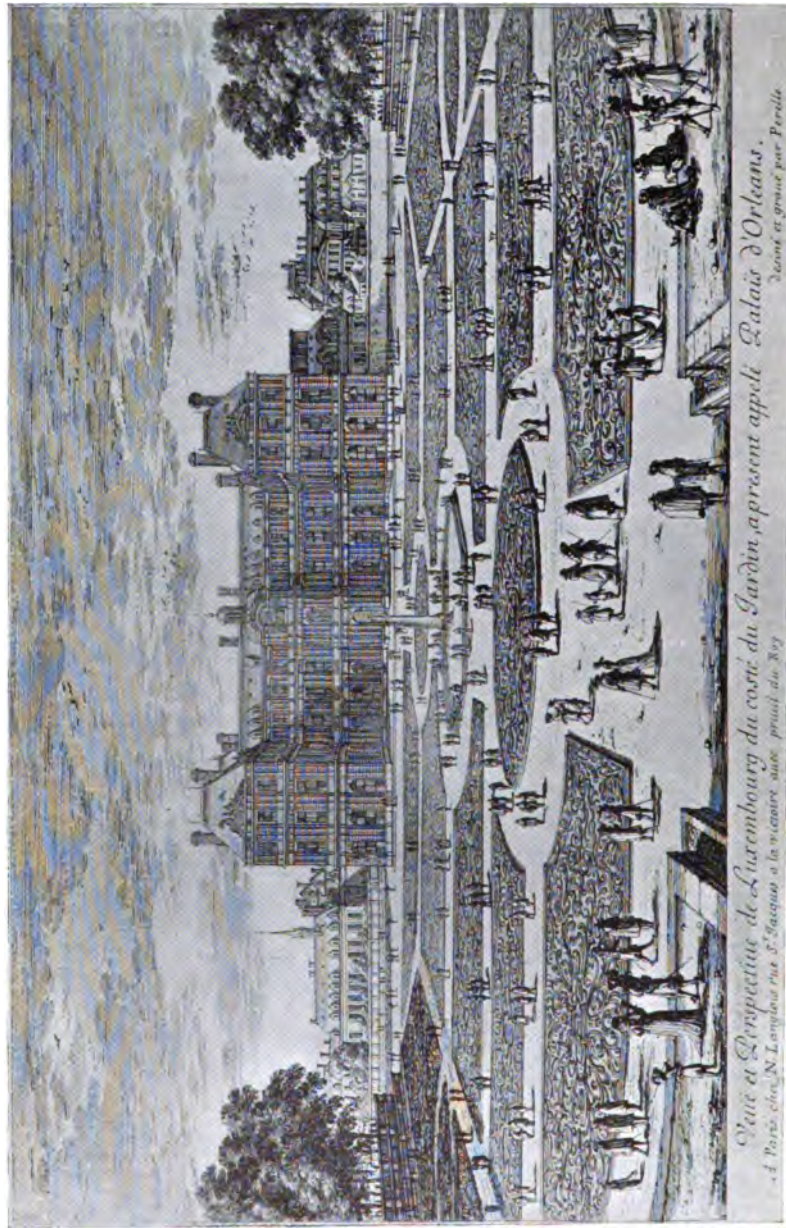
28th March. We went towards Paris, lying the first night at Evreux, a Bishop's seat, an ancient town, with a fair cathedral; so the next day we arrived at Paris.

1st April. I went to see more exactly the rooms of the fine Palace of Luxembourg, in the Faubourg St. Germain, built by Marie de Médicis,³

¹ [Caen stone, akin to our Bath and Portland stone.]

² [A kind of buckthorn.]

³ [Of which the architect was Salomon Debrosse, *d.* 1626, who may have recalled the Pitti Palace at Florence, where Marie de Médicis had passed her younger days. Addison certainly noticed a similarity. "It" [the Pitti Palace], he says, "is not unlike that of *Luxemburg* at *Paris*, which was built by *Mary of Medicis*, and for that Reason perhaps the Workmen fell into the *Tuscan* humour" (*Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 409). The *Luxembourg*, now known as the *Palais du Sénat*, was built 1615-20.]



VIEW OF THE LUXEMBOURG

and I think one of the most noble, entire, and finished piles that is to be seen, taking it with the garden and all its accomplishments. The gallery is of the painting of Rubens, being the history of the Foundress's Life, rarely designed;¹ at the end of it is the Duke of Orleans' library,² well furnished with excellent books, all bound in *maroquin* and gilded, the valance of the shelves being of green velvet, fringed with gold. In the cabinet joining to it are only the smaller volumes, with six cabinets of medals, and an excellent collection of shells and agates, whereof some are prodigiously rich. This Duke being very learned in medals and plants, nothing of that kind escapes him.³ There are other spacious, noble, and princely furnished rooms, which look towards the gardens, which are nothing inferior to the rest.

The court below is formed into a square by a corridor, having over the chief entrance a stately cupola, covered with stone: the rest is cloistered and arched on pilasters of rustic work. The terrace ascending before the front, paved with white and black marble, is balustered with white marble, exquisitely polished.

Only the hall below is low, and the staircase somewhat of a heavy design, but the *faccia* towards the parterre, which is also arched and vaulted with stone, is of admirable beauty, and full of sculpture.

¹ [Now in the Louvre (twenty-one pictures). They were painted between 1621-25.]

² [Gaston-Jean-Baptiste, Duke of Orleans, 1608-60, the King's uncle, second son, by Henry IV., of Marie de Médecis, who bequeathed this palace to him. He was Lieutenant-General, and Governor of Languedoc.]

³ ["There is no man alive in competition with him for his exquisite skill in medailes, topical memory, and extraordinary knowledge in plants: in both which faculties the most reputed Antiquaries and greatest Botanists do (and that with reason) acknowledg him both their prince and superiour" (Evelyn's *State of France, Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 55.)]

The gardens are near an English mile in compass, enclosed with a stately wall, and in a good air.¹ The parterre is indeed of box, but so rarely designed and accurately kept cut, that the embroidery makes a wonderful effect to the lodgings which front it. 'Tis divided into four squares, and as many circular knots, having in the centre a noble basin of marble near thirty feet diameter (as I remember), in which a Triton of brass holds a dolphin, that casts a *girandola* of water near thirty feet high, playing perpetually, the water being conveyed from Arceuil by an aqueduct of stone, built after the old Roman magnificence. About this ample parterre, the spacious walks and all included, runs a border of freestone, adorned with pedestals for pots and statues, and part of it near the steps of the terrace, with a rail and baluster of pure white marble.

The walks are exactly fair, long, and variously descending, and so justly planted with limes, elms, and other trees, that nothing can be more delicious, especially that of the hornbeam hedge, which being high and stately, butts full on the fountain.

Towards the farther end, is an excavation intended for a vast fish-pool, but never finished, and near it is an inclosure for a garden of simples, well-kept; and here the Duke keeps tortoises in great number, who use the pool of water on one side of the garden. Here is also a conservatory for snow. At the upper part, towards the palace, is a grove of tall elms cut into a star, every ray being a walk, whose centre is a large fountain.

The rest of the ground is made into several inclosures (all hedge-work or rows of trees) of whole fields, meadows, *bocages*, some of them containing divers acres.

¹ [They were also designed originally by Debrosse (see *ante*, p. 96, n. 3).]

Next the street side, and more contiguous to the house, are knots in trail, or grass work, where likewise runs a fountain. Towards the grotto and stables, within a wall, is a garden of choice flowers, in which the Duke spends many thousand pistoles. In sum, nothing is wanted to render this palace and gardens perfectly beautiful and magnificent; nor is it one of the least diversions to see the number of persons of quality, citizens and strangers, who frequent it, and to whom all access is freely permitted, so that you shall see some walks and retirements full of gallants and ladies; in others, melancholy friars; in others, studious scholars; in others, jolly citizens, some sitting or lying on the grass, others running and jumping; some playing at bowls and ball, others dancing and singing; and all this without the least disturbance, by reason of the largeness of the place.

What is most admirable, you see no gardeners, or men at work, and yet all is kept in such exquisite order, as if they did nothing else but work; it is so early in the morning, that all is despatched and done without the least confusion.

I have been the larger in the description of this paradise, for the extraordinary delight I have taken in those sweet retirements. The Cabinet and Chapel nearer the garden-front have some choice pictures. All the houses near this are also very noble palaces, especially Petit-Luxembourg.¹ The ascent of the street is handsome from its breadth, situation, and buildings.

I went next to view Paris from the top of St. Jacques' steeple,² esteemed the highest in the town,

¹ [This, now the residence of the president of the Senate, was a dependency of the greater palace, erected about the same date by Richelieu, who lived here till the Palais Royal was built.]

² [St. Jacques-la-Boucherie, of which the tower only now remains, the church having been pulled down in 1789. In climbing

from whence I had a full view of the whole city and suburbs, both which, as I judge, are not so large as London: though the dissimilitude of their several forms and situations, this being round, London long,—renders it difficult to determine; but there is no comparison between the buildings, palaces, and materials, this being entirely of stone and more sumptuous, though I esteem our piazzas to exceed theirs.

Hence I took a turn in St. Innocent's churchyard,¹ where the story of the devouring quality of the ground (consuming bodies in twenty-four hours), the vast charnels of bones, tombs, pyramids, and sepulchres, took up much of my time, together with the hieroglyphical characters of Nicholas Flamel's² philosophical work, who had founded this

it Evelyn was following Howell's suggestion (*Forreine Travell*, 1642, Sect. iii.); and also Lassels, who says (*Voyage of Italy*, 1670, i. p. 121): "I would wish my *Traveler* . . . to make it his constant practise (as I did) to mount up the chief *Steeple* of all great townes."

Richard Lassels, often referred to in the succeeding notes, was a Roman Catholic divine who died at Montpellier in 1668. He had been professor of classics at the English College at Douay. His travels (in two volumes) were published posthumously at Paris by Vincent du Moutier, under the care of his friend, S. Wilson, who inscribed them to Richard, Lord Lumley, Viscount Waterford. Evelyn was probably familiar with the book; and perhaps employed it occasionally, when writing up his *Memoirs*, to refresh his memory.]

¹ [The church and churchyard were closed in 1786, and the *Rue* and *Square des Innocents* now occupy the site. A later visitor than Evelyn thus describes the spot:—"St. Innocent's churchyard, the public burying-place of the City of Paris for a 1000 years, when intire (as I once saw it,) and built about with double galleries full of skull and bones, was an awful and venerable sight: but now I found it in ruins, and the greatest of the galleries pulled down, and a row of houses built in their room, and the bones removed I know not whither: the rest of the churchyard in the most neglected and nastiest pickle I ever saw any consecrated place" (*Lister's Travels in France*, 1698).]

² [Nicholas Flamel, the alchemist, 1350-1418.]

church, and divers other charitable establishments, as he testifies in his book.

Here divers clerks get their livelihood by inditing letters for poor maids and other ignorant people who come to them for advice, and to write for them into the country, both to their sweethearts, parents, and friends; every large gravestone serving for a table. Joining to this church is a common fountain, with good *rilievos* upon it.¹

The next day I was carried to see a French gentleman's curious collection, which abounded in fair and rich jewels of all sorts of precious stones, most of them of great sizes and value; agates and onyxes, some of them admirably coloured and antique; nor inferior were his landscapes from the best hands, most of which he had caused to be copied in miniature; one of which, rarely painted on stone, was broken by one of our company, by the mischance of setting it up: but such was the temper and civility of the gentleman, that it altered nothing of his free and noble humour.

The next morning, I was had by a friend to the garden of Monsieur Morine, who, from being an ordinary gardener, is become one of the most skilful and curious persons in France for his rare collection of shells, flowers, and insects.

His garden is of an exact oval figure, planted with cypress, cut flat and set as even as a wall: the tulips, anemones, ranunculuses, crocuses, etc., are held to be of the rarest, and draw all the admirers of that kind to his house during the season. He lived in a kind of hermitage at one side of his garden, where his collection of porcelain and coral, whereof one is carved into a large crucifix, is much esteemed. He has also books of prints, by Albert [Dürer], Van Leyden, Callot, etc. His

¹ [The *Fontaine des Innocents*, now moved to another site. Its *rilievos* were by Jean Goujon.]

collection of all sorts of insects, especially of butterflies, is most curious; these he spreads and so medicates, that no corruption invading them, he keeps them in drawers, so placed as to represent a beautiful piece of tapestry.

He showed me the remarks he had made on their propagation, which he promised to publish. Some of these, as also of his best flowers, he had caused to be painted in miniature by rare hands, and some in oil.

6th April. I sent my sister my own picture in water-colours,¹ which she requested of me, and went to see divers of the fairest palaces of the town, as that of Vendôme, very large and stately; Longueville; Guise; Condé; Chevreuse; Nevers, esteemed one of the best in Paris towards the river.

I often went to the Palais Cardinal, bequeathed by Richelieu to the King, on condition that it should be called by his name; at this time, the King resided in it, because of the building of the Louvre. It is a very noble house, though somewhat low; the galleries, paintings of the most illustrious persons of both sexes, the Queen's baths, presence-chamber with its rich carved and gilded roof, theatre, and large garden, in which is an ample fountain, grove, and mall, worthy of remark. Here I also frequently went to see them ride and exercise the great horse, especially at the Academy of Monsieur du Plessis, and de Veau,² whose schools

¹ In the first and second editions of the Diary—says Forster—many trifling personal details, such as this mention of the author having sent his own picture in water-colours to his sister, were omitted. It is not necessary to point them out in detail. They are always of this personal character; as, among other examples, the mention of the wet weather preventing the diarist from stirring out (see *post*, 15th November), and that of his coming weary to his lodgings (10th November).

² [It must have been at this establishment, or at that of Monsieur del Camp, which Evelyn mentions elsewhere, that he

of that art are frequented by the nobility ; and here also young gentlemen are taught to fence, dance, play on music, and something in fortification and the mathematics.¹ The design is admirable, some keeping near a hundred brave horses, all managed to the great saddle.

12th April. I took coach, to see a general muster of all the *gens d'armes* about the City, in the Bois de Boulogne, before their Majesties, and all the Grandees. They were reputed to be near 20,000, besides the spectators, who much exceeded them in number. Here they performed all their motions ; and, being drawn up, horse and foot, into several figures, represented a battle.

The summer now drawing near, I determined to spend the rest of it in some more remote town on the river Loire ; and, on 19th April, I took leave of Paris, and, by the way of the messenger, agreed for my passage to Orleans.

The way from Paris to this city, as indeed most of the roads in France, is paved with a small square freestone, so that the country does not much molest the traveller with dirt and ill way, as in England, only 'tis somewhat hard to the poor horses' feet, which causes them to ride more temperately, seldom going out of the trot, or *grand pas*, as they call it. We passed divers walled towns, or villages ; amongst others of note, Chartres and Étampes, where we lay the first night. This has a fair church. The next day, we had an excellent

first made acquaintance with Thomas Butler, Earl of Ossory (see *post*, under 26th July, 1680.)]

¹ [This was the recognised curriculum. "I followed here [at Paris]," says Reresby in 1658, "the exercises of music, fencing, dancing and mathematics, as before" (*Memoirs*, 1875, p. 36). These accomplishments, according to Howell (*Forreine Travell*, 1642, Sect. iv.), could all be acquired for about 150 pistoles (£110), including lodging and diet. Reresby lived in a *pension* of the Isle du Palais (see *ante*, p. 70).]

road; but had like to come short home: for no sooner were we entered two or three leagues into the Forest of Orleans (which extends itself many miles), but the company behind us were set on by rogues, who, shooting from the hedges and frequent covert, slew four upon the spot. Amongst the slain was a captain of Swiss, of the regiment of Picardy, a person much lamented. This disaster made such an alarm in Orleans at our arrival, that the *Prévôt* Marshal, with his assistants, going in pursuit, brought in two whom they had shot, and exposed them in the great market-place, to see if any would take cognisance of them. I had great cause to give God thanks for this escape; when coming to Orleans and lying at the White Cross, I found Mr. John Nicholas, eldest son to Mr. Secretary.¹ In the night a cat kittened on my bed, and left on it a young one having six ears, eight legs, two bodies from the middle downwards, and two tails. I found it dead, but warm, in the morning when I awaked.²

21st *April*. I went about to view the city, which is well built of stone, on the side of the Loire. About the middle of the river is an island, full of walks and fair trees, with some houses. This is contiguous to the town by a stately stone-

¹ [Sir Edward Nicholas, 1593-1669, Secretary of State to Charles I. and Charles II., being succeeded by the Earl of Arlington. He had a seat at West Horsley, where he died. See *post*, under 14th September, 1665.]

² This passage (says Forster) has not been printed since the quarto editions, and it would be difficult to say what induced its omission in the octavo editions, unless Evelyn's apparent confusion as to the name of the inn at Orleans where the adventure occurred (for he calls it the White Lion as well as the White Cross) may have caused the original editor to doubt the miracle altogether. As printed in the quarto [1819, i. 57], it begins "I lay at the White Lion, where I found Mr. John Nicholas, eldest son to Mr. Secretary," etc. (see note 1, *ante*, p. 33).

bridge, reaching to the opposite suburbs, built likewise on the edge of a hill, from whence is a beautiful prospect. At one of the extremes of the bridge are strong towers, and about the middle, on one side, is the statue of the Virgin Mary, or *Pietà*, with the dead Christ in her lap, as big as the life. At one side of the cross, kneels Charles VII. armed, and at the other Joan d'Arc, armed also like a cavalier, with boots and spurs, her hair dishevelled, as the deliveress of the town from our countrymen, when they besieged it.¹ The figures are all cast in copper, with a pedestal full of inscriptions, as well as a fair column joining it, which is all adorned with fleurs-de-lis and a crucifix, with two saints proceeding (as it were) from two branches out of its capital. The inscriptions on the cross are in Latin: "Mors Christi in cruce nos à contagione labis et æternorum morborum sanavit." On the pedestal: "Rex in hoc signo hostes profligavit, et Johanna Virgo Aureliam obsidio liberavit. Non diu ab impiis diruta, restituta sunt hoc anno D'ni 1578. Jean Buret, m. f."—"Octannoque Galliam servitute Britannicâ liberavit. A Domino factum est illud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris; in quorum memoriâ hæc nostræ fidei Insignia." To this is made an annual procession on 12th May, mass being sung before it, attended with great ceremony and concourse of people. The wine of this place is so strong, that the King's cup-bearers are, as I was assured, sworn never to give the King any of it; but it is a very noble liquor, and much of it transported into other countries. The town is much frequented by strangers, especially Germans, for the great purity of the language here spoken, as well as for divers other privileges, and the University, which causes the English to make

¹ [This statue was broken in pieces by the Revolutionists of 1792 to melt into cannon.]

no long sojourn here, except such as can drink and debauch.¹ The city stands in the county of Beauce (Belsia); was once styled a kingdom, afterwards a duchy, as at present, belonging to the second son of France. Many Councils have been held here, and some Kings crowned. The University is very ancient, divided now by the students into that of four nations, French, High Dutch, Normans, and Picardines, who have each their respective protectors, several officers, treasurers, consuls, seals, etc. There are in it two reasonable fair public libraries, whence one may borrow a book to one's chamber, giving but a note under hand, which is an extraordinary custom, and a confidence that has cost many libraries dear. The first church I went to visit was St. Croix; it has been a stately fabric, but now much ruined by the late civil wars. They report the tower of it to have been the highest in France. There is the beginning of a fair reparation.² About this cathedral is a very spacious cemetery. The town-house is also very nobly built, with a high tower to it. The market-place and streets, some whereof are deliciously planted with limes, are ample and straight, so well paved with a kind of pebble, that I have not seen a neater town in France. In fine, this city was by Francis I. esteemed the most agreeable of his vast dominions.

28th April. Taking boat on the Loire, I went towards Blois, the passage and river being both very pleasant. Passing Mehun, we dined at Beaugency, and slept at a little town, called St.

¹ ["They are at y^e Cabaret from morning to night"—says Addison of the Germans at Orleans—"and I suppose come into France on no other account but to Drink" (Addison to Mr. Stanyan, February, 1700.)]

² [The Cathedral of St. Croix was begun by Henri IV. in 1601, and continued under Louis XIII., XIV., and XV.]

Dié.¹ Quitting our bark, we hired horses to Blois, by the way of Chambord, a famous house of the King's, built by Francis I. in the middle of a solitary park, full of deer, enclosed with a wall. I was particularly desirous of seeing this palace, from the extravagance of the design, especially the staircase, mentioned by Palladio. It is said that 1800 workmen were constantly employed in this fabric for twelve years: if so, it is wonderful that it was not finished, it being no greater than divers gentlemen's houses in England, both for room and circuit. The carvings are indeed very rich and full. The staircase is devised with four entries, or ascents, which cross one another, so that though four persons meet, they never come in sight, but by small loop-holes, till they land. It consists of 274 steps (as I remember), and is an extraordinary work, but of far greater expense than use or beauty. The chimneys of the house appear like so many towers. About the whole is a large deep moat. The country about is full of corn, and wine, with many fair noblemen's houses.

We arrived at Blois, in the evening. The town is hilly, uneven, and rugged, standing on the side of the Loire, having suburbs joined by a stately stone bridge, on which is a pyramid with an inscription. At the entrance of the castle is a stone statue of Louis XII. on horseback, as large as life, under a Gothic state; ² and a little below are these words:

Hic ubi natus erat dextro Ludovicus Olympto,
Sumpsit honoratâ regia sceptrâ manu;
Felix quæ tanti fulsit Lux nuncia Regis!
Gallica non alio principe digna fuit.

Under this is a very wide pair of gates, nailed

¹ [St. Dié, a village 1½ mile from the Château de Chambord, —the Versailles of Touraine.]

² [He was born in the Castle, and rebuilt it.]

full of wolves and wild-boars' heads. Behind the castle the present Duke Gaston had begun a fair building, through which we walked into a large garden, esteemed for its furniture one of the fairest, especially for simples and exotic plants, in which he takes extraordinary delight.¹ On the right hand is a long gallery full of ancient statues and inscriptions, both of marble and brass; the length, 800 paces, divides the garden into higher and lower ground, having a very noble fountain. There is the portrait of a hart, taken in the forest by Louis XII., which has twenty-four antlers on its head. In the Collegiate Church of St. Saviour, we saw many sepulchres of the Earls of Blois.

On Sunday, being May-day, we walked up into Pall Mall, very long, and so noble shaded with tall trees (being in the midst of a great wood), that unless that of Tours, I had not seen a statelier.

From hence, we proceeded with a friend of mine through the adjoining forest, to see if we could meet any wolves, which are here in such numbers that they often come and take children out of the very streets;² yet will not the Duke, who is sovereign here, permit them to be destroyed. We walked five or six miles outright; but met with none; yet a gentleman, who was resting himself under a tree, with his horse grazing by him, told us that, half an hour before, two wolves had set upon his horse, and had in probability devoured him, but for a dog which lay by him. At a little village at

¹ [See *ante*, p. 97. "His greatest delight was in his garden, where he had all sorts of simples, plants and trees that the climate could produce, which he pleased himself with studying the names and virtues of" (Reresby's *Travels*, 1831, p. 25).]

² [Reresby confirms this, thirteen years afterwards. "They [the wolves] are so numerous and bold in cold weather, that the winter before my coming thither, a herd of them came into the street and devoured a young child" (*Travels*, 1831, p. 26). See also *ante*, p. 92.]

the end of this wood, we eat excellent cream, and visited a castle builded on a very steep cliff.

Blois is a town where the language is exactly spoken;¹ the inhabitants very courteous; the air so good, that it is the ordinary nursery of the King's children. The people are so ingenious, that, for goldsmith's work and watches, no place in France affords the like. The pastures by the river are very rich and pleasant.

2nd May. We took boat again, passing by Chaumont,² a proud castle on the left hand; before it is a sweet island, deliciously shaded with tall trees. A little distance from hence, we went on shore at Amboise, a very agreeable village, built of stone, and the houses covered with blue slate, as the towns on the Loire generally are;³ but the castle chiefly invited us, the thickness of whose towers from the river to the top, was admirable. We entered by the drawbridge, which has an invention to let one fall, if not premonished. It is full of halls and spacious chambers, and one staircase is large enough, and sufficiently commodious, to receive a coach, and land it on the very tower, as they told us had been done. There is some

¹ [For which reason Mr. Joseph Addison, some fifty years later, spent twelve months there to acquire the French language at its best. "The place where I am at present,"—he wrote to his friend Stanyan in February, 1700,—“by reason of its situation on the Loire *and its reputation for y^e Language*, is very much Infested with Fogs and German Counts.” Pope, it may be added, touches on the quality of the Blois French:—

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins—“This Lad, Sir, is of Blois. . . .
His French is pure.”

Imitations of Horace, Ep. II. Bk. ii. l. 3.]

² [The birthplace (1460) of Cardinal George d'Amboise (see *ante*, p. 98); and the residence of Catherine de Médicis.]

³ [Plus que le marbre dur me plaist *l'ordoise fine*,
Plus mon Loyre Gaulois que le Tybre Latin,—
sings Joachim du Bellay in his *Regrets*, 1565.]

artillery in it; but that which is most observable is in the ancient chapel, viz. a stag's head, or branches, hung up by chains, consisting of twenty brow-antlers, the beam bigger than a man's middle, and of an incredible length. Indeed, it is monstrous, and yet I cannot conceive how it should be artificial: they show also the ribs and vertebræ of the same beast; but these might be made of whalebone.¹

Leaving the castle, we passed Mont Louis, a village having no houses above ground, but such only as are hewn out the main rocks of excellent freestone. Here and there the funnel of a chimney appears on the surface amongst the vineyards which are over them, and in this manner they inhabit the caves, as it were sea-cliffs, on one side of the river for many miles.

We now came within sight of Tours, where we were designed for the rest of the time I had resolved to stay in France, the sojournment being so agreeable. Tours is situate on the easy side of a hill on the river Loire, having a fair bridge of stone called St. Edme; the streets are very long, straight, spacious, well-built, and exceeding clean; the suburbs large and pleasant, joined to the city by another bridge. Both the church and monastery of St. Martin are large, of Gothic building, having four square towers, fair organs, and a stately altar, where they show the bones and ashes of St. Martin, with other relics. The Mall without comparison is the noblest in Europe for length and shade,² having seven rows of the tallest and goodliest elms I had ever beheld, the innermost of which do so

¹ [Reresby, who duly mentions the winding staircase, adds: "In the chapel we saw the horns of a stag, of an incredible bigness, which they tell you swam from the sea, and came out of England; as also the neck-bone and one of his ribs, of five cubits and a half long" (*Travels* [in 1656], 1831, p. 26).]

² [Reresby calls it "the longest pell mell in France" (*Travels*, 1831, p. 26). See *ante*, p. 108.]

embrace each other, and at such a height, that nothing can be more solemn and majestic. Here we played a party, or party or two, and then walked about the town-walls, built of square stone, filled with earth, and having a moat. No city in France exceeds it in beauty, or delight.

6th May. We went to St. Gatien, reported to have been built by our countrymen; the dial and clock-work are much esteemed. The church has two handsome towers and spires of stone, and the whole fabric is very noble and venerable. To this joins the Palace of the Archbishop, consisting both of old and new building, with many fair rooms, and a fair garden. Here I grew acquainted with one Monsieur Merey, a very good musician. The Archbishop treated me very courteously. We visited divers other churches, chapels, and monasteries, for the most part neatly built, and full of pretty paintings, especially the Convent of the Capuchins, which has a prospect over the whole city, and many fair walks.

8th. I went to see their manufactures in silk (for in this town they drive a very considerable trade with silk-worms), their pressing and watering the grograms¹ and camlets,² with weights of an extraordinary poise, put into a rolling-engine. Here I took a master of the language, and studied the tongue very diligently,³ recreating myself sometimes at the mall, and sometimes about the town. The house opposite my lodging had been formerly a king's palace; the outside was totally covered with fleur-de-lis, embossed out of the stone. Here Marie de Médicis held her Court, when she was

¹ [A cloth made with silk and mohair (Old Fr., *gros-grain*).]

² [A stuff made of the hair of the Angora goat.]

³ ["His [the foreign traveller's] first study shall be to master the tongue of the country . . . which ought to be understood perfectly, written congruously, and spoken intelligently" (Preface to Evelyn's *State of France, Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 45).]

compelled to retire from Paris by the persecution of the great Cardinal.

25th May. Was the Fête Dieu, and a goodly procession of all the religious orders, the whole streets hung with their best tapestries, and their most precious movables exposed; silks, damasks, velvets, plate, and pictures in abundance; the streets strewed with flowers, and full of pageantry, banners, and bravery.

6th June. I went by water to visit that goodly and venerable Abbey of Marmoutiers, being one of the greatest in the kingdom: to it is a very ample church of stone, with a very high pyramid. Amongst other relics the Monks showed us is the Holy Ampoule,¹ the same with that which sacres their Kings at Rheims, this being the one that anointed Henry IV. Ascending many steps, we went into the Abbot's Palace, where we were showed a vast tun (as big as that at Heidelberg), which they report St. Martin (as I remember) filled from one cluster of grapes growing there.

7th. We walked about two miles from the city to an agreeable solitude, called Du Plessis,² a house belonging to the King. It has many pretty gardens, full of nightingales: and, in the chapel, lies buried the famous poet, Ronsard.³

Returning, we stepped into a Convent of Franciscans, called St. Cosmo, where the cloister

¹ ["A cruise of oil, or *la saint[e] ampoule*, which they say St. Martin received from heaven by an Angel (having broken one of his ribs) and by applying it found present cure" (Reresby's *Travels*, 1831, p. 27). It was publicly destroyed at Rheims in 1793. Reresby also mentions the Tun "as big as a little room." The Abbey of Marmoutiers (*majus monasterium*) was on the right bank of the Loire.]

² [The château of Plessis-lez-Tours, familiar in ch. iii. of *Quentin Durward*. It was built by Louis XI., who died there in 1483. Nothing but ruins now remain.]

³ [Pierre de Roussard, called Ronsard, 1524-85. He had a living at S. Côme-les-Tours.]

is painted with the miracles of their St. Francis à Paula, whose ashes lie in their chapel, with this inscription : "Corpus Sancti Fran. à Paula 1507. 18 Aprilis. concrematur verò ab Hæreticis anno 1562, cujus quidem ossa et cineres hic jacent." The tomb has four small pyramids of marble at each corner.

9th June. I was invited to a vineyard, which was so artificially planted and supported with arched poles, that stooping down one might see from end to end, a very great length, under the vines, the bunches hanging down in abundance.

20th. We took horse to see certain natural caves, called Gouttières, near Colombière, where there is a spring within the bowels of the earth, very deep and so excessive cold, that the drops meeting with some lapidescent matter, it converts them into a hard stone, which hangs about it like icicles, having many others in the form of *confitures* and sugar-plums, as we call them.

Near this, we went under the ground almost two furlongs, lighted with candles, to see the source and spring which serves the whole city, by a passage cut through the main rock of freestone.

28th. I went to see the palace and gardens of Chevereux, a sweet place.

30th. I walked through the vineyards as far as Roche Corbon, to the ruins of an old and very strong castle, said to have been built by the English, of great height, on the precipice of a dreadful cliff, from whence the country and river yield a most incomparable prospect.

27th July. I heard excellent music at the Jesuits, who have here a school and convent, but a mean chapel. We have now store of those admirable melons, so much celebrated in France for the best in the kingdom.

1st August. My valet, one Garro, a Spaniard,

with the famous acts of the founder; the roof with the life of Julius Cæsar; at the end of it is a cupola, or singing theatre, supported by very stately pillars of black marble. The chapel anciently belonged to the family of the founder. The court is very ample. The gardens without are very large, and the parterres of excellent embroidery, set with many statues of brass and marble; the groves, meadows, and walks are a real Paradise.

16th *September*. We returned to Tours, from whence, after nineteen weeks' sojourn, we travelled towards the more southern part of France, minding now to shape my course so, as I might winter in Italy. With my friend, Mr. Thicknesse,¹ and our guide, we went the first day seven leagues to a castle called Chénonceaux,² built by Catherine de Médicis, and now belonging to the Duke de Vendôme, standing on a bridge. In the gallery, amongst divers other excellent statues, is that of Scipio Africanus, of oriental alabaster.

21st. We passed by Villefranche, where we dined, and so by Mennetou, lying at Viaron-aumouton [? Vierzon], which was twenty leagues. The next day by Murg to Bourges, four leagues, where we spent the day. This is the capital of Berry, an University much frequented by the Dutch, situated on the river Eure. It stands high, is strong, and well placed for defence; is environed with meadows and vines, and the living here is very cheap. In the suburbs of St. Privé, there is a fountain of sharp water which

¹ [See *ante*, p. 14.]

² [Chénonceaux has also memories of Diane de Poitiers and Louise de Lorraine, widow of Henry III. It escaped the Revolution, owing chiefly to the respect felt for the proprietress, Mme. Dupin, *d.* 1799, who here entertained Bolingbroke, Voltaire, and Rousseau. The *Devin du Fillage* of the last was first performed in its little theatre.]

they report wholesome against the stone. They showed us a vast tree which they say stands in the centre of France.¹ The French tongue is spoken with great purity in this place. St. Stephen's church is the cathedral, well-built *à la Gothique*, full of sepulchres without-side, with the representation of the final Judgment over one of the ports.² Here they show the chapel of Claude de la Chastre, a famous soldier, who had served six kings of France in their wars. St. Chapelle is built much like that at Paris, full of relics, and containing the bones of one Briat, a giant of fifteen cubits high. It was erected by John Duke of Berry, and there is showed the coronet of the dukedom. The great tower is a pharos for defence of the town, very strong, in thickness eighteen feet, fortified with graffs and works; there is a garrison in it, and a strange engine for throwing great stones, and the iron cage where Louis, Duke of Orleans, was kept by Charles VIII. Near the Town-house stands the College of Jesuits, where was heretofore an Amphitheatre. I was courteously entertained by a Jesuit, who had us into the garden, where we fell into disputation. The house of Jacques Cœur is worth seeing.³ Bourges is an Archbishopric, and Primacy of Aquitaine. I took my leave of Mr. Nicholas,⁴ and some other English there; and, on the 28rd, proceeded on my journey by Pont du Charge; and lay that evening at Couleuvre, thirteen leagues.

24th September. By Franchesse, St. Menoux, thence to Moulins, where we dined. This is the chief town of the Bourbonnais, on the river Allier, very navigable. The streets are fair; the Castle

¹ [Bourges is said to be in the centre of France.]

² [The central door in the W. façade.]

³ [Afterwards the Hôtel de Ville.]

⁴ [See *ante*, p. 104.]

has a noble prospect, and has been the seat of the Dukes. Here is a pretty park and garden. After dinner, came many who offered knives and scissors to sell; it being a town famous for these trifles. This Duchy of Bourbon is ordinarily assigned for the dowry of the Queens of France.

Hence, we took horse for Varennes, an obscure village,¹ where we lay that night. The next day, we went somewhat out of the way to see the town of Bourbon l'Archambault, from whose ancient and rugged castle is derived the name of the present Royal Family of France. The castle stands on a flinty rock, overlooking the town. In the midst of the streets are some baths of medicinal waters, some of them excessive hot, but nothing so neatly walled and adorned as ours in Somersetshire; and indeed they are chiefly used to drink of, our Queen being then lodged there for that purpose.² After dinner, I went to see the St. Chapelle, a prime place of devotion, where is kept one of the thorns of our Saviour's crown, and a piece of the real cross; excellent paintings on glass, and some few statues of stone and wood, which they show for curiosities. Hence, we went forward to La Palisse, a village that lodged us that night.

26th September. We arrived at Roanne, where we quitted our guide, and took post for Lyons. Roanne seemed to me one of the pleasantest and

¹ The "obscure village" to which Evelyn refers, was destined to have a more memorable association, in later years, with the French Royal Family.

² [Henrietta Maria (see *ante*, p. 114). She passed some three months at Bourbon, "arriving there in so crippled a condition that she could not walk without being supported on either side, and so weakened in nerves that she was almost always in tears." At the conclusion of the treatment she began "to hope she should not die" (*Life of Henrietta Maria*, by Miss I. A. Taylor, 1905, ii. 311). James II. also came to Bourbon shortly before his death. But the visitor most associated with the place is Mme. de Montespan.]



*Vue et Perspective du Chateau de Bourbon l'Archambault ou sont des
Bains, et Eaux minerales propres pour la guerison de plusieurs maladies.*

J. B. 50

THE CASTLE OF BOURBON L'ARCHEMBAULT

most agreeable places imaginable, for a retired person: for, besides the situation on the Loire, there are excellent provisions cheap and abundant. It being late when we left this town, we rode no farther than Tarare that night (passing St. Symphorien¹), a little desolate village in a valley near a pleasant stream, encompassed with fresh meadows and vineyards. The hills which we rode over before we descended, and afterwards, on the Lyons side of this place, are high and mountainous; fir and pines growing frequently on them. The air methought was much altered as well as the manner of the houses, which are built flatter, more after the eastern manner. Before I went to bed, I took a landscape² of this pleasant terrace. There followed a most violent tempest of thunder and lightning.

27th September. We rode by Pont Charu to Lyons, which being but six leagues we soon accomplished, having made eighty-five leagues from Tours in seven days. Here, at the Golden Lion, *rue de Flandre*, I met divers of my acquaintance, who, coming from Paris, were designed for Italy. We lost no time in seeing the city, because of being ready to accompany these gentlemen in their journey. Lyons is excellently situated on the confluence of the rivers Saône and Rhone, which wash the walls of the city in a very rapid stream; each of these has its bridge; that over the Rhone consists of twenty-eight arches. The two high cliffs, called St. Just and St. Sebastian, are very stately; on one of them stands a strong fort, garrisoned. We visited the cathedral, St. Jean, where was one of the fairest clocks for art and busy invention I had ever seen.³ The fabric of the

¹ [St.-Symphorien-de-Lay, where the ascent of the Montagne de Tarare begins.]

² [Cf. *post*, p. 121.]

³ [By Nicholas Lippeus of Basle, 1508, much like that of Strasburg.]

church is Gothic, as are likewise those of St. Etienne and St. Croix. From the top of one of the towers of St. Jean (for it has four) we beheld the whole city and country, with a prospect reaching to the Alps, many leagues distant. The Archbishop's Palace is fairly built. The church of St. Nizier is the greatest; that of the Jacobins is well built. Here are divers other fine churches and very noble buildings we had not time to visit, only that of the Charité, or great hospital for poor infirm people, entertaining about 1500 souls, with a school, granary, gardens, and all conveniences, maintained at a wonderful expense, worthy seeing. The place of the Belle Cour is very spacious, observable for the view it affords, so various and agreeable, of hills, rocks, vineyards, gardens, precipices, and other extravagant and incomparable advantages, presenting themselves together. The Pall Mall is set with fair trees. In fine, this stately, clean, and noble city, built all of stone, abounds in persons of quality and rich merchants: those of Florence obtaining great privileges above the rest. In the Town-house, they show two tables of brass, on which is engraven Claudius's speech pronounced to the Senate,¹ concerning the franchising of the town, with the Roman privileges. There are also other antiquities.

30th September. We bargained with a waterman to carry us to Avignon on the river, and got the first night to Vienne, in Dauphiné. This is an Archbishopric, and the province gives title to the Heir-apparent of France.² Here we supped and lay,

¹ [When Censor, A.D. 48. Claudius was born at Lyons. The Bronze Tables were discovered in 1528, on the heights of St. Sebastian.]

² ["The eldest son of France is, during the life of his father, called the Dauphin, from the stipulation (as it seems) made with Umberto: who bequeathed that province [Dauphiné] conditionally to Philip de Valois" (Evelyn's *State of France, Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 54).]

having amongst other dainties, a dish of truffles, which is a certain earth-nut, found out by a hog trained to it, and for which those animals are sold at a great price. It is in truth an incomparable meat. We were showed the ruins of an amphitheatre, pretty entire ;¹ and many handsome palaces, especially that of Pontius Pilate,² not far from the town, at the foot of a solitary mountain, near the river, having four pinnacles. Here it is reported he passed his exile, and precipitated himself into the lake not far from it. The house is modern, and seems to be the seat of some gentleman ; being in a very pleasant, though melancholy place. The cathedral of Vienne is St. Maurice ; and there are many other pretty buildings, but nothing more so, than the mills where they hammer and polish the sword-blades.

Hence, the next morning we swam (for the river here is so rapid that the boat was only steered) to a small village called Tain, where we dined. Over against this is another town, named Tournon, where is a very strong castle under a high precipice. To the castle joins the Jesuits' College, who have a fair library.³ The prospect was so tempting, that I could not forbear designing it with my crayon.⁴

We then came to Valence, a capital city carrying the title of a Duchy ; but the Bishop is now sole Lord temporal of it, and the country about it. The town having a University famous for the study of the civil law, is much frequented ; but the churches are none of the fairest, having been greatly defaced in the time of the wars. The streets are

¹ [On the slopes of Mont Pipet.]

² [The Castle of Salomon. According to Eusebius and others, Pilate was banished to Vienne, after his return to Rome from Judæa.]

³ [Founded by the favourite of Francis I., the Cardinal de Tournon, in 1542. It was later an École Militaire.]

⁴ [See *ante*, p. 119.]

full of pretty fountains. The citadel is strong and garrisoned. Here we passed the night, and the next morning by Pont St. Esprit, which consists of twenty-two arches; in the piers of the arches are windows, as it were, to receive the water when it is high and full. Here we went on shore, it being very dangerous to pass the bridge in a boat.

Hence, leaving our barge, we took horse, seeing at a distance the town and principality of Orange; and, lodging one night on the way, we arrived at noon at Avignon. This town has belonged to the Popes ever since the time of Clement V.; being, in 1352,¹ alienated by Jane, Queen of Naples and Sicily. Entering the gates, the soldiers at the guard took our pistols and carbines, and examined us very strictly; after that, having obtained the Governor's and the Vice-Legate's leave to tarry three days, we were civilly conducted to our lodging. The city is on the Rhone, and divided from the newer part, or town, which is on the other side of the river, by a very fair stone bridge (which has been broken); at one end is a very high rock, on which is a strong castle well furnished with artillery. The walls of the city are of large square freestone, the most neat and best in repair I ever saw. It is full of well-built palaces; those of the Vice-Legate and Archbishop being the most magnificent. There are many sumptuous churches, especially that of St. Magdalene and St. Martial, wherein the tomb of the Cardinal d'Amboise is the most observable. Clement VI. lies buried in that of the Celestines, the altar whereof is exceeding rich: but for nothing I more admired it than the tomb of Madonna Laura, the celebrated mistress of Petrarch.² We saw the

¹ [In 1348.]

² In the Church of the Cordeliers, destroyed in the Revolution. It was then, says Arthur Young (*Travels, etc.*, 1792, i. 173),

Arsenal, the Pope's Palace, and the Synagogue of the Jews, who here are distinguished by their red hats. Vacluse, so much renowned for the solitude of Petrarch, we beheld from the castle; but could not go to visit it for want of time, being now taking mules and a guide for Marseilles.

We lay at Loumas; the next morning, came to Aix, having passed that extremely rapid and dangerous river of Durance. In this tract, all the heaths, or commons, are covered with rosemary, lavender, lentiscus, and the like sweet shrubs, for many miles together; which to me was very pleasant. Aix is the chief city of Provence, being a Parliament and Presidential town, with other royal Courts and Metropolitan jurisdiction. It is well built, the houses very high, and the streets ample. The Cathedral, St. Saviour's, is a noble pile adorned with innumerable figures; especially that of St. Michael; the Baptisterie, the Palace, the Court, built in a most spacious piazza, are very fair. The Duke of Guise's house is worth seeing, being furnished with many antiquities in and about it. The Jesuits have here a royal College, and the City is a University.

7th October. We had a most delicious journey to Marseilles, through a country sweetly declining to the south and Mediterranean coasts, full of vine-

"nothing but a stone in the pavement, with a figure engraven on it partly effaced, surrounded by an inscription in Gothic letters, and another in the wall adjoining, with the armorial of the family De Sade"—to which Laura belonged. The last remains of Laura were taken to the Bibliothèque Nationale in 1793—says Mr. Augustus Hare—and have been lost. But he quotes a charming quatrain, either by Francis I. or Clement Marot, which was added when the tomb was opened in 1533:—

*O gentille âme, estant tant estimée,
Qui te pourra louer qu'en se taisant ?
Car la parole est toujours réprimée
Quand le sujet surmonte le disant.*

South-Eastern France, 1890, p. 368.]

yards and olive-yards, orange trees, myrtles, pomegranates, and the like sweet plantations, to which belong pleasantly-situated villas,¹ to the number of above 1500, built all of freestone, and in prospect showing as if they were so many heaps of snow dropped out of the clouds amongst those perennial greens. It was almost at the shutting of the gates that we arrived. Marseilles is on the sea-coast, on a pleasant rising ground, well-walled, with an excellent port for ships and galleys, secured by a huge chain of iron drawn across the harbour at pleasure; and there is a well-fortified tower with three other forts, especially that built on a rock;² but the castle commanding the city is that of Notre Dame de la Garde.³ In the chapel hung up divers crocodiles' skins.

We went then to visit the galleys, being about twenty-five in number; the *capitaine* of the Galley Royal gave us most courteous entertainment in his cabin, the slaves in the interim playing both loud and soft music very rarely. Then he showed us how he commanded their motions with a nod, and his whistle making them row out. The spectacle was to me new and strange, to see so many hundreds of miserably naked persons, their heads being shaven close, and having only high red bonnets, a pair of coarse canvas drawers, their whole backs and legs naked, doubly chained about their middle and legs, in couples, and made fast to their seats, and all commanded in a trice by an imperious and cruel seaman. One Turk amongst the rest he much favoured, who waited on him in his cabin, but with no other dress than the rest, and a chain locked about his leg, but not coupled. This galley

¹ [The *bastides* or country-houses of Provence.]

² [Fort St. Nicolas.]

³ [The church of Notre Dame de la Garde was rebuilt in 1864 on the site of a former chapel of 1214.]

was richly carved and gilded, and most of the rest were very beautiful. After bestowing something on the slaves, the *capitaine* sent a band of them to give us music at dinner where we lodged. I was amazed to contemplate how these miserable caitiffs lie in their galley crowded together; yet there was hardly one but had some occupation, by which, as leisure and calms permitted, they got some little money, insomuch as some of them have, after many years of cruel servitude, been able to purchase their liberty. The rising-forward and falling-back at their oar, is a miserable spectacle, and the noise of their chains, with the roaring of the beaten waters, has something of strange and fearful in it to one unaccustomed to it. They are ruled and chastised by strokes on their backs and soles of their feet, on the least disorder, and without the least humanity, yet are they cheerful and full of knavery.

After dinner, we saw the church of St. Victor, where is that saint's head in a shrine of silver, which weighs 600 pounds. Thence to Notre Dame, exceedingly well-built, which is the cathedral. Thence to the Duke of Guise's Palace, the Palace of Justice, and the *Maison du Roi*; but nothing is more strange than the great number of slaves working in the streets, and carrying burdens, with their confused noises, and jingling of their huge chains. The chief trade of the town is in silks and drugs out of Africa, Syria, and Egypt, and Barbary horses, which are brought hither in great numbers. The town is governed by four captains, has three consuls, and one assessor, three judges royal; the merchants have a judge for ordinary causes. Here we bought umbrellas against the heats,¹ and

¹ [Umbrellas, at this date, though used abroad, were unfamiliar in England. "Temperance and an umbrella must be my defence against the heats," writes Edward Browne (Sir Thomas

consulted of our journey to Cannes by land, for fear of the Picaroon Turks, who make prize of many small vessels about these parts; we not finding a galley bound for Genoa, whither we were designed.

9th October. We took mules, passing the first night very late in sight of St. Baume, and the solitary grot where they affirm Mary Magdalen did her penance. The next day, we lay at Périgueux, a city built on an old foundation; witness the ruins of a most stately amphitheatre, which I went out to design, being about a flight-shot from the town; they call it now the Rolsies. There is also a strong tower near the town, called the Vésune,¹ but the town and city are at some distance from each other. It is a bishopric; has a cathedral with divers noblemen's houses in sight of the sea. The place was formerly called Forum Julij, well known by antiquaries.

10th. We proceeded by the ruins of a stately aqueduct. The soil about the country is rocky, full of pines and rare simples.

11th. We lay at Cannes, which is a small port on the Mediterranean; here we agreed with a seaman to carry us to Genoa, and, having procured a

Browne's eldest son) from Venice in 1665.] Coryat describes them thus in 1608:—"Also many of them [the Italians] doe carry other fine things of a far greater price, that will cost at least a duckat, which they commonly call in the Italian tongues *umbrelloes*, that is, things that minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heate of the sunne. These are made of leather something answerable to the forme of a little cannopy, & hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoopoes that extend the *umbrella* in a pretty large compasse. They are used especially by horsemen, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs; and they impart so long a shadow unto them, that it keepeth the heate of the sunne from the upper parts of their bodies" (*Crudities*, 1776, i. 135).]

¹ [From Vesuna, its old Roman name.]

bill of health (without which there is no admission at any town in Italy), we embarked on the 12th. We touched at the islands of St. Margaret and St. Honorat, lately re-taken from the Spaniards with great bravery by Prince Harcourt. Here, having paid some small duty, we bought some trifles offered us by the soldiers, but without going on shore. Hence, we coasted within two leagues of Antibes, which is the utmost town in France. Thence by Nice, a city in Savoy, built all of brick, which gives it a very pleasant appearance towards the sea, having a very high castle which commands it. We sailed by Morgus, now called Monaco, having passed Villa Franca, heretofore Portus Herculis, when, arriving after the gates were shut, we were forced to abide all night in the barge, which was put into the haven, the wind coming contrary. In the morning, we were hastened away, having no time permitted us by our avaricious master to go up and see this strong and considerable place, which now belongs to a prince of the family of Grimaldi, of Genoa, who has put both it and himself under the protection of the French. The situation is on a promontory of solid stone and rock. The town walls very fair. We were told that within it was an ample court, and a palace, furnished with the most rich and princely movables, and a collection of statues, pictures, and massy plate to an immense amount.

We sailed by Mentone and Ventimiglia, being the first city of the republic of Genoa; supped at Oneglia, where we anchored and lay on shore. The next morning, we coasted in view of the Isle of Corsica, and St. Remo, where the shore is furnished with evergreens, oranges, citrons, and date trees; we lay at Porto Maurizio. The next morning by Diano, Araisso, famous for the best coral fishing, growing in abundance on the rocks,

deep and continually covered by the sea. By Albenga and Finale, a very fair and strong town belonging to the King of Spain, for which reason a monsieur in our vessel was extremely afraid, as was the patron of our bark, for they frequently catch French prizes, as they creep by these shores to go into Italy; he therefore plied both sails and oars, to get under the protection of a Genoese galley that passed not far before us, and in whose company we sailed as far as the Cape of Savona, a town built at the rise of the Apennines: for all this coast (except a little of St. Remo) is a high and steep mountainous ground, consisting all of rock-marble, without any grass, tree, or *rivage*, formidable to look on. A strange object it is, to consider how some poor cottages stand fast on the declivities of these precipices, and by what steps the inhabitants ascend to them. The rock consists of all sorts of the most precious marbles.

Here, on the 15th, forsaking our galley, we encountered a little foul weather, which made us creep *terra, terra*, as they call it, and so a vessel that encountered us advised us to do; but our patron, striving to double the point of Savona, making out into the wind put us into great hazard; for blowing very hard from land betwixt those horrid gaps of the mountains, it set so violently, as raised on the sudden so great a sea, that we could not recover the weather-shore for many hours, inso-much that, what with the water already entered, and the confusion of fearful passengers (of which one who was an Irish bishop, and his brother, a priest, were confessing some as at the article of death), we were almost abandoned to despair, our pilot himself giving us up for lost. And now, as we were weary with pumping and laving out the water, almost sinking, it pleased God on the sudden to appease the wind, and with much ado and great

peril we recovered the shore, which we now kept in view within half a league in sight of those pleasant villas, and within scent of those fragrant orchards which are on this coast, full of princely retirements for the sumptuousness of their buildings, and nobleness of the plantations, especially those at St. Pietro d' Arena ; from whence, the wind blowing as it did, might perfectly be smelt the peculiar joys of Italy in the perfumes of orange, citron, and jasmine flowers, for divers leagues seaward.¹

16th October. We got to anchor under the Pharos, or watch-tower, built on a high rock at the mouth of the Mole of Genoa,² the weather being still so foul that for two hours at least we durst not stand into the haven. Towards evening we adventured, and came on shore by the Pratique-house, where, after strict examination by the Syndics, we were had to the Ducal Palace, and there our names being taken, we were conducted to our inn, kept by one Zacharias, an Englishman. I shall never forget a story of our host Zachary, who, on the relation of our peril, told us another of his own, being shipwrecked, as he affirmed solemnly, in the middle of a great sea somewhere in the West Indies, that he swam no less than twenty-two leagues to another island, with a tinder-box wrapped up in his hair, which was not so much as wet all the

¹ [Evelyn refers to this again in the dedication of his *Fumifugium* (1661) to Charles the Second :—" Those who take notice of the scent of the orange-flowers from the rivage of Genoa, and St. Pietro dell' Arena ; the blossomes of the rosemary from the Coasts of Spain, many leagues off at sea ; or the manifest, and odoriferous wafts which flow from Fontenay and Vaugirard, even to Paris in the season of roses, with the contrary effect of those less pleasing smells from other accidents, will easily consent to what I suggest " (i.e. that it is wise to plant sweet-smelling trees). *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 208.]

² [" At first it was onely a little Fort for to help to bridle Genoa, and it was built by Lewis the XII. of France " (Lassels, *Voyage of Italy*, 1670, i. p. 84).]

way ; that picking up the carpenter's tools with other provisions in a chest, he and the carpenter, who accompanied him (good swimmers it seems both), floated the chest before them ; and, arriving at last in a place full of wood, they built another vessel, and so escaped ! After this story, we no more talked of our danger ; Zachary put us quite down.

17th October. Accompanied by a most courteous *marchand*, called Tomson, we went to view the rarities. The city is built in the hollow or bosom of a mountain, whose ascent is very steep, high, and rocky, so that, from the Lantern and Mole to the hill, it represents the shape of a theatre ; the streets and buildings so ranged one above another, as our seats are in the play-houses ; but, from their materials, beauty, and structure, never was an artificial scene more beautiful to the eye, nor is any place, for the size of it, so full of well-designed and stately palaces, as may be easily concluded by that rare book in a large folio which the great virtuoso and painter, Paul Rubens, has published, though it contains [the description of] only one street and two or three churches.¹

The first palace we went to visit was that of Hieronymo del Negros, to which we passed by boat across the harbour. Here I could not but observe the sudden and devilish passion of a seaman, who plying us was intercepted by another fellow, that interposed his boat before him and took us in ; for the tears gushing out of his eyes, he put his finger in his mouth and almost bit it off by the joint, showing it to his antagonist as an assurance to him of some bloody revenge, if ever he came near that part of the harbour again. Indeed this beautiful city is more stained with such horrid acts of revenge

¹ [*Palazzi di Genova*, 139 plates published by Rubens at Antwerp in 1622, from designs probably made at Genoa in 1607.]

and murders, than any one place in Europe, or haply in the world, where there is a political government, which makes it unsafe to strangers. It is made a galley matter to carry a knife whose point is not broken off.

This palace of Negros is richly furnished with the rarest pictures ; on the terrace, or hilly garden, there is a grove of stately trees, amongst which are sheep, shepherds, and wild beasts, cut very artificially in a grey stone ; fountains, rocks, and fish-ponds ; casting your eyes one way, you would imagine yourself in a wilderness and silent country ; sideways, in the heart of a great city ; and backwards, in the midst of the sea. All this is within one acre of ground. In the house, I noticed those red-plaster floors which are made so hard, and kept so polished, that for some time one would take them for whole pieces of porphyry. I have frequently wondered that we never practised this [art] in England for cabinets and rooms of state,¹ for it appears to me beyond any invention of that kind ; but by their carefully covering them with canvass and fine mattresses, where there is much passage, I suppose they are not lasting in their glory, and haply they are often repaired.

There are numerous other palaces of particular curiosities, for the *marchands* being very rich, have, like our neighbours, the Hollanders,² little or no extent of ground to employ their estates in ; as those in pictures and hangings, so these lay it out on marble houses and rich furniture. One of the greatest here for circuit is that of the Prince Doria, which reaches from the sea to the summit of the mountains. The house is most magnificently built without, nor less gloriously furnished within, having

¹ There are such at Hardwick Hall, in Derbyshire, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire's.

² [Cf. *ante*, p. 32.]

whole tables¹ and bedsteads of massy silver, many of them set with agates, onyxes, cornelians, lazulis, pearls, turquoises, and other precious stones. The pictures and statues are innumerable. To this palace belong three gardens, the first whereof is beautified with a terrace, supported by pillars of marble:² there is a fountain of eagles, and one of Neptune, with other sea-gods, all of the purest white marble; they stand in a most ample basin of the same stone. At the side of this garden is such an aviary as Sir Francis Bacon describes in his *Sermones fidelium*, or *Essays*,³ wherein grow trees of more than two feet diameter, besides cypress, myrtles, lentiscuses, and other rare shrubs, which serve to nestle and perch all sorts of birds, who have air and place enough under their airy canopy, supported with huge iron work, stupendous for its fabric and the charge.⁴ The other two gardens are full of orange trees, citrons, and pomegranates, fountains, grotts, and statues. One of the latter is a colossal Jupiter, under which is the sepulchre of a beloved dog, for the care of which one of this family received of the King of Spain 500 crowns a year, during the life of that faithful animal. The reservoir of water here is a most admirable piece of art; and so is the grotto over against it.

¹ [In his *Voyage of Italy*, 1670, i. p. 94, Lassels says that one of these weighed 24,000 lbs.]

² [Cf. Lassels, "Its garden towards the Sea is built upon three rowes of *white marble Rayls* borne up by *white marble pillars*, which ascending by degrees, is so beautifull to behold from the Sea, that strangers passing that way to *Genoa*, take this garden for a second *Paradise*" (i. p. 92).]

³ [The Latin title which Bacon chose himself for his *Essays* in 1638 was *Sermones Fideles, sive Interiora Rerum*.]

⁴ ["For Aviaries, I like them not, except they be of that Largenesse as they may be Turffed, and have Living Plants and Bushes set in them; That the Birds may have more Scope, and Naturall Neastling, and that no Foulennesse appeare in the Floare of the Aviary" (*Essay* xli.—"Of Gardens").]

We went hence to the Palace of the Dukes, where is also the Court of Justice; thence to the Merchant's Walk, rarely covered. Near¹ the Ducal Palace we saw the public armoury, which was almost all new, most neatly kept and ordered, sufficient for 80,000 men. We were showed many rare inventions and engines of war peculiar to that armoury, as in the state when guns were first put in use. The garrison of the town chiefly consists of Germans and Corsicans. The famous Strada Nova, built wholly of polished marble, was designed by Rubens, and for stateliness of the buildings, paving, and evenness of the street, is far superior to any in Europe, for the number of houses;² that of Don Carlo Doria is a most magnificent structure. In the gardens of the old Marquess Spinola, I saw huge citrons hanging on the trees applied like our apricots to the walls. The churches are no less splendid than the palaces; that of St. Francis is wholly built of Parian marble; St. Laurence, in the middle of the city, of white and black polished stone, the inside wholly incrustured with marble and other precious materials; on the altar of St. John stand four sumptuous columns of porphyry; and here we were showed an emerald, supposed to be one of the largest in the world.³ The church of St. Ambrosio, belonging to the Jesuits, will, when finished, exceed all the rest; and that of the

¹ Lassels says (i. p. 89), in the Palace.

² ["The New-Street is a double Range of Palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent Fancy, and fit for the greatest Princes to inhabit" (Addison's *Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 11).]

³ Lassels calls it a great dish, in which they say here that our Saviour ate the Paschal Lamb with his Disciples; but he candidly adds that he finds no authority for it in any ancient writer, and that to it must be opposed the statement of the Venerable Bede, that the dish used was of *silver*! Of an "authentic Relick" of St. John, he observes that Cardinal Baronius speaks credibly (i. p. 86).

Annunciata, founded at the charges of one family,¹ in the present and future design can never be out-done for cost and art. From the churches we walked to the Mole, a work of solid huge stone, stretching itself near 600 paces into the main sea, and secures the harbour, heretofore of no safety. Of all the wonders of Italy, for the art and nature of the design, nothing parallels this. We passed over to the Pharos, or Lantern, a tower of very great height. Here we took horses, and made the circuit of the city as far as the new walls, built of a prodigious height, and with Herculean industry; witness those vast pieces of whole mountains which they have hewn away, and blown up with gun-powder, to render them steep and inaccessible. They are not much less than twenty English miles in extent,² reaching beyond the utmost buildings of the city. From one of these promontories we could easily discern the island of Corsica; and from the same, eastward, we saw a vale having a great torrent running through a most desolate barren country; and then turning our eyes more northward, saw those delicious villas of St. Pietro d'Arena, which present another Genoa to you, the ravishing retirements of the Genoese nobility. Hence, with much pain, we descended towards the Arsenal, where the galleys lie in excellent order.

The inhabitants of the city are much affected to the Spanish mode and stately garb.³ From the

¹ Two brothers, named Lomellini, allowed the third part of their gains (Lassels, i. p. 87).

² Lassels says (i. p. 83), finished in eighteen months, and yet six miles in compass.

³ Thus described by Lassels (i. p. 95): "Broad hats without hat-bands; broad leather *girdles* with *steel buckles*, narrow britches with long-wasted doublets and hanging sleeves, to be *à la mode*, as well as in *Madrid*. And I found all the great *Ladyes* here to go like the *Donnas* of *Spain*, in *Guardinfantas* [child-preservers], that is, in horrible overgrowne *Vertigals* of whale-bone, which

narrowness of the streets, they use sedans and litters, and not coaches.

19th October. We embarked in a felucca for Livorno, or Leghorn; but the sea running very high, we put in at Porto Venere, which we made with peril, between two narrow horrid rocks, against which the sea dashed with great velocity; but we were soon delivered into as great a calm and a most ample harbour, being in the Golfo di Spezia. From hence, we could see Pliny's Delphini Promontorium, now called Capo fino. Here stood that famous city of Luna, whence the port was named Lunaris, being about two leagues over, more resembling a lake than a haven, but defended by castles and excessive high mountains. We landed at Lerici, where, being Sunday, was a great procession, carrying the Sacrament about the streets in solemn devotion. After dinner, we took post-horses, passing through whole groves of olive trees, the way somewhat rugged and hilly at first, but afterwards pleasant. Thus we passed through the towns of Sarzana and Massa, and the vast marble quarries of Carrara, and lodged in an obscure inn, at a place called Viareggio. The next morning, we arrived at Pisa, where I met my old friend, Mr. Thomas Henshaw, who was then newly come out of Spain, and from whose company I never parted till more than a year after.¹

The city of Pisa is as much worth seeing as any in Italy; it has contended with Rome, Florence,

being put about the waste of the Lady, and full as broad on both sides, as she can reach with her hands, beare out her coats in such a huffing manner, that she appears to be as broad as long. So that the men here with their little close britches, looked like *tumblers* that leap through the *houps*: and the women like those that danced anciently the *Hobby-horse* in country *Mummings*."

¹ [Thomas Henshaw, 1618-1700, of University College, Oxford, and Middle Temple (see *post*, under 15th February, 1645).]

Sardinia, Sicily, and even Carthage.¹ The palace and church of St. Stefano (where the order of knighthood called by that name was instituted) drew first our curiosity, the outside thereof being altogether of polished marble; within, it is full of tables relating to this Order; over which hang divers banners and pendants, with other trophies taken by them from the Turks, against whom they are particularly obliged to fight; though a religious order, they are permitted to marry. At the front of the palace stands a fountain, and the statue of the great Duke Cosmo. The Campanile, or Settezonio, built by John Venipont, a German, consists of several orders of pillars, thirty in a row, designed to be much higher. It stands alone on the right side of the cathedral, strangely remarkable for this, that the beholder would expect it to fall, being built exceedingly declining, by a rare address of the architect; and how it is supported from falling I think would puzzle a good geometrician. The Duomo, or Cathedral, standing near it, is a superb structure, beautified with six columns of great antiquity; the gates are of brass, of admirable workmanship. The cemetery called Campo Santo is made of divers galley ladings of earth formerly brought from Jerusalem, said to be of such a nature, as to consume dead bodies in forty hours.² 'Tis cloistered with marble arches; and

¹ [Addison calls Pisa "still the Shell of a great City, tho' not half furnish'd with Inhabitants" (*Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 400).]

² [Archbishop Ubaldo, 1188-1200, the founder of the cemetery, brought the earth from Palestine. Cf. account of St. Innocent's Churchyard at Paris, *ante*, p. 100. "I have been often at St. Innocents church yard, and have seen them dig up bones which have been very rotten after 3 weeks or a month's interment. The flesh must needs then bee corrupted in a far shorter space" (Edward Browne to his father, 17th May, 1664, Sir T. Browne's *Works*, 1836, i. 61).]

here lies buried the learned Philip Decius,¹ who taught in this University. At one side of this church, stands an ample and well-wrought marble vessel, which heretofore contained the tribute paid yearly by the city to Cæsar. It is placed, as I remember, on a pillar of opal stone, with divers other antique urns. Near this, and in the same field, is the Baptistery of San Giovanni, built of pure white marble, and covered with so artificial a cupola, that the voice uttered under it seems to break out of a cloud. The font and pulpit, supported by four lions, is of inestimable value for the preciousness of the materials. The place where these buildings stand they call the Area. Hence, we went to the College, to which joins a gallery so furnished with natural rarities, stones, minerals, shells, dried animals, skeletons, etc., as is hardly to be seen in Italy. To this the Physic Garden lies, where is a noble palm tree, and very fine water-works. The river Arno runs through the middle of this stately city, whence the main street is named Lung' Arno. It is so ample that the Duke's galleys, built in the arsenal here, are easily conveyed to Leghorn; over the river is an arch, the like of which, for its flatness, and serving for a bridge, is nowhere in Europe. The Duke has a stately Palace, before which is placed the statue of Ferdinand the Third; over against it is the Exchange, built of marble. Since this city came to be under the Dukes of Tuscany, it has been much depopulated, though there is hardly in Italy any which exceeds it for stately edifices. The situation of it is low and flat; but the inhabitants have spacious gardens, and even fields within the walls.

21st October. We took coach to Leghorn, through the Great Duke's new park full of huge

¹ [Philip Decio, 1454-1535, a famous Italian lawyer.]

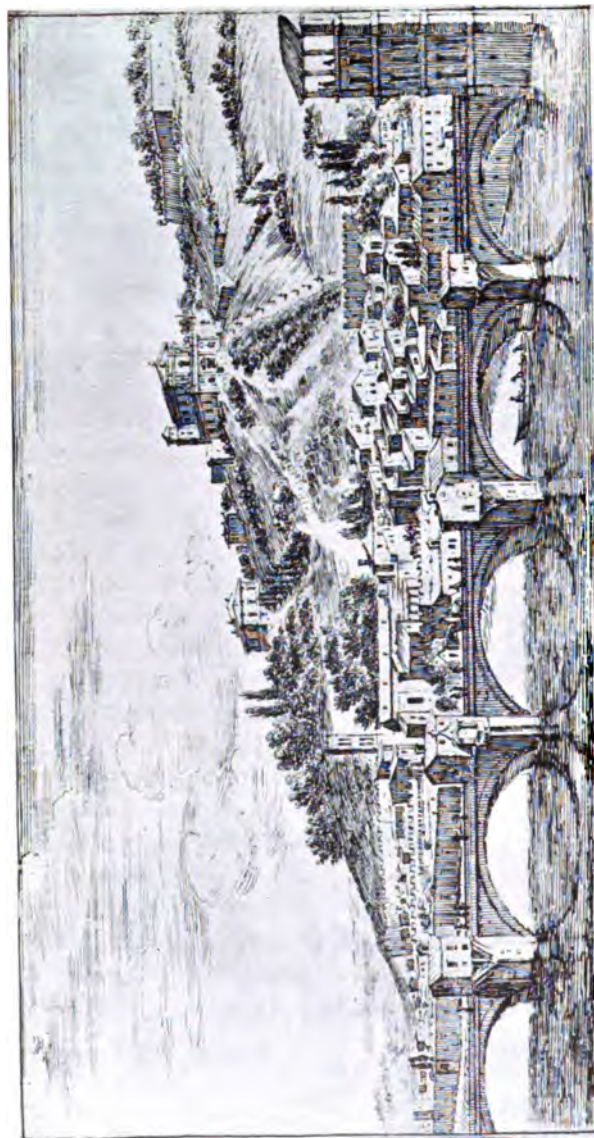
cork trees, the underwood all myrtles, amongst which were many buffaloes feeding, a kind of wild ox, short nose with horns reversed; those who work with them command them, as our bear-wards do the bears, with a ring through the nose, and a cord. Much of this park, as well as a great part of the country about it, is very fenny, and the air very bad.

Leghorn is the prime port belonging to all the Duke's territories; heretofore a very obscure town, but since Duke Ferdinand has strongly fortified it (after the modern way), drained the marshes by cutting a channel thence to Pisa navigable sixteen miles, and has raised a mole, emulating that at Genoa, to secure the shipping, it is become a place of great receipt; it has also a place for the galleys, where they lie safe. Before the sea is an ample piazza for the market, where are the statues in copper of the four slaves, much exceeding the life for proportion, and, in the judgment of most artists, one of the best pieces of modern work.¹ Here, especially in this piazza, is such a concourse of slaves, Turks, Moors, and other nations, that the number and confusion is prodigious; some buying, others selling, others drinking, others playing, some working, others sleeping, fighting, singing, weeping, all nearly naked, and miserably chained. Here was a tent, where any idle fellow might stake his liberty against a few crowns, at dice, or other hazard; and, if he lost, he was immediately chained and led away to the galleys, where he was to serve a term of years, but from

¹ [They were at the foot of Duke Ferdinand's statue. "These are the 4 slaves that would have stolne away a galley, and have rowed here themselves alone; but were taken in their great enterprize" (Lassels, i. p. 233). Addison also mentions "*Donatelli's Statue of the Great Duke, amidst the Four Slaves chain'd to his Pedestal,*" as among the "noble Sights" of Leghorn (*Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 392).]

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Stuylbe, f.

Vue particulière de Florence.

Tout vu d'un

VIEW OF FLORENCE

whence they seldom returned: many sottish persons, in a drunken bravado, would try their fortune in this way.

The houses of this neat town are very uniform, and excellently painted, *a fresco* on the outer walls, with representations of many of their victories over the Turks. The houses, though low on account of the earthquakes which frequently happen here (as did one during my being in Italy), are very well built; the piazza is very fair and commodious, and, with the church, whose four columns at the portico are of black marble polished, gave the first hint to the building both of the church and piazza in Covent Garden with us, though very imperfectly pursued.

22nd October. From Leghorn, I took coach to Empoli, where we lay, and the next day arrived at Florence, being recommended to the house of Signor Baritière, in the Piazza del Spirito Santo, where we were exceedingly well treated. Florence is at the foot of the Apennines, the west part full of stately groves and pleasant meadows, beautified with more than a thousand houses and country palaces of note, belonging to gentlemen of the town. The river Arno runs through the city, in a broad, but very shallow channel, dividing it, as it were, in the middle, and over it are four most sumptuous bridges, of stone. On that nearest to our quarter are the four Seasons, in white marble;¹ on another are the goldsmiths' shops;² at the head of the former stands a column of ophite, upon which a statue of Justice, with her balance and

¹ [These are on the Ponte di Sta. Trinita.]

² [The Ponte Vecchio. Longfellow has remembered this feature in his sonnet ending—

Florence adorns me with her *jewelry*;
And when I think that Michael Angelo
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.
A Masque of Pandora, 1875, 151.]

sword, cut out of porphyry, and the more remarkable for being the first which had been carved out of that hard material, and brought to perfection, after the art had been utterly lost; they say this was done by hardening the tools in the juice of certain herbs. This statue was erected in that corner, because there Cosmo was first saluted with the news of Siena being taken.¹

Near this is the famous Palazzo di Strozzi, a princely piece of architecture, in a rustic manner. The Palace of Pitti was built by that family, but of late greatly beautified by Cosmo with huge square stones of the Doric, Ionic, and the Corinthian orders, with a terrace at each side having rustic uncut balustrades, with a fountain that ends in a cascade seen from the great gate, and so forming a vista to the gardens. Nothing is more admirable than the vacant staircase, marbles, statues, urns, pictures, court, grotto, and water-works. In the quadrangle is a huge jetto of water in a *volto* of four faces, with noble statues at each square, especially the Diana of porphyry above the grotto. We were here showed a prodigious great loadstone.

The garden has every variety, hills, dales, rocks, groves, aviaries, vivaries, fountains, especially one of five jettos, the middle basin being one of the longest stones I ever saw. Here is everything to make such a Paradise delightful. In the garden I saw a rose grafted on an orange tree. There was much topiary-work, and columns in architecture about the hedges. The Duke has added an ample laboratory, over-against which stands a fort on a hill, where they told us his treasure is kept. In this Palace the Duke ordinarily resides, living with his Swiss guards, after the frugal Italian way, and even selling what he can spare of his wines, at

¹ [Cosmo I. de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, 1519-74. Siena was annexed to Tuscany in 1557.]

the cellar under his very house, wicker bottles dangling over even the chief entrance into the Palace, serving for a vintner's bush.

In the Church of Santo Spirito the altar and reliquary are most rich, and full of precious stones; there are four pillars of a kind of serpentine, and some of blue. Hence we went to another Palace of the Duke's, called Palazzo Vecchio, before which is a statue of David, by Michael Angelo,¹ and one of Hercules, killing Cacus, the work of Baccio Bandinelli. The quadrangle about this is of the Corinthian order, and in the hall are many rare marbles, as those of Leo the Tenth and Clement VII., both Popes of the Medicean family; also the acts of Cosmo, in rare painting. In the chapel is kept (as they would make one believe) the original Gospel of St. John, written with his own hand; and the famous Florentine Pandects, and divers precious stones. Near it is another pendent Tower like that of Pisa,² always threatening ruin.

Under the Court of Justice is a stately arcade for men to walk in, and over that, the shops of divers rare artists who continually work for the great Duke. Above this is that renowned cimeliarchy, or repository, wherein are hundreds of admirable antiquities, statues of marble and metal, vases of porphyry, etc.; but amongst the statues none so famous as the Scipio, the Boar, the Idol of Apollo, brought from the Delphic Temple, and two triumphant columns. Over these hang the pictures of the most famous persons and illustrious men in arts or arms, to the number of 300, taken out of the museum of Paulus Jovius.³ They then led us into a large square room, in the

¹ [It has now been removed to the Accademia delle Belle Arti.]

² [See *ante*, p. 136.]

³ [Paulus Jovius, or Giovio, 1483-1552, was an Italian historian.]

middle of which stood a cabinet of an octangular form, so adorned and furnished with crystals, agates, and sculptures, as exceeds any description. This cabinet is called the Tribuna, and in it is a pearl as big as an hazel-nut. The cabinet is of ebony, lazuli, and jasper; over the door is a round of M. Angelo; on the cabinet, Leo the Tenth, with other paintings of Raphael, del Sarto, Perugino, and Correggio, viz. a St. John, a Virgin, a Boy, two Apostles, two heads of Dürer, rarely carved. Over this cabinet is a globe of ivory, excellently carved; the Labours of Hercules, in massy silver, and many incomparable pictures in small. There is another, which had about it eight Oriental columns of alabaster, on each whereof was placed a head of a Cæsar, covered with a canopy so richly set with precious stones, that they resembled a firmament of stars. Within it was our Saviour's Passion, and the twelve Apostles in amber. This cabinet was valued at two hundred thousand crowns. In another, with calcedon pillars, was a series of golden medals. Here is also another rich ebony cabinet cupolaed with a tortoise-shell, and containing a collection of gold medals esteemed worth 50,000 crowns; a wreathed pillar of oriental alabaster, divers paintings of Da Vinci, Pontormo, del Sarto, an "Ecce Homo" of Titian, a Boy of Bronzini, etc. They showed us a branch of coral fixed on the rock, which they affirm does still grow. In another room, is kept the Tabernacle appointed for the chapel of St. Laurence, about which are placed small statues of Saints, of precious materials; a piece of such art and cost, that, having been these forty years in perfecting, it is one of the most curious things in the world. Here were divers tables of *pietra-commessa*,¹ which is a

¹ [*Pietre-commesse*, inlaid marbles peculiar to Florence, often mentioned by Evelyn and other voyagers in Italy. "Who,"

marble ground inlaid with several sorts of marbles and stones of various colours, representing flowers, trees, beasts, birds, and landscapes. In one is represented the town of Leghorn, by the same hand who inlaid the altar of St. Laurence, Domenico Benotti, of whom I purchased nineteen pieces of the same work for a cabinet. In a press near this they showed an iron nail, one half whereof being converted into gold by one Thurnheuser, a German chymist, is looked on as a great rarity; but it plainly appeared to have been soldered together. There is a curious watch, a monstrous turquoise as big as an egg, on which is carved an emperor's head.

In the armoury are kept many antique habits, as those of Chinese kings; the sword of Charlemagne; Hannibal's headpiece; a loadstone of a yard long, which bears up 86 lbs. weight, in a chain of seventeen links, such as the slaves are tied to. In another room are such rare turneries in ivory, as are not to be described for their curiosity. There is a fair pillar of oriental alabaster; twelve vast and complete services of silver plate, and one of gold, all of excellent workmanship; a rich embroidered saddle of pearls sent by the Emperor to this Duke; and here is that embroidered chair set with precious stones in which he sits, when, on St. John's day, he receives the tribute of the cities.¹

25th October. We went to the Portico where the famous statue of Judith and Holofernes stands, also the Medusa, all of copper; but what is most says Lassels in his *Voyage of Italy* (defending his "exotick words"), "can speak . . . of Wrought Tombes, or inlayd Tables; but hee must speak of *bassi rilievi*; and of *pietre commesse*? If any man understand them not, it's his fault, not mine" (*A Preface to the Reader concerning Travelling*).]

[¹ Lassels gives a minute description of the contents of the Armoury and different cabinets (i. pp. 164-177).]

admirable is the Rape of a Sabine,¹ with another man under foot, the confusion and turning of whose limbs is most admirable. It is of one entire marble, the work of John di Bologna, and is most stupendous; this stands directly against the great piazza, where, to adorn one fountain, are erected four marble statues and eight of brass, representing Neptune and his family of sea-gods, of a Colossean magnitude, with four sea-horses, in Parian marble of Lamedrati, in the midst of a very great basin; a work, I think, hardly to be paralleled. Here is also the famous statue of David, by M. Angelo; Hercules and Cacus, by Baccio Bandinelli;² the Perseus, in copper, by Benevento, and the Judith of Donatello, which stand publicly before the old Palace with the Centaur of Bologna, huge Colossean figures. Near this stand Cosmo de' Medici on horseback, in brass on a pedestal of marble, and four copper *basso-relievos* by John di Bologna, with divers inscriptions; the Ferdinand the First, on horseback, is of *pietra-tacca*. The brazen Boar, which serves for another public fountain, is admirable.

After dinner, we went to the Church of the Annunciata, where the Duke and his Court were at their devotions, being a place of extraordinary repute for sanctity: for here is a shrine that does great miracles, [proved] by innumerable votive tablets, etc., covering almost the walls of the whole church. This is the image of Gabriel, who saluted the Blessed Virgin, and which the artist finished so well, that he was in despair of performing the Virgin's face so well; whereupon it was miraculously done for him whilst he slept: but others say it was painted by St. Luke himself. Whoever it

¹ [This, like Donatello's Judith and Holofernes, above mentioned, is in Orgagna's Loggia de' Lanzi.]

² [See *ante*, p. 141.]

was, infinite is the devotion of both sexes to it. The altar is set off with four columns of oriental alabaster, and lighted by thirty great silver lamps. There are innumerable other pictures by rare masters. Our Saviour's Passion in brass tables inserted in marble, is the work of John di Bologna and Baccio Bandinelli.

To this church joins a convent, whose cloister is painted in *fresco* very rarely. There is also near it an hospital for 1000 persons, with nurse-children, and several other charitable accommodations.

At the Duke's *Cavalerizza*, the Prince has a stable of the finest horses of all countries, Arabs, Turks, Barbs, Jennets, English, etc., which are continually exercised in the *manège*.

Near this is a place where are kept several wild beasts, as wolves, cats, bears, tigers, and lions. They are loose in a deep-walled court, and therefore to be seen with more pleasure than those at the Tower of London, in their grates. One of the lions leaped to a surprising height, to catch a joint of mutton which I caused to be hung down.

¹ There are many plain brick towers erected for defence, when this was a free state. The highest is called the Mangio, standing at the foot of the piazza which we went first to see after our arrival. At the entrance of this tower is a chapel open towards the piazza, of marble well-adorned with sculpture.

On the other side is the Signoria, or Court of Justice, well built *à la moderne*, of brick; indeed the bricks of Siena are so well made, that they look almost as well as porphyry itself, having a kind of natural polish.

In the Senate-House is a very fair Hall where they sometimes entertain the people with public

¹ There seems—says Bray—to be here an omission in the MS. between their leaving Florence and going to Siena.

shows and operas, as they call them. Towards the left are the statues of Romulus and Remus with the wolf,¹ all of brass, placed on a column of ophite stone, which they report was brought from the renowned Ephesian Temple. These ensigns being the arms of the town, are set up in divers of the streets and public ways both within and far without the city.

The piazza compasses the *facciata* of the court and chapel, and, being made with descending steps, much resembles the figure of a scallop-shell. The white ranges of pavement, intermixed with the excellent bricks above mentioned, with which the town is generally well paved, render it very clean. About this market-place (for so it is) are many fair palaces, though not built with excess of elegance. There stands an arch, the work of Baltazzar di Siena, built with wonderful ingenuity, so that it is not easy to conceive how it is supported, yet it has some imperceptible contignations,² which do not betray themselves easily to the eye. On the edge of the piazza is a goodly fountain beautified with statues, the water issuing out of the wolves' mouths, being the work of Jacobo Quercei, a famous artist. There are divers other public fountains in the city, of good design.

After this we walked to the Sapienza, which is the University, or rather College, where the high Germans enjoy many particular privileges when they addict themselves to the civil law: and indeed this place has produced many excellent scholars, besides those three Popes, Alexander, Pius II., and III., of that name, the learned Æneas Sylvius; and both were of the ancient house of the Piccolomini.

¹ ["This *woolf* received the muzzle," says Lassels, referring to the subjection of the Sienese Republic by Florence in 1555 (i. p. 235).]

² [Contignation = joining together (O.E.D.).]

The chief street is called *Strada Romana*, in which Pius II. has built a most stately Palace of square stone, with an incomparable portico joining near to it. The town is commanded by a castle which hath four bastions and a garrison of soldiers. Near it is a list to ride horses in, much frequented by the gallants in summer.

Not far from hence is the Church and Convent of the Dominicans, where in the chapel of St. Catherine of Siena they show her head, the rest of her body being translated to Rome.¹ The Duomo, or Cathedral, both without and within, is of large square stones of black and white marble polished, of inexpressible beauty, as is the front adorned with sculpture and rare statues. In the middle is a stately cupola and two columns of sundry-streaked coloured marble. About the body of the church, on a cornice within, are inserted the heads of all the Popes. The pulpit is beautified with marble figures, a piece of exquisite work; but what exceeds all description is the pavement, where (besides the various emblems and other figures in the nave) the choir is wrought with the history of the Bible, so artificially expressed in the natural colours of the marbles, that few pictures exceed it.² Here stands a Christo, rarely cut in marble, and on the large high altar is a brazen vessel of admirable invention and art. The organs are exceeding sweet and well tuned. On the left

¹ [Lassels refers to some of the traditions respecting St. Catherine (i. p. 239); but Addison wisely says, "I think there is as much Pleasure in hearing a Man tell his Dreams, as in reading Accounts of this Nature" (*Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 392).]

² ["I confesse, I scarce saw anything in *Italy* which pleased me better than this pavement," says Lassels (i. p. 238). Addison is not so enthusiastic. "Nothing in the World can make a prettier Show to those that prefer false Beauties, and affected Ornaments, to a Noble and Majestick Simplicity" (*Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 391).]

side of the altar is the library, where are painted the acts of Æneas Sylvius, and others by Raphael. They showed us an arm of St. John the Baptist, wherewith, they say, he baptized our Saviour in Jordan; it was given by the King of Peloponnesus to one of the Popes, as an inscription testifies. They have also St. Peter's sword, with which he smote off the ear of Malchus.

Just against the cathedral, we went into the Hospital,¹ where they entertain and refresh for three or four days, gratis, such pilgrims as go to Rome. In the chapel belonging to it lies the body of St. Susorius, their founder, as yet uncorrupted, though dead many hundreds of years. They show one of the nails which pierced our Saviour, and Saint Chrysostom's Comment on the Gospel, written by his own hand. Below the hill stands the pool called Fonte Brande, where fish are fed for pleasure more than food.

St. Francis's Church is a large pile, near which, yet a little without the city, grows a tree which they report in their legend grew from the Saint's staff, which, on going to sleep, he fixed in the ground, and at his waking found it had grown a large tree. They affirm that the wood of it in decoction cures sundry diseases.

2nd November. We went from Siena, desirous of being present at the cavalcade of the new Pope, Innocent X.,² who had not yet made the grand procession to St. John di Laterano.³ We set out by Porto Romano, the country all about the town being rare for hunting and game. Wild boar and

¹ ["Erected," says Addison, "by a Shooe-Maker that has been Beatify'd, tho' never Sainted" (*Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 391).]

² John Baptista Pamphili, chosen Pope in September, 1644, died 7th January, 1655.

³ [See *post*, under 22nd November, 1644.]

venison are frequently sold in the shops in many of the towns about it. We passed near Monte Oliveto, where the monastery of that Order is pleasantly situated, and worth seeing. Passing over a bridge, which, by the inscription, appears to have been built by Prince Matthias, we went through Buon Convento, famous for the death of the Emperor, Henry VII., who was here poisoned with the holy Eucharist.¹ Thence, we came to Torrineri, where we dined. This village is in a sweet valley, in view of Montalcino, famous for the rare Muscatello.² After three miles more, we go by St. Quirico, and lay at a private *osteria* near it, where, after we were provided of lodging, came in Cardinal Donghi, a Genoese by birth, now come from Rome; he was so civil as to entertain us with great respect, hearing we were English, for that, he told us, he had been once in our country. Amongst other discourse, he related how a dove had been seen to sit on the chair in the Conclave at the election of Pope Innocent, which he magnified as a great good omen, with other particulars which we inquired of him, till our suppers parted us. He came in great state with his own bedstead and all the furniture, yet would by no means suffer us to resign the room we had taken up in the lodging before his arrival. Next morning, we rode by Monte Pientio, or, as vulgarly called, Monte Mantumiato, which is of an excessive height, ever and anon peeping above any clouds with its snowy head, till we had climbed to the inn at Radicofani,³

¹ [Henry VII., 1263-1313. He is buried in the Duomo at Pisa (see *post*, under 21st May, 1645).]

² The wine so called.

³ ["A vile little town at the foot of an old citadel," says Walpole, who visited it in July, 1740. It reminded him of Hamilton's Bawn in Swift's *Grand Question Debated*; and he gives a whimsical account of his borrowing the only pen in the place, which belonged to the Governor, and was sent to him

built by Ferdinand, the great Duke, for the necessary refreshment of travellers in so inhospitable a place. As we ascended, we entered a very thick, solid, and dark body of clouds, looking like rocks at a little distance, which lasted near a mile in going up; they were dry misty vapours, hanging undissolved for a vast thickness, and obscuring both the sun and earth, so that we seemed to be in the sea rather than in the clouds, till, having pierced through it, we came into a most serene heaven, as if we had been above all human conversation, the mountain appearing more like a great island than joined to any other hills; for we could perceive nothing but a sea of thick clouds rolling under our feet like huge waves, every now and then suffering the top of some other mountain to peep through, which we could discover many miles off: and between some breaches of the clouds we could see landscapes and villages of the subjacent country. This was one of the most pleasant, new, and altogether surprising objects that I had ever beheld.¹

On the summit of this horrid rock (for so it is) is built a very strong fort, garrisoned, and somewhat beneath it is a small town; the provisions are drawn up with ropes and engines, the precipice being otherwise inaccessible. At one end of the town lie heaps of rocks so strangely broken off from the ragged mountain, as would affright one

“under the conduct of a serjeant and two Swiss” (Toynbee’s *Walpole’s Letters*, 1903, i. p. 74).]

¹ [Evelyn’s *Diary* was not printed until long after Goldsmith’s death. But Goldsmith had evidently seen the same sight in his own wanderings; and he remembered it when he came to write in ll. 189-92 of his *Deserted Village*—

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.]

with their horror and menacing postures. Just opposite to the inn gushed out a plentiful and most useful fountain which falls into a great trough of stone, bearing the Duke of Tuscany's arms. Here we dined, and I with my black lead pen took the prospect.¹ It is one of the utmost confines of the Etrurian State towards St. Peter's Patrimony, since the gift of Matilda to Gregory VII., as is pretended.

Here we pass a stone bridge, built by Pope Gregory XIV., and thence immediately to Acquapendente,² a town situated on a very ragged rock, down which precipitates an entire river (which gives it the denomination), with a most horrid roaring noise. We lay at the post-house, on which is this inscription :

L' Insegna della Posta, é posta a posta,
In questa posta, fin che habbia à sua posta
Ogn' un Cavallo a Vetturi in Posta.

Before it was dark, we went to see the Monastery of the Franciscans, famous for six learned Popes, and sundry other great scholars, especially the renowned physician and anatomist, Fabricius de Acquapendente, who was bred and born there.³

4th November. After a little riding, we descended towards the Lake of Bolsena, which being above twenty miles in circuit, yields from hence a most incomparable prospect. Near the middle of it are two small islands, in one of which is a convent of melancholy Capuchins, where those of the Farnesian family are interred. Pliny calls it *Tarquiniensis Lacus*, and talks of divers floating islands about it, but they did not appear to us.

¹ An etching of it, with others, is in the library at Wotton.

² Some twelve miles from the Great Duke's inn, according to Lassels, i. p. 241.

³ [Jerome Fabricius, 1537-1619.]

learning, religion, and humanity; also to Mr. Patrick Cary, an Abbot, brother to our learned Lord Falkland, a witty young priest, who afterwards came over to our church; Dr. Bacon and Dr. Gibbs,¹ physicians who had dependence on Cardinal Caponi, the latter being an excellent poet; Father Courtney, the chief of the Jesuits in the English College; my Lord of Somerset, brother to the Marquis of Worcester;² and some others, from whom I received instructions how to behave in town, with directions to masters and books to take in search of the antiquities, churches, collections, etc. Accordingly, the next day, November 6, I began to be very pragmatical.³

In the first place, our sights-man⁴ (for so they name certain persons here who get their living by leading strangers about to see the city) went to the Palace Farnese, a magnificent square structure, built by Michael Angelo, of the three orders of columns after the ancient manner, and when architecture was but newly recovered from the Gothic barbarity. The court is square and terraced, having two pair of stairs which lead to the upper rooms, and conducted us to that famous gallery painted

¹ James Alban Gibbs—says Bray—a Scotchman bred at Oxford, and resident many years at Rome, where he died 1677, and was buried in the Pantheon there with an epitaph to his memory under a marble bust. He was an extraordinary character. In Wood's *Athenae* is a long account of him, and some curious additional particulars will be found in Warton's *Life of Dr. Bathurst*. He was a writer of Latin poetry, a small collection of which he published at Rome, with his portrait.

² Thomas, third son of Edward, fourth Earl of Worcester, made a Knight of the Bath by James I., and in 1626 created Viscount Somerset, of Cashel, Co. Tipperary. He died in 1651.

³ *I.e.* "Very active and full of business,"—in viewing the antiquities and beauties of Rome. Bailey gives "practical" as the first meaning of this word (see also *post*, under 8th November, 1644).

⁴ The name for these gentlemen is *cicerone*, but they affect universally the title of antiquaries.

by Augustine Caracci,¹ than which nothing is more rare of that art; so deep and well-studied are all the figures, that it would require more judgment than I confess I had, to determine whether they were flat or embossed. Thence, we passed into another, painted in chiaroscuro, representing the fabulous history of Hercules. We went out on a terrace, where was a pretty garden on the leads, for it is built in a place that has no extent of ground backwards. The great hall is wrought by Salviati and Zuccaro, furnished with statues, one of which being modern is the figure of a Farnese, in a triumphant posture, of white marble, worthy of admiration. Here we were showed the museum of Fulvius Ursinos, replete with innumerable collections; but the major-domo being absent, we could not at this time see all we wished. Descending into the court, we with astonishment contemplated those two incomparable statues of Hercules and Flora,² so much celebrated by Pliny, and indeed by all antiquity, as two of the most rare pieces in the world: there likewise stands a modern statue of Hercules and two Gladiators, not to be despised. In a second court was a temporary shelter of boards over the most stupendous and never-to-be-sufficiently-admired Torso of Amphion and Dirce,³ represented in five figures, exceeding the life in magnitude, of the purest white marble, the contending work of those famous statuaries, Apollonius and Taurisco, in the time of Augustus, hewed out of one entire stone, and remaining unblemished, to

¹ [Annibale Caracci. Lodovico and Agostino assisted him,—Agostino painting the "Triumph of Galatea" and "Cephalus and Aurora."]

² [Both these statues are now in the Museo Nazionale at Naples.]

³ [The Toro Farnese was transferred in 1786 to the Museo Nazionale at Naples. Addison mentions this famous group; but only to remember a passage in Seneca, the tragedian.]

be valued beyond all the marbles of the world for its antiquity and workmanship. There are divers other heads and busts. At the entrance of this stately palace stand two rare and vast fountains of *garnito* stone, brought into this piazza out of Titus's Baths. Here, in summer, the gentlemen of Rome take the *fresco* in their coaches and on foot. At the sides of this court, we visited the Palace of Signor Pichini, who has a good collection of antiquities, especially the Adonis of Parian marble, which my Lord Arundel would once have purchased, if a great price would have been taken for it.

We went into the Campo Vaccino, by the ruins of the Temple of Peace, built by Titus Vespasianus, and thought to be the largest as well as the most richly furnished of all the Roman dedicated places : it is now a heap rather than a temple, yet the roof and *volto* continue firm, showing it to have been formerly of incomparable workmanship. This goodly structure was, none knows how, consumed by fire the very night, by all computation, that our blessed Saviour was born.

From hence, we passed by the place into which Curtius precipitated himself for the love of his country, now without any sign of a lake, or *vorago*. Near this stand some columns of white marble, of exquisite work, supposed to be part of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, built by Augustus ; the work of the capitals (being Corinthian) and architrave is excellent, full of sacrificing utensils. There are three other of Jupiter Stator. Opposite to these are the oratories, or churches, of St. Cosmo and Damiano, heretofore the Temples of Romulus ; a pretty old fabric, with a tribunal, or *tholus* within, wrought all of Mosaic. The gates before it are brass, and the whole much obliged to Pope Urban VIII. In this sacred place lie the bodies of those

two martyrs; and in a chapel on the right hand is a rare painting of Cavaliere Baglioni.

We next entered St. Lorenzo in Miranda. The portico is supported by a range of most stately columns; the inscription cut in the architrave shows it to have been the Temple of Faustina.¹ It is now made a fair church, and has an hospital which joins it. On the same side is St. Adriano, heretofore dedicated to Saturn. Before this was once placed a military column, supposed to be set in the centre of the city, from whence they used to compute the distance of all the cities and places of note under the dominion of those universal monarchs. To this church are likewise brazen gates and a noble front; just opposite we saw the heaps and ruins of Cicero's Palace. Hence we went towards Mons Capitolinus, at the foot of which stands the arch of Septimus Severus, full and entire, save where the pedestal and some of the lower members are choked up with ruins and earth. This arch is exceedingly enriched with sculpture and trophies, with a large inscription. In the terrestrial and naval battles here graven, is seen the Roman Aries [the battering-ram]; and this was the first triumphal arch set up in Rome. The Capitol, to which we climbed by very broad steps, is built about a square court, at the right hand of which, going up from Campo Vaccino, gushes a plentiful stream from the statue of Tiber, in porphyry, very antique, and another representing Rome; but, above all, is the admirable figure of Marforius, casting water into a most ample *concha*. The front of this court is crowned with an excellent fabric containing the Courts of Justice,

¹ [Faustina the elder, the infamous wife of Antoninus Pius. "Poore man!"—comments Lassels—"he could not make [her] an *honest woman* in her lifetime, and yet he would needs make her a *Goddess* after her death" (ii. 134).]

and where the Criminal Notary sits, and others. In one of the halls they show the statues of Gregory XIII. and Paul III., with several others. To this joins a handsome tower, the whole *facciata* adorned with noble statues, both on the outside and on the battlements, ascended by a double pair of stairs, and a stately *posario*.

In the centre of the court¹ stands that incomparable horse bearing the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, as big as the life, of Corinthian metal, placed on a pedestal of marble, esteemed one of the noblest pieces of work now extant, antique and very rare. There is also a vast head of a colossean magnitude, of white marble, fixed in the wall. At the descending stairs are set two horses of white marble governed by two naked slaves, taken to be Castor and Pollux, brought from Pompey's Theatre. On the balustrade, the trophies of Marius against the Cimbrians, very ancient and instructive. At the foot of the steps towards the left hand is that Colonna Miliaria, with the globe of brass on it, mentioned to have been formerly set in Campo Vaccino. On the same hand, is the Palace of the Signori Conservatori, or three Consuls, now the civil governors of the city, containing the fraternities, or halls and guilds (as we call them) of sundry companies, and other offices of state. Under the portico within, are the statues of Augustus Cæsar, a Bacchus, and the so renowned Colonna Rostrata of Duillius, with the excellent *basso-rilievos*. In a smaller court, the statue of Constantine, on a fountain, a Minerva's head of brass, and that of Commodus, to which belongs a hand, the thumb whereof is at least an ell long, and yet proportionable; but the rest of the coloss is lost. In the corner of this court stand a horse and lion fighting, as big as life, in white

¹ [The Piazza del Campidoglio.]

marble, exceedingly valued; likewise the Rape of the Sabines; two cumbent¹ figures of Alexander and Mammea; two monstrous feet of a coloss of Apollo; the Sepulchre of Agrippina; and the standard, or antique measure, of the Roman foot. Ascending by the steps of the other corner, are inserted four *basso-relievos*, viz. the triumph and sacrifice of Marcus Aurelius, which last, for the antiquity and rareness of the work, I caused my painter, Carlo Neapolitano,² to copy. There are also two statues of the Muses, and one of Adrian, the Emperor: above stands the figure of Marius, and by the wall Marsyas bound to a tree; all of them excellent and antique. Above in the lobby, are inserted into the walls those ancient laws, on brass, called the Twelve Tables; a fair Madonna of Pietro Perugino, painted on the wall; near which are the archives, full of ancient records.

In the great hall are divers excellent paintings of Cavaliero Giuseppe d' Arpino, a statue in brass of Sixtus V. and of Leo X., of marble. In another hall, are many modern statues of their late Consuls and Governors, set about with fine antique heads; others are painted by excellent masters, representing the actions of M. Scævola, Horatius Cocles, etc.—The room where the Conservatori now feast upon solemn days, is tapestried with crimson damask, embroidered with gold, having a state³ or *baldacchino* of crimson velvet, very rich; the frieze above rarely painted. Here are in brass, Romulus and Remus sucking the wolf, of brass, with the Shepherd, Faustus, by them; also the boy pluck-

¹ [Reclining. Lassels also uses this word.]

² [See *post*, under 14th November, 1644. Three only of the reliefs relate to Marcus Aurelius. That copied for Evelyn represents the "Sacrifice in front of the Capitoline Temple of Jupiter."]

³ [A canopy of state. See *post*, under 18th January, 1645, account of the Vatican.]

ing the thorn out of his foot, of brass, so much admired by artists.¹ There are also holy statues and heads of Saints. In a gallery near adjoining are the names of the ancient Consuls, Prætors, and Fasti Romani, so celebrated by the learned : also the figure of an old woman ; two others representing Poverty ; and more in fragments. In another large room, furnished with velvet, are the statue of Adonis, very rare, and divers antique heads. In the next chamber, is an old statue of Cicero, one of another Consul, a Hercules in brass, two women's heads of incomparable work, six other statues ; and, over the chimney, a very rare *basso-rilievo*, and other figures. In a little lobby before the chapel, is the statue of Hannibal, a Bacchus very antique, bustos of Pan and Mercury, with other old heads. —All these noble statues, etc., belong to the city, and cannot be disposed of to any private person, or removed hence, but are preserved for the honour of the place, though great sums have been offered for them by divers Princes, lovers of art and antiquity. We now left the Capitol, certainly one of the most renowned places in the world, even as now built by the design of the famous M. Angelo.

Returning home by Ara Coeli, we mounted to it by more than 100 marble steps, not in devotion, as I observed some to do on their bare knees, but to see those two famous statues of Constantine, in white marble, placed there out of his baths. In this church is a Madonna, reported to be painted by St. Luke, and a column, on which we saw the print of a foot, which they affirm to have been that of the Angel, seen on the Castle of St. Angelo. Here the feast of our Blessed Saviour's nativity

¹ [The *Spinario* (Thorn-extractor), or Shepherd Martius, attributed to Boethos of Chalcedon. There are versions in the Vatican, at Florence, and (of a somewhat different character) in the British Museum.]

being yearly celebrated with divers pageants, they began to make the preparation. Having viewed the Palace and fountain, at the other side of the stairs, we returned weary to our lodgings.

On the 7th November, we went again near the Capitol, towards the Tarpeian rock, where it has a goodly prospect of the Tiber. Thence, descending by the Tullianum, where they told us St. Peter was imprisoned, they showed us a chapel (S. Pietro in Vincoli) in which a rocky side of it bears the impression of his face. In the nave of the church gushes a fountain, which they say was caused by the Apostle's prayers, when having converted some of his fellow-captives he wanted water to make them Christians. The painting of the Ascension is by Raphael. We then walked about Mount Palatinus and the Aventine, and thence to the Circus Maximus, capable of holding 40,000 spectators, now a heap of ruins, converted into gardens. Then by the Forum Boarium, where they have a tradition that Hercules slew Cacus, some ruins of his temple remaining. The Temple of Janus Quadrifrons, having four arches, importing the four Seasons, and on each side niches for the months, is still a substantial and pretty entire antiquity. Near to this is the Arcus Argentariorum. Bending now towards the Tiber, we went into the Theatre of Marcellus, which would hold 80,000 persons, built by Augustus, and dedicated to his nephew; the architecture, from what remains, appears to be inferior to none. It is now wholly converted into the house of the Savelli, one of the old Roman families. The people were now generally busy in erecting temporary triumphs and arches with statues and flattering inscriptions against his Holiness's grand procession to St. John di Laterano, amongst which the Jews also began one in testimony of gratitude for their protection

under the Papal State. The Palazzo Barberini, designed by the present Pope's architect, Cavaliero Bernini, seems from the size to be as princely an object, as any modern building in Europe. It has a double portico, at the end of which we ascended by two pair of oval stairs, all of stone, and void in the well. One of these led us into a stately hall, the *volto* whereof was newly painted *a fresco*, by the rare hand of Pietro Berretini il Cortone. To this is annexed a gallery completely furnished with whatever art can call rare and singular, and a library full of worthy collections, medals, marbles, and manuscripts; but, above all, an Egyptian Osyris, remarkable for its unknown material and antiquity. In one of the rooms near this hangs the Sposaliccio of St. Sebastian, the original of Annibale Caracci, of which I procured a copy, little inferior to the prototype; a table, in my judgment, superior to anything I had seen in Rome. In the court is a vast broken *guglia*, or obelisk, having divers hieroglyphics cut on it.

8th November. We visited the Jesuits' Church, the front whereof is esteemed a noble piece of architecture, the design of Giacomo della Porta and the famous Vignola. In this church lies the body of their renowned Ignatius Loyola, an arm of Xaverius, their other Apostle; and, at the right end of their high altar, their champion, Cardinal Bellarmin.¹ Here Father Kircher² (professor of

¹ [Cardinal Robert Bellarmin, 1542-1621.]

² Athanasius Kircher was born at Geysen, near Fulda, in Germany, early in 1602. He received his education at Würzburg, and entered the Order of Jesuits. He became a good scholar in Oriental literature, and an admirable mathematician; but he directed his attention particularly to the study of hieroglyphics. Father Kircher's works on various abstruse subjects amount to twenty folio volumes, for which he acquired great renown in his day. On Evelyn's visit to Rome, he was considered one of the greatest mathematicians and Hebrew scholars of which the

Mathematics and the oriental tongues) showed us many singular courtesies, leading us into their refectory, dispensatory, laboratory, gardens, and finally (through a hall hung round with pictures of such of their order as had been executed for their pragmatism¹ and busy adventures) into his own study,² where, with Dutch patience, he showed us his perpetual motions, catoptrics, magnetical experiments, models, and a thousand other crotchets and devices, most of them since published by himself, or his industrious scholar, Schott.³

Returning home, we had time to view the Palazzo de Medicis, which was an house of the Duke of Florence near our lodging, upon the brow of Mons Pincius, having a fine prospect towards the Campo Marzo. It is a magnificent, strong building, with a substruction very remarkable, and

metropolis of Christianity—then the headquarters of learning—could boast. He died at Rome in 1680 (see *post*, under 21st August, 1655).

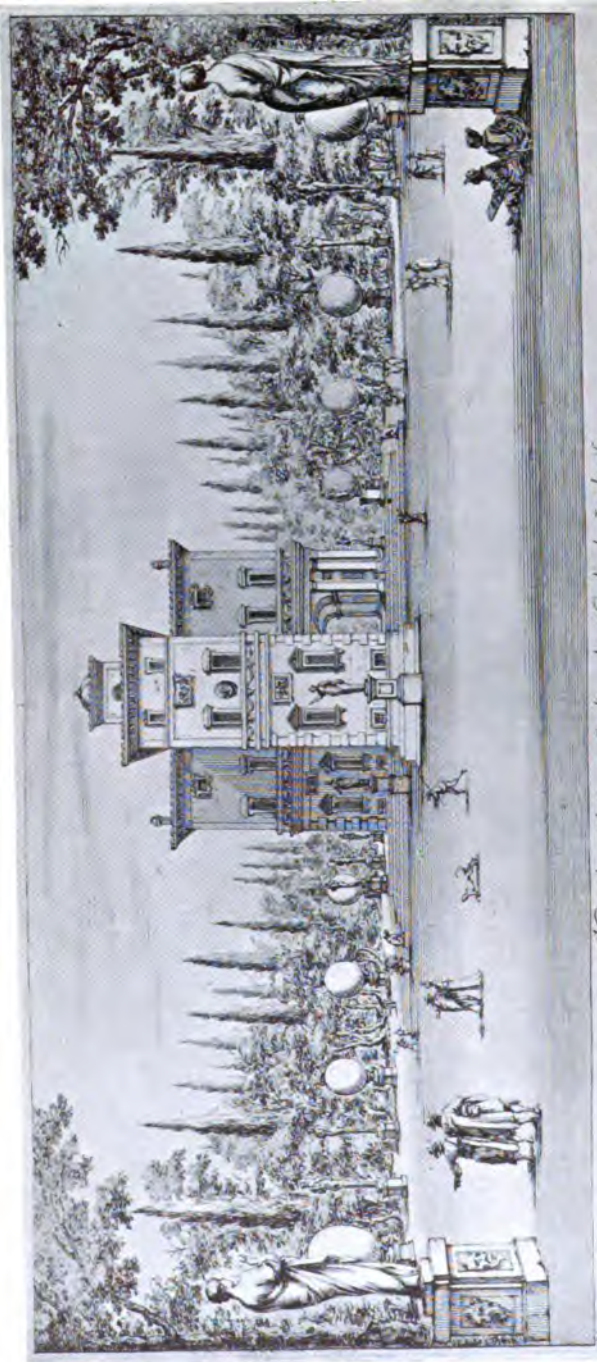
¹ [See *ante*, p. 154.]

² [Twenty years later, Edward Browne was also admitted to this sanctum. "I have seen Kircher," he writes to his father, Sir Thomas, in January, 1665,—“who was extremely courteous and civill to us, and his closet of rarities; the most considerable, and which I never saw in any other, are his engines for attempting perpetuall motions, and other pretty inventions, which I understande much the better for haveing read Doctor Wilkins' Mechanicall Powers. His head that speaks, and which hee calls his Oraculum Delphicum, is no great matter. Hee hath the modell of all the obelisks, and hath invented one himself for the Queen. Ventiducts, aqueducts, and making instruments, are scene neatly performed in so litle a space. A Clepsydra hee hath, pictures of many famous men, and most of those rarities which are seen in other Musæums” (Browne's *Works*, by Wilkins, 1836, i. 87).]

³ Caspar Schott, a native of Würzburg, where he was born in 1608, who had the advantage of being the favourite pupil of Father Kircher. He taught philosophy and mathematics at Rome and Palermo, and published several curious and erudite works in philosophy and natural history; but they have long since ceased to possess any authority. He died in 1666.

a portico supported with columns towards the gardens, with two huge lions, of marble, at the end of the balustrade. The whole outside of the *facciata* is incrusted with antique and rare *basso-rilievi*s and statues. Descending into the garden is a noble fountain governed by a Mercury of brass. At a little distance, on the left, is a lodge full of fine statues, amongst which the Sabines, antique and singularly rare. In the arcade near this stand twenty-four statues of great price, and hard by is a mount planted with cypresses, representing a fortress, with a goodly fountain in the middle. Here is also a row balustred with white marble, covered over with the natural shrubs, ivy, and other perennial greens, divers statues and heads being placed as in niches. At a little distance are those famed statues of Niobe and her family, in all fifteen, as large as the life, of which we have ample mention in Pliny,¹ esteemed among the best pieces of work in the world for the passions they express, and all other perfections of that stupendous art. There is likewise in this garden a fair obelisk, full of hieroglyphics. In going out, the fountain before the front casts water near fifty feet in height, when it is received in a most ample marble basin. Here they usually rode the great horse every morning; which gave me much diversion from the terrace of my own chamber, where I could see all their motions. This evening, I was invited to hear rare music at the Chiesa Nuova; the black marble pillars within led us to that most precious oratory of Philippus Neri, their founder; they being of the oratory of secular priests, under no vow. There are in it divers good pictures, as the Assumption of Girolamo Mutiano; the Crucifix;

¹ [*Nat. Hist.* xxxvi. 28. After passing through various hands, the Niobe statues were acquired in 1775 by Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and are now in the Uffizi Palace at Florence.]



Vue du Palais, et Jardin du Cardinal Louis XIV.

Grand, un grand, Fig.

VIEW OF THE LUDOVISI PALACE AND GARDEN

the Visitation of Elizabeth; the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin; "Christo Sepolto," of Guido Reni, Caravaggio, Arpino, and others. This fair church consists of fourteen altars, and as many chapels. In it is buried (besides their Saint) Cæsar Baronius, the great annalist.¹ Through this, we went into the *sacristia*, where, the tapers being lighted, one of the Order preached; after him stepped up a child of eight or nine years old, who pronounced an oration with so much grace, that I never was better pleased than to hear Italian so well and so intelligently spoken. This course it seems they frequently use, to bring their scholars to a habit of speaking distinctly, and forming their action and assurance, which none so much want as ours in England. This being finished, began their *motettos*, which in a lofty cupola richly painted, were sung by eunuchs, and other rare voices, accompanied by theorbos, harpsichords, and viols, so that we were even ravished with the entertainment of the evening. This room is painted by Cortona, and has in it two figures in the niches, and the church stands in one of the most stately streets of Rome.

10th November. We went to see Prince Ludovisi's villa,² where was formerly the Viridarium of the poet Sallust. The house is very magnificent, and the extent of the ground exceedingly large, considering that it is in a city; in every quarter of the garden are antique statues, and walks planted with cypress. To this garden belongs a house of retirement, built in the figure

¹ [Cardinal Cæsar Baronius, 1538-1607. His "incomparable *Ecclesiastical History*" is often quoted by Lassels. He was a priest of this house.]

² [The remains of the Villa of Sallust were blown up in 1884-1885; and the Villa Ludovisi has now been pulled down for building purposes.]

of a cross, after a particular *ordonnance*, especially the staircase. The whiteness and smoothness of the excellent pargeting was a thing I much observed, being almost as even and polished, as if it had been of marble. Above, is a fair prospect of the city. In one of the chambers hang two famous pieces of Bassano, the one a Vulcan, the other a Nativity; there is a German clock full of rare and extraordinary motions; and, in a little room below are many precious marbles, columns, urns, vases, and noble statues of porphyry, oriental alabaster, and other rare materials. About this fabric is an ample area, environed with sixteen vast jars of red earth, wherein the Romans used to preserve their oil, or wine rather, which they buried, and such as are properly called *testæ*. In the Palace I must never forget the famous statue of the Gladiator,¹ spoken of by Pliny, so much followed by all the rare artists as the many copies testify, dispersed through almost all Europe, both in stone and metal. There is also a Hercules, a head of porphyry, and one of Marcus Aurelius. In the villa-house is a man's body flesh and all, petrified, and even converted to marble, as it was found in the Alps, and sent by the Emperor to one of the Popes; it lay in a chest, or coffin, lined with black velvet, and one of the arms being broken, you may see the perfect bone from the flesh which remains entire. The Rape of Proserpine, in marble, is of the purest white, the work of Bernini. In the cabinet near it are innumerable small brass figures, and other curiosities. But what some look upon as exceeding all the rest, is a very rich bedstead (which sort of gross furniture the Italians much glory in, as formerly did our grandfathers in England in their inlaid wooden ones) inlaid with

¹ [This, now more accurately described as "The Dying Gaul," has passed to the Capitol.]



VIEW OF THE PIAZZA DI MONTE CAVALLO

all sorts of precious stones and antique heads, onyxes, agates, and cornelians, esteemed to be worth 80 or 90,000 crowns. Here are also divers cabinets and tables of the Florence work, besides pictures in the gallery, especially the Apollo—a conceited chair¹ to sleep in with the legs stretched out with hooks, and pieces of wood to draw out longer or shorter.

From this villa, we went to see Signor Angeloni's study, who very courteously showed us such a collection of rare medals as is hardly to be paralleled; divers good pictures, and many outlandish and Indian curiosities, and things of nature.

From him, we walked to Monte Cavallo, heretofore called Mons Quirinalis, where we saw those two rare horses, the work of the rivals Phidias and Praxiteles,² as they were sent to Nero [by Tiridates King] out of Armenia. They were placed on pedestals of white marble by Sixtus V., by whom I suppose their injuries were repaired, and are governed by four [?] naked slaves, like those at the foot of the Capitol. Here runs a most noble fountain, regarding four of the most stately streets for building and beauty to be seen in any city of Europe. Opposite to these statues is the Pope's

¹ ["Conceited" here = ingenious.]

² [Keysler, who does not attribute them to the sculptors named, gives a translation of an inscription on the pedestal:—"These colossal statues were brought from the neighbouring baths of Constantine (the damages they had suffered by time being repaired, and the ancient inscriptions replaced) and erected in this Quirinal area by order of pope Sixtus V. in the year of Christ 1589, and the fourth of his pontificate" (ii. 307). They are now known as Castor and Pollux. Their position was changed by Pius VI. Clough has hexametrised them as follows in Canto i. of the *Amours de Voyage*:—

Ye, too, marvellous Twain, that erect on the Monte Cavallo
Stand by your rearing steeds, in the grace of your motionless movement,
Stand with upstretched arms and tranquil regardant faces,
Stand as instinct with life in the might of immutable manhood,—
O ye mighty and strange, ye ancient divine ones of Hellas.]

summer palace,¹ built by Gregory XIII. ;² and, in my opinion, it is, for largeness and the architecture, one of the most conspicuous in Rome, having a stately portico which leads round the court under columns, in the centre of which there runs a beautiful fountain. The chapel is incrustated with such precious materials, that nothing can be more rich, or glorious, nor are the other ornaments and movables about it at all inferior. The Hall is painted by Lanfranco, and others. The garden, which is called the Belvedere di Monte Cavallo, in emulation to that of the Vatican, is most excellent for air and prospect; its exquisite fountains, close walks, grotts, piscinas, or stews for fish, planted about with venerable cypresses, and refreshed with water-music, aviaries, and other rarities.

12th November. We saw Diocletian's Baths, whose ruins testify the vastness of the original foundation and magnificence; by what M. Angelo took from the ornaments about it, 'tis said he restored the then almost lost art of architecture. This monstrous pile was built by the labour of the primitive Christians, then under one of the ten great persecutions.³ The Church of St. Bernardo is made out of one only of these ruinous cupolas, and is in the form of an urn with a cover.

Opposite to this, is the Fontana delle Terme, otherwise called Fons Felix; in it is a *basso-rilievo* of white marble, representing Moses striking the rock, which is adorned with camels, men, women,

¹ [Now the Royal Palace, where Victor Emmanuel II. died, January 9, 1878.]

² [It was begun by Gregory XIII. in 1574, but was continued and enlarged by his successors.]

³ ["It is stated by Cardinal Baronius [see *ante*, p. 165] that 40,000 Christians were employed in the work; some bricks marked with crosses have occurred in the ruins" (Hare's *Walks in Rome*, by St. Clair Baddeley, 1905, p. 355).]

and children drinking, as large as life; a work for the design and vastness truly magnificent. The water is conveyed no less than twenty-two miles in an aqueduct by Sixtus V., *ex agro Columna*, by way of Præneste, as the inscription testifies. It gushes into three ample lavers raised about with stone, before which are placed two lions of a strange black stone, very rare and antique. Near this are the store-houses for the city's corn, and over-against it the Church of St. Susanna, where were the gardens of Sallust. The *facciata* of this church is noble, the *soffita* within gilded and full of pictures; especially famous is that of Susanna, by Baldassa di Bologna. The tribunal of the high altar is of exquisite work, from whose marble steps you descend under-ground to the repository of divers Saints. The picture over this altar is the work of Jacomo Siciliano. The foundation is for Bernardine Nuns.

Santa Maria della Vittoria presents us with the most ravishing front. In this church was sung the Te Deum by Gregory XV., after the signal victory of the Emperor at Prague; the standards then taken still hang up, and the impress¹ waving this motto over the Pope's arms, *Extirpentur*. I observed that the high altar was much frequented for an image of the Virgin. It has some rare statues, as Paul ravished into the third heaven, by Fiamingo, and some good pictures. From this, we bend towards Diocletian's Baths, never satisfied with contemplating that immense pile, in building which 150,000 Christians were destined to labour fourteen years, and were then all murdered.² Here is a monastery of Carthusians, called Santa Maria degli Angeli, the architecture of M. Angelo, and the cloister encompassing walls in an ample garden.

Mont Alto's villa is entered by a stately gate of

¹ [Device,—Italian, *Impresa*.]

² [See *ante*, p. 168 n.]

stone built on the Viminalis, and is no other than a spacious park full of fountains, especially that which salutes us at the front; stews for fish; the cypress walks are so beset with statues, inscriptions, *rilievos*, and other ancient marbles, that nothing can be more stately and solemn. The citron trees are uncommonly large. In the Palace joining to it are innumerable collections of value. Returning, we stepped into St. Agnes church, where there is a tribunal of antique mosaic, and on the altar a most rich *ciborio* of brass, with a statue of St. Agnes in oriental alabaster. The church of Santa Constanza has a noble cupola. Here they showed us a stone ship borne on a column heretofore sacred to Bacchus, as the *rilievo* intimates by the drunken emblems and instruments wrought upon it. The altar is of rich porphyry, as I remember. Looking back, we had the entire view of the Via Pia down to the two horses before the Monte Cavallo,¹ before mentioned, one of the most glorious sights for state and magnificence that any city can show a traveller. We returned by Porta Pia, and the Via Salaria, near Campo Scelerato, in whose gloomy caves the wanton Vestals were heretofore immured alive.²

Thence to Via Felix, a straight and noble street, but very precipitous, till we came to the four fountains of Lepidus, built at the abutments of four stately ways, making an exact cross of right angles; and, at the fountains, are as many cumbent³

¹ [See *ante*, p. 167.]

² ["When condemned by the college of pontifices, she [the vestal] was stripped of her vittæ and other badges of office, was scourged (Dionys. ix. 40), was attired like a corpse, placed in a close litter and borne through the forum attended by her weeping kindred, with all the ceremonies of a real funeral . . . to the Campus Sceleratus. . . . In every case the paramour was publicly scourged to death in the forum" (Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*, 1891, ii. 942).]

³ [See *ante*, p. 159.]

figures of marble, under very large niches of stone, the water pouring into huge basins. The church of St. Carlo is a singular fabric for neatness, of an oval design, built of a new white stone; the columns are worth notice. Under it is another church of a structure nothing less admirable.

Next, we came to Santa Maria Maggiore,¹ built upon the Esquiline Mountain, which gives it a most conspicuous face to the street at a great distance. The design is mixed, partly antique, partly modern. Here they affirm that the Blessed Virgin appearing, showed where it should be built 300 years since. The first pavement is rare and antique; so is the portico built by P. P. Eugenius II. The *ciborio* is the work of Paris Romano, and the tribunal of mosaic.

We were showed in the church a *concha* of porphyry, wherein they say Patricius, the founder, lies. This is one of the most famous of the seven Roman Churches, and is, in my opinion at least, after St. Peter's, the most magnificent. Above all, for incomparable glory and materials, are the two chapels of Sixtus V. and Paulus V. That of Sixtus was designed by Dom. Fontana, in which are two rare great statues, and some good pieces of painting; and here they pretended to show some of the Holy Innocents' bodies slain by Herod: as also that renowned tabernacle of metal, gilt, sustained by four angels, holding as many tapers, placed on the altar. In this chapel is the statue of Sixtus, in copper, with *basso-relievos* of most of his famous acts, in Parian marble; but that of P. Paulus, which we next entered, opposite to this, is beyond all imagination glorious, and above description. It is so encircled with agates, and other most precious materials, as to dazzle and

¹ [There is a description of S. Maria Maggiore in *folio*, 1621, by Paulus de Angelis.]

confound the beholders. The *basso-relievos* are for the most part of pure snowy marble, intermixed with figures of molten brass, double gilt, on *lapis lazuli*. The altar is a most stupendous piece; but most incomparable is the cupola painted by Guido Reni, and the present Baglioni, full of exquisite sculptures. There is a most sumptuous *sacristia*; and the piece over the altar was by the hand of St. Luke; if you will believe it.¹ Paulus V. hath here likewise built two other altars; under the one lie the bones of the Apostle, St. Matthias. In another oratory, is the statue of this Pope, and the head of the Congo Ambassador, who was converted at Rome, and died here. In a third chapel, designed by Michael Angelo, lie the bodies of Platina, and the Cardinal of Toledo, Honorius III., Nicephorus IV., the ashes of St. Hierom, and many others. In that of Sixtus V., before mentioned, was showed us part of the crib in which Christ was swaddled at Bethlehem; there is also the statue of Pius V.; and going out at the further end, is the Resurrection of Lazarus, by a very rare hand. In the portico, is this late inscription: "Cardinali Antonio Barberino Archyepresbytero, aream marmoream quam Christianorum pietas exsculpsit, laborante sub Tyrannis ecclesiâ, ut esset loci sanctitate venerabilior, Francis Gualdus Arm. Eques S. Stephani è suis ædibus huc transtulit et ornavit, 1682." Just before this portico, stands a very sublime and stately Corinthian column, of white marble, translated hither for an ornament from the old Temple of Peace, built by Vespasian, having on the plinth of

¹ ["In the center . . . is the picture of the Virgin Mary, with Jesus sitting on one of her arms, said to be painted by St. Luke, in a frame of *lapis lazuli*; and over her head hangs a crown of gold enriched with jewels" (Keysler's *Travels*, 1760, ii. p. 221).]

the capital the image of our Lady, gilt on metal ; at the pedestal runs a fountain. Going down the hill, we saw the obelisk taken from the Mausoleum of Augustus, and erected in this place by Domenico Fontana, with this epigraph : "Sextus V. Pont. Max. Obeliscum ex Egypto advectum, Augusti in Mausoleo dicatum, eversum, deinde et in plures confractum partes, in via ad S. Rochum jacentem, in pristinam faciem restitutum Salutiferæ Cruci felicius hîc erigi jussit, anno MDLXXXVIII, Pont. III." :—and so we came weary to our lodgings.

At the foot of this hill, is the Church of St. Pudentiana,¹ in which is a well, filled with the blood and bones of several martyrs, but grated over with iron, and visited by many devotees. Near this stands the church of her sister, St. Prassede,² much frequented for the same reason. In a little obscure place, cancelled in with iron work, is the pillar, or stump, at which they relate our Blessed Saviour was scourged, being full of bloody spots, at which the devout sex are always rubbing their chaplets, and convey their kisses by a stick having a tassel on it. Here, besides a noble statue of St. Peter, is the tomb of the famous Cardinal Cajetan, an excellent piece : and here they hold that St. Peter said his first mass at Rome, with the same altar and the stone he kneeled on, he having been first

¹ [Keysler says this church contains "a fine piece by Rosetti, which was designed by Zuccaro, representing St. Pudentiana gathering up the blood, heads, and bones of the martyred Christians" (ii. 306).]

² [This St. Prassede's or Praxed's is the church where Browning's Bishop is supposed to order the splendid tomb which is to outdo his old rival, Gandolf. Prassede and Pudentiana were daughters of the Roman senator Pudens (with whom St. Paul lodged, A.D. 41 to 50), and lived in the reign of Antoninus Pius. "The Bishop's tomb"—writes Mrs. Sutherland Orr—"is entirely fictitious ; but something which is made to stand for it is shown to credulous sightseers in St. Praxed's Church" (*Handbook to Browning's Works*, 1885, p. 241).]

lodged in this house, as they compute about the forty-fourth year of the Incarnation. They also show many relics, or rather rags, of his mantle. St. Laurence in Panisperna did next invite us, where that martyr was cruelly broiled on the gridiron, there yet remaining.¹ St. Bridget is buried in this church under a stately monument. In the front of the pile is the suffering of St. Laurence painted *a fresco* on the wall. The fabric is nothing but Gothic. On the left is the Therma Novatii; and, on the right, Agrippina's Lavacrum.

14th November. We passed again through the stately Capitol and Campo Vaccino towards the Amphitheatre of Vespasian, but first stayed to look at Titus's Triumphal Arch, erected by the people of Rome, in honour of his victory at Jerusalem; on the left hand whereof he is represented drawn in a chariot with four horses abreast; on the right hand, or side of the arch within, is sculptured in figures, or *basso-rilievo* as big as the life (and in one entire marble) the Ark of the Covenant, on which stands the seven-branched candlestick described in Leviticus, as also the two Tables of the Law, all borne on men's shoulders by the bars, as they are described in some of St. Hierom's bibles; before this, go many crowned and laureated figures, and twelve Roman fasces, with other sacred vessels. This much confirmed the idea I before had; and therefore, for the light it gave to the Holy History, I caused my painter, Carlo,² to copy it exactly. The rest of the work of the Arch is of the noblest, best understood *composita*; and the inscription is this, in capital letters;

S. P. Q. R.

D. TITO, D. VESPASIANI, F. VESPASIANI AVGVSTO.

¹ [According to Hare's *Walks in Rome*, by St. Clair Baddeley, 1905, p. 325, St. Laurence's gridiron and chains are shown at S. Lorenzo in Lucina.]

² [See *ante*, p. 159.]

Santa Maria Nuova is on the place where they told us Simon Magus fell out of the air at St. Peter's prayer, and burst himself to pieces on a flint. Near this is a marble monument, erected by the people of Rome in memory of the Pope's return from Avignon.

Being now passed the ruins of Meta-Sudante (which stood before the Colosseum, so called, because there once stood here the statue of Commodus provided to refresh the gladiators¹), we enter the mighty ruins of the Vespasian Amphitheatre, begun by Vespasian, and finished by that excellent prince, Titus. It is 880 Roman palms in length (*i.e.* 130 paces), 90 in breadth at the area, with caves for the wild beasts which used to be baited by men instead of dogs; the whole oval periphery 2888½ palms, and capable of containing 87,000 spectators with ease and all accommodation: the three rows of circles are yet entire; the first was for the senators, the middle for the nobility, the third for the people. At the dedication of this place were 5000 wild beasts slain in three months during which the feast lasted, to the expense of ten millions of gold. It was built of Tiburtine stone, a vast height, with the five orders of architecture, by 30,000 captive Jews. It is without, of a perfect circle, and was once adorned thick with statues, and remained entire, till of late that some of the stones were carried away to repair the city walls and build the Farnesian Palace. That which still appears most admirable is, the contrivance of the porticos, vaults, and stairs, with the excessive altitude, which well deserves this distich of the poet:²

Omnis Cæsareo cedat labor Amphitheatro;
Unum pro cunctis fama loquatur opus.

¹ [Lassels calls the statue on the fountain "a *Statue of Jupiter of brass*" (ii. 123).]

² [Martial, *De Spect.*, Ep. i. ll. 7-8.]

Near it is a small chapel called Santa Maria della Pietà nel Colisseo, which is erected on the steps, or stages, very lofty at one of its sides, or ranges, within, and where there lives only a melancholy hermit. I ascended to the very top of it with wonderful admiration.

The Arch of Constantine the Great is close by the Meta-Sudante, before mentioned, at the beginning of the Via Appia, on one side Monte Celio, and is perfectly entire, erected by the people in memory of his victory over Maxentius, at the Pons Milvius, now Ponte Mole. In the front is this inscription :

IMP. CAES. FL. CONSTANTINO MAXIMO
P. F. AVGVSTO S. P. Q. R.
QVOD INSTINCTV DIVINITATIS MENTIS
MAGNITVDINE CVM EXERCITV SVO
TAM DE TYRANNO QVAM DE OMNI EIVS
FACTIONE VNO TEMPORE IVSTIS.
REMPVBLICAM VLTVS EST ARMIS
ARCVM TRIVMPHIS INSIGNEM DICAVIT.

Hence, we went to St. Gregorio, in Monte Celio, where are many privileged altars, and there they showed us an arm of that saint, and other relics. Before this church stands a very noble portico.

15th November. Was very wet, and I stirred not out, and the 16th I went to visit Father John, Provincial of the Benedictines.

17th. I walked to Villa Borghese, a house and ample garden on Mons Pincius, yet somewhat without the city walls, circumscribed by another wall full of small turrets and banqueting-houses; which makes it appear at a distance like a little town. Within it is an elysium of delight, having in the centre of it a noble palace; but the entrance of the garden presents us with a very glorious fabric, or rather door-case, adorned with divers excellent marble statues. This garden abounded

with all sorts of delicious fruit and exotic simples, fountains of sundry inventions, groves, and small rivulets. There is also adjoining to it a vivarium for ostriches, peacocks, swans, cranes, etc., and divers strange beasts, deer, and hares. The grotto is very rare, and represents, among other devices, artificial rain, and sundry shapes of vessels, flowers, etc.; which is effected by changing the heads of the fountains. The groves are of cypress, laurel, pine, myrtle, and olive. The four sphinxes are very antique, and worthy observation. To this is a volary, full of curious birds. The house is square with turrets, from which the prospect is excellent towards Rome, and the environing hills, covered as they now are with snow, which indeed commonly continues even a great part of the summer, affording sweet refreshment. Round the house is a baluster of white marble, with frequent jettos of water, and adorned with a multitude of statues. The walls of the house are covered with antique incrustations of history, as that of Curtius, the Rape of Europa, Leda, etc. The cornices above consist of fruitages and festoons, between which are niches furnished with statues, which order is observed to the very roof. In the lodge, at the entry, are divers good statues of Consuls, etc., with two pieces of field-artillery upon carriages (a mode much practised in Italy before the great men's houses), which they look on as a piece of state more than defence. In the first hall within, are the twelve Roman Emperors, of excellent marble; betwixt them stand porphyry columns, and other precious stones of vast height and magnitude, with urns of oriental alabaster. Tables of *pietra-commessa*: and here is that renowned Diana which Pompey worshipped, of eastern marble: the most incomparable Seneca of touch,¹ bleeding in a huge

¹ [Touchstone or basanite (*Lydius lapis*). "Its of a black stone

vase of porphyry, resembling the drops of his blood ; the so famous Gladiator,¹ and the Hermaphrodite upon a quilt of stone. The new piece of Daphne, and David, of Cavaliero Bernini,² is observable for the pure whiteness of the stone, and the art of the statuary plainly stupendous. There is a multitude of rare pictures of infinite value, by the best masters ; huge tables of porphyry, and two exquisitely wrought vases of the same. In another chamber, are divers sorts of instruments of music : amongst other toys that of a satyr, which so artificially expressed a human voice, with the motion of eyes and head, that it might easily affright one who was not prepared for that most extravagant sight. They showed us also a chair that catches fast any who sits down in it, so as not to be able to stir out, by certain springs concealed in the arms and back thereof, which at sitting down surprises a man on the sudden, locking him in by the arms and thighs, after a true treacherous Italian guise. The perspective is also considerable, composed by the position of looking-glasses, which render a strange multiplication of things resembling divers most richly furnished rooms. Here stands a rare clock of German work ; in a word, nothing but what is magnificent is to be seen in this Paradise.

The next day, I went to the Vatican, where, in the morning, I saw the ceremony of Pamfilio, the Pope's nephew, receiving a Cardinal's hat ; this was the first time I had seen his Holiness *in*

like Ieat"—says Lassels of the statue—"then which nothing can be blacker but the crimes of *Nero the Magistricide*, who put this rare man his master to death" (ii. 172).]

¹ [This is the so-called *Borghese Gladiator* of Agasias, the Ephesian. It has been in the Louvre since 1808.]

² [Daphne changed into a Laurel from Ovid, and David with the Sling,—the former executed in 1616, the latter when Bernini was in his eighteenth year.]

pontificalibus. After the Cardinals and Princes had met in the consistory, the ceremony was in the Pope's chapel, where he was at the altar invested with most pompous rites.

19th November. I visited St. Peter's, that most stupendous and incomparable Basilica, far surpassing any now extant in the world, and perhaps, Solomon's Temple excepted, any that was ever built. The largeness of the piazza before the portico is worth observing, because it affords a noble prospect of the church, not crowded up, as for the most part is the case in other places where great churches are erected. In this is a fountain, out of which gushes a river rather than a stream which, ascending a good height, breaks upon a round emboss of marble into millions of pearls that fall into the subjacent basins with great noise; I esteem this one of the goodliest fountains I ever saw.¹

Next is the obelisk transported out of Egypt, and dedicated by Octavius Augustus to Julius Cæsar, whose ashes it formerly bore on the summit; but, being since overturned by the barbarians, was re-erected with vast cost and a most stupendous invention by Domenico Fontana,² architect to Sixtus V. The obelisk consists of one entire square stone without hieroglyphics, in height seventy-two feet, but comprehending the base and all it is 108 feet high, and rests on four Lions of gilded copper, so as you may see through the base of the obelisk and plinth of the pedestal.

¹ [Lassels (ii. p. 28) adds a detail. It "throweth up such a quantity of water, that it maketh a *mist* alwayes about it, and oftentimes a *rainbow*,—when the *Sun* strikes obliquely upon it."]

² [Domenico Fontana, 1543-1607. In 1590, he gave a folio account (with his portrait) of the erection of this monument, entitled *Della transportatione dell' Obelisco Vaticano, etc., Roma.*]

Upon two faces of the obelisk is engraven

DIVO CAES. DIVI
IVLII F. AVGVSTO
TI. CAES. DIVI AVG.
F. AVGV8. SACRVM.

It now bears on the top a cross in which it is said that Sixtus V. inclosed some of the holy wood ; and under it is to be read by good eyes :

SANCTISSIMAE CRVCI
SEXTVS V. PONT. MAX.
CONSECRAVIT.
E. PRIORE SEDE AVVL8VM
ET CAESS. AVG. AC TIB.
I. L. ABLATUM M.D.LXXXVI.

On the four faces of the base below :

1. CHRISTVS VINCIT.
CHRISTVS REGNAT.
CHRISTVS IMPERAT.
CHRISTVS AB OMNI MALO
PLEBEM SVAM DEFENDAT.

2. SEXTVS V. PONT. MAX.
OBELISCVM VATICANVM DIIS GENTIVM
IMPIO CVLTV DICATVM
AD APOSTOLORVM LIMINA
OPERO8O LABORE TRANSTVLIT
AN. M.D.LXXXVI. PONT. II.

3. ECCE CRVX DOMINI
FVGITE PARTES
ADVERSAE
VINCIT LEO
DE TRIBV IYDA.

4. SEXTVS V. PONT. MAX.
CRVCI INVICTAE
OBELISCVM VATICANVM
AB IMPIA SVPERSTITIONE
EXPIATVM IVSTIVS
ET FELICITVS CONSECRAVIT
AN. M.D.LXXXVI. PONT. II.

A little lower :

DOMINICVS FONTANA EX PAGO MILIAGRI NOVOCOMENSIS TRANSTVLIT
ET EREXIT.

It is reported to have taken a year in erecting, to have cost 87,975 crowns, the labour of 907 men, and 75 horses: this being the first of the four Egyptian obelisks set up at Rome, and one of the forty-two brought to the city out of Egypt, set up in several places, but thrown down by the Goths, Barbarians, and earthquakes.¹ Some coaches stood before the steps of the ascent, whereof one, belonging to Cardinal Medici, had all the metal work of massy silver, viz. the bow behind and other places. The coaches at Rome, as well as covered waggons also much in use, are generally the richest and largest I ever saw. Before the *facciata* of the church is an ample pavement. The church was first begun by St. Anacletus, when rather a chapel, on a foundation, as they give out, of Constantine the Great, who, in honour of the Apostles, carried twelve baskets full of sand to the work. After him, Julius II. took it in hand, to which all his successors have contributed more or less.

The front is supposed to be the largest and best-studied piece of architecture in the world; to this we went up by four steps of marble. The first entrance is supported by huge pilasters; the *volto* within is the richest possible, and overlaid with gold. Between the five large anti-ports are columns of enormous height and compass, with as many gates of brass, the work and sculpture of Pollajuolo, the Florentine, full of cast figures and histories in a deep *rilievo*. Over this runs a terrace of like amplitude and ornament, where the Pope, at solemn times, bestows his benediction on the vulgar. On each side of this portico are two campaniles, or towers, whereof there was but one perfected, of admirable art. On the top of all, runs

¹ [Lassels adds (ii. p. 28):—"The whole *Guglia* [obelisk] is said to weigh 956,148 pound weight. I wonder what scales they had to weigh it with."]

a balustrade which edges it quite round, and upon this at equal distances are Christ and the twelve Disciples, of gigantic size and stature, yet below showing no greater than the life. Entering the church, admirable is the breadth of the *volto*, or roof, which is all carved with foliage and roses overlaid with gold in nature of a deep *basso-rilievo*, *à l'antique*. The nave, or body, is in form of a cross, whereof the foot-part is the longest; and, at the *internodium* of the transept, rises the cupola, which being all of stone and of prodigious height is more in compass than that of the Pantheon (which was the largest amongst the old Romans, and is yet entire) or any other known. The inside, or concave, is covered with most exquisite mosaic, representing the Celestial Hierarchy, by Giuseppe d' Arpino, full of stars of gold; the convex, or outside, exposed to the air, is covered with lead, with great ribs of metal double gilt (as are also the ten other lesser cupolas, for no fewer adorn this glorious structure), which gives a great and admirable splendour in all parts of the city. On the summit of this is fixed a brazen globe gilt, capable of receiving thirty-five persons.¹ This I entered, and engraved my name amongst other travellers. Lastly, is the Cross, the access to which is between the leaden covering and the stone convex, or arch-work; a most truly astonishing piece of art! On the battlements of the church, also all overlaid with lead and marble, you would imagine yourself in a town, so many are the cupolas, pinnacles, towers, juttings, and not a few houses inhabited by men who dwell there, and have enough to do to look after the vast reparations which continually employ them.

¹ [Lassels (ii. p. 46) says thirty. "We were eight in it at once; and I am sure we could have placed thrice as many more."]

Having seen this, we descended into the body of the church, full of collateral chapels and large oratories, most of them exceeding the size of ordinary churches; but the principal are four incrustated with most precious marbles and stones of various colours, adorned with an infinity of statues, pictures, stately altars, and innumerable relics. The altar-piece of St. Michael being of mosaic, I could not pass without particular note, as one of the best of that kind. The chapel of Gregory XIII., where he is buried, is most splendid. Under the cupola, and in the centre of the church, stands the high altar, consecrated first by Clement VIII., adorned by Paul V., and lately covered by Pope Urban VIII.; with that stupendous canopy of Corinthian brass, which heretofore was brought from the Pantheon; it consists of four wreathed columns, partly channelled and encircled with vines, on which hang little *putti*, birds and bees (the arms of the Barberini), sustaining a *baldacchino* of the same metal. The four columns weigh an hundred and ten thousand pounds, all over richly gilt; this, with the pedestals, crown, and statues about it, forms a thing of that art, vastness, and magnificence, as is beyond all that man's industry has produced of the kind; it is the work of Bernini, a Florentine sculptor, architect, painter, and poet,¹ who, a little before my coming to the city, gave a public opera (for so they call shows of that kind), wherein he painted the scenes, cut the statues, invented the engines, composed the music, writ the comedy, and built the theatre. Opposite to either of these pillars, under those niches which, with their columns, support the weighty cupola, are placed four exquisite statues of Parian marble,

¹ [Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini, 1598-1680. For this work Bernini received from Urban VIII. (Cardinal Maffeo Barberini) 10,000 scudi, a pension, and two livings for his brothers.]

to which are four altars; that of St. Veronica, made by Fra. Mochi, has over it the reliquary, where they showed us the miraculous *Sudarium* indued with the picture of our Saviour's face, with this inscription: "Salvatoris imaginem Veronicæ Sudario exceptam ut loci majestas decenter custodiret, Urbanus VIII. Pont. Max. Marmoreum signum et Altare addidit, Conditorium extruxit et ornavit."¹

Right against this is that of Longinus, of a colossean magnitude, also by Bernini, and over him the conservatory of the iron lance inserted in a most precious crystal, with this epigraph: "Longini Lanceam quam Innocentius VIII. à Bajazete Turcarum Tyranno accepit, Urbanus VIII. statuâ appositâ, et Sacello substructo, in exornatum Conditorium transtulit."

The third chapel has over the altar the statue of our countrywoman, St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great; the work of Boggi, an excellent sculptor; and here is preserved a great piece of the pretended wood of the holy cross which she is said to have first detected miraculously in the Holy Land. It was placed here by the late Pope with this inscription: "Partem Crucis quam Helena Imperatrix è Calvario in Urbem adduxit, Urbanus VIII. Pont. Max. è Sessorianâ Basilicâ desumptam, additis arâ et statuâ, hîc in Vaticano collocavit."

The fourth hath over the altar, and opposite to that of St. Veronica, the statue of St. Andrew, the work of Fiamingo, admirable above all the other; above is preserved the head of that Apostle, richly enchased. It is said that this excellent sculptor died mad to see his statue placed in a disad-

¹ [More briefly described by Lassels (ii. p. 33) as "the *Volto Sacro*, or print of our Saviour's face, which he imprinted in the handkercher of S. Veronica."]

vantageous light by Bernini, the chief architect, who found himself outdone by this artist. The inscription over it is this :

St. Andreæ caput quod Pius II. ex Achaiâ in Vaticanum asportandum curavit, Urbanus VIII. novis hic ornamentis decoratum, sacrisq' statuæ ac Sacelli honoribus coli voluit.

The relics showed and kept in this church are without number, as are also the precious vessels of gold, silver, and gems, with the vests and services to be seen in the Sacristy, which they showed us. Under the high altar is an ample grot inlaid with *pietra-commessa*, wherein half of the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul are preserved; before hang divers great lamps of the richest plate, burning continually. About this and contiguous to the altar, runs a balustrade, in form of a theatre, of black marble. Towards the left, as you go out of the church by the portico, a little beneath the high altar, is an old brass statue of St. Peter sitting, under the soles of whose feet many devout persons rub their heads, and touch their chaplets. This was formerly cast from a statue of Jupiter Capitolinus. In another place, stands a column grated about with iron, whereon they report that our Blessed Saviour was often wont to lean as he preached in the Temple. In the work of the reliquary under the cupola there are eight wreathed columns brought from the Temple of Solomon. In another chapel, they showed us the chair of St. Peter, or, as they name it, the Apostolical Throne. But amongst all the chapels the one most glorious has for an altar-piece a Madonna bearing a dead Christ on her knees, in white marble, the work of Michael Angelo.¹ At the upper end of the Cathedral, are several stately monuments, especially that of Urban VIII. Round the cupola, and in

¹ [The famous *Pietà*,—the only work the artist signed.]

many other places in the church, are confession-seats, for all languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, English, Irish, Welsh, Sclavonian, Dutch, etc., as it is written on their friezes in golden capitals, and there are still at confessions some of all nations. Towards the lower end of the church, and on the side of a vast pillar sustaining a weighty roof, is the *depositum* and statue of the Countess Matilda, a rare piece, with *basso-rilievos* about it of white marble, the work of Bernini. Here are also those of Sixtus IV. and Paulus III., etc. Amongst the exquisite pieces in this sumptuous fabric is that of the ship with St. Peter held up from sinking by our Saviour; the emblems about it are the mosaic of the famous Giotto, who restored and made it perfect after it had been defaced by the barbarians. Nor is the pavement under the cupola to be passed over without observation, which with the rest of the body and walls of the whole church, are all inlaid with the richest of *pietra-commessa*, in the most splendid colours of polished marbles, agates, serpentine, porphyry, calcedon, etc., wholly incrustated to the very roof. Coming out by the portico at which we entered, we were showed the Porta Santa, never opened but at the year of jubilee. This glorious foundation hath belonging to it thirty canons, thirty-six beneficiates, twenty-eight clerks beneficed, with innumerable chaplains, etc., a Cardinal being always arch-priest; the present Cardinal was Francesco Barberini, who also styled himself Protector of the English, to whom he was indeed very courteous.¹

¹ [Francesco Barberini, 1597-1679, Founder of the Barberini Library, and Vice-Chancellor of the Church of Rome. He is buried in S. Maria della Concezione, under the modest epitaph, *Hic jacet pulvis, cinis, et nihil*. Milton was introduced to him, in 1638, by Lucas Holstenius, the librarian of the Vatican; and

20th November. I went to visit that ancient See and Cathedral of St. John di Laterano, and the holy places thereabout. This is a church of extraordinary devotion, though, for outward form, not comparable to St. Peter's, being of Gothic *ordonnance*. Before we went into the cathedral, the Baptistery of St. John Baptist presented itself, being formerly part of the Great Constantine's Palace, and, as it is said, his chamber where by St. Silvester he was made a Christian. It is of an octagonal shape, having before the entrance eight fair pillars of rich porphyry, each of one entire piece, their capitals of divers orders, supporting lesser columns of white marble, and these supporting a noble cupola, the moulding whereof is excellently wrought. In the chapel which they affirm to have been the lodging-place of this Emperor, all women are prohibited from entering, for the malice of Herodias who caused him to lose his head. Here are deposited several sacred relics of St. James, Mary Magdalen, St. Matthew, etc., and two goodly pictures. Another chapel, or oratory near it, is called St. John the Evangelist, well adorned with marbles and tables, especially those of Cavalière Giuseppe,¹ and of Tempesta, in fresco. We went hence into another called St. Venantius, in which is a tribunal all of mosaic in figures of Popes. Here is also an altar of the Madonna, much visited, and divers Sclavonish saints, companions of Pope John IV. The portico of the church is built of materials brought from Pontius Pilate's house in Jerusalem.

The next sight which attracted our attention, was a wonderful concourse of people at their devotions before a place called Scala Sancta, to

it was probably at the Barberini Palace that Milton heard Leonora Baroni sing (Pattison's *Milton*, 1879, p. 38). See *post*, under 19th February, and 4th May, 1645.]

¹ [d' Arpino.]

which is built a noble front. Entering the portico, we saw those large marble stairs, twenty-eight in number, which are never ascended but on the knees, some lip-devotion being used on every step; on which you may perceive divers red specks of blood under a grate, which they affirm to have been drops of our Blessed Saviour, at the time he was so barbarously misused by Herod's soldiers; for these stairs are reported to have been translated hither from his palace in Jerusalem.¹ At the top of them is a chapel, whereat they enter (but we could not be permitted) by gates of marble, being the same our Saviour passed when he went out of Herod's house. This they name the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, and over it we read this epigraph:

Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus.

Here, through a grate, we saw that picture of Christ painted (as they say) by the hand of St. Luke, to the life.² Descending again, we saw before the church the obelisk, which is indeed most worthy of admiration. It formerly lay in the Circo Maximo, and was erected here by Sixtus V., in 1587, being 112 feet in height without the base or pedestal; at the foot nine and a half one way, and eight the other. This pillar was first brought from Thebes at the utmost confines of Egypt, to Alexandria, from thence to Constantinople, thence to Rome, and is said by Ammianus Marcellinus to have been dedicated to Rameses, King of Egypt. It was transferred to this city by Constantine the son of the Great, and is full of hieroglyphics,

¹ ["These *holy staires* were Sent from *Hierusalem* to *Constantin the Great*, by his Moter Queen *Helen*, together with many other *Relicks* kept in *S. Iohn Laterans Church*. They are of white marble, and above six foot long" (Lassels, ii. p. 114).]

² ["Its about a foot & a halfe long"—adds Lassels—"and its sayd to have been begun by *S. Luke*, but ended miraculously by an *Angel*" (ii. p. 114).]

serpents, men, owls, falcons, oxen, instruments, etc., containing (as Father Kircher the Jesuit will shortly tell us in a book which he is ready to publish¹) all the recondite and abstruse learning of that people. The vessel, galley, or float, that brought it to Rome so many hundred leagues, must needs have been of wonderful bigness and strange fabric. The stone is one and entire, and [having been thrown down] was erected by the famous Dom. Fontana, for that magnificent Pope, Sixtus V., as the rest were; it is now cracked in many places, but solidly joined. The obelisk is thus inscribed at the several *facciatas* :

Fl. Constantinus Augustus, Constantini Augusti F. Obeliscum à patre suo motum diuq; Alexandriae jacentem, trecentorum remigum impositum navi mirandæ vastitatis per mare Tyberimq; magnis molibus Romam convectum in Circo Max. ponendum S.P.Q.R.D.D.

On the second square :

Fl. Constantinus Max: Aug: Christianæ fidei Vindex & Assertor Obeliscum ab Ægyptio Rege impuro voto Soli dicatum, sedibus avulsum suis per Nilum transfer. Alexandriam, ut Novam Romam ab se tunc conditam eo decoraret monumento.

On the third :

Sextus V. Pontifex Max: Obeliscum hunc specie eximiâ temporum calamitate fractum, Circi Maximi ruinis humo, limoq; altè demersum, multâ impensâ extraxit, hunc in locum magno labore transtulit, formâq; pristinâ accuratè vestitum, Cruci invictissimæ dicavit anno M.D.LXXXVIII. Pont. IIII.

On the fourth :

Constantinus per Crucem Victor à Silvestro hic Baptizatus Crucis gloriam propagavit.

Leaving this wonderful monument (before which

¹ [*Obeliscus Pamphilius, etc.*, 1650, Romæ, folio, 3 vols. (see post, p. 309, and 6th May, 1655).]

is a stately public fountain, with a statue of St. John in the middle of it), we visited his Holiness's Palace, being a little on the left hand, the design of Fontana, architect to Sixtus V. This I take to be one of the best Palaces in Rome;¹ but not staying we entered the church of St. John di Laterano, which is properly the Cathedral of the Roman See, as I learned by these verses engraven upon the architrave of the portico :

Dogmate Papali datur, et simul Imperiali
 Quod sim cunctarum mater caput Ecclesiæ
 Hinc Salvatoris cœlestia regna datoris
 Nomine Sanxerunt, cum cuncta peracta fuerunt;
 Sic vos ex toto conversi supplice voto
 Nostra quod hæc ædes; tibi Christe sit inclyta sedes.

It is called Lateran, from a noble family formerly dwelling it seems hereabouts, on Mons Cælius. The church is Gothic, and hath a stately tribunal; the paintings are of Pietro Pisano. It was the first church that was consecrated with the ceremonies now introduced, and where altars of stone supplied those of wood heretofore in use, and made like large chests for the easier removal in times of persecution; such an altar is still the great one here preserved, as being that on which (they hold) St. Peter celebrated mass at Rome; for which reason none but the Pope may now presume to make that use of it. The pavement is of all sorts of precious marbles, and so are the walls to a great height, over which it is painted *a fresco* with the life and acts of Constantine the Great, by most excellent masters. The organs

¹ ["Near this Church [S. Giovanni Laterano] Pope Sixtus V. caused an old decayed palace to be entirely rebuilt, and with suitable splendor and magnificence; but his successors never liked it so well as to make it their constant residence. In the year 1698 Innocent XII. converted it into an hospital for poor women, and its present endowment is at least thirty thousand *scudi* or crowns" (Keysler's *Travels*, 1760, ii. p. 197).]

are rare, supported by four columns. The *soffitta* is all richly gilded, and full of pictures. Opposite to the porta is an altar of exquisite architecture, with a tabernacle on it all of precious stones, the work of Targoni;¹ on this is a *coena* of plate, the invention of Curtius Vanni, of exceeding value; the tables hanging over it are of Giuseppe d'Arpino. About this are four excellent columns transported out of Asia by the Emperor Titus, of brass, double gilt, about twelve feet in height; the walls between them are incrustated with marble and set with statues in niches, the vacuum reported to be filled with holy earth, which St. Helena sent from Jerusalem to her son, Constantine, who set these pillars where they now stand. At one side of this is an oratory full of rare paintings and monuments, especially those of the great Connestabile Colonna.² Out of this we came into the Sacristia, full of good pictures of Albert³ and others. At the end of the church is a flat stone supported by four pillars which they affirm to have been the exact height of our Blessed Saviour, and say they never fitted any mortal man that tried it, but he was either taller or shorter; two columns of the veil of the Temple which rent at his passion; the stone on which they threw lots for his seamless vesture; and the pillar on which the cock crowed, after Peter's denial; and, to omit no fine thing, the just length of the Virgin Mary's foot as it seems her shoemaker affirmed! Here is a sumptuous cross, beset with precious stones, containing some of the *very* wood of the holy cross itself; with many other things of this sort:

¹ [Pomp. Targoni,—“the engineer who made the famous dykes at Rochelle,” says Keyser (ii. p. 191).]

² [The Constable Colonna was the husband of Mazarin's niece, Maria Mancini.]

³ [Dürer.]

also numerous most magnificent monuments, especially those of St. Helena, of porphyry; Cardinal Farnese; Martin I., of copper; the pictures of Mary Magdalen, Martin V., Laurentius Valla, etc., are of Gaetano; the Nunciata, designed by M. Angelo; and the great crucifix of Sermoneta. In a chapel at one end of the porch is a statue of Henry IV. of France, in brass, standing in a dark hole, and so has done many years; perhaps from not believing him a thorough proselyte. The two famous Œcumenical Councils were celebrated in this Church by Pope Simachus, Martin I., Stephen, etc.

Leaving this venerable church (for in truth it has a certain majesty in it), we passed through a fair and large hospital of good architecture, having some inscriptions put up by Barberini, the late Pope's nephew.¹ We then went by St. Sylvia, where is a noble statue of St. Gregory P., begun by M. Angelo;² a St. Andrew, and the bath of St. Cecilia. In this church are some rare paintings, especially that story on the wall of Guido Reni. Thence to SS. Giovanni e Paolo, where the friars are reputed to be great chymists. The choir, roof, and paintings in the *tribuna* are excellent.

Descending the Mons Cælius, we came against the vestiges of the Palazzo Maggiore, heretofore the Golden House of Nero; now nothing but a heap of vast and confused ruins, to show what time and the vicissitude of human things does change from the most glorious and magnificent to the most deformed and confused. We next went into St. Sebastian's Church, which has a handsome front: then we passed by the place where Romulus and Remus were taken up by

¹ [The Hospital of S. Giovanni Laterano.]

² [This statue of St. Gregory, St. Sylvia's son, was finished by Franciosini (Keysler, ii. p. 205).]

Faustulus, the Forum Romanum, and so by the edge of the Mons Palatinus; where we saw the ruins of Pompey's house, and the Church of St. Anacletus; and so into the Circus Maximus, heretofore capable of containing a hundred and sixty thousand spectators, but now all one entire heap of rubbish, part of it converted into a garden of pot-herbs. We concluded this evening with hearing the rare voices and music at the Chiesa Nuova.¹

21st November. I was carried to see a great virtuoso, Cavaliéro Pozzo,² who showed us a rare collection of all kind of antiquities, and a choice library, over which are the effigies of most of our late men of polite literature. He had a great collection of the antique *basso-relievos* about Rome, which this curious man had caused to be designed in several folios: many fine medals; the stone which Pliny calls *enhydros*; it had plainly in it the quantity of half a spoonful of water, of a yellow pebble colour, of the bigness of a walnut. A stone paler than an amethyst, which yet he affirmed to be the true carbuncle, and harder than a diamond; it was set in a ring, without foil, or anything at the bottom, so as it was transparent, of a greenish yellow, more lustrous than a diamond. He had very pretty things painted on crimson velvet, designed in black, and shaded and heightened with white, set in frames; also a number of choice designs and drawings.

¹ [See *ante*, p. 164.]

² [Lassels also visited Pozzo. "Behinde this Church [S. Andrea della Valle] lived, when I first was acquainted with Rome, an other great *Virtuoso* and *Gentleman* of Rome, I meane the ingenious *Cavalier Pozzo*, with whom I was brought acquainted, and saw all his rarities, his curious *pictures, medals, bassi rilievi*, his excellent *bookes* of the rarest things in the world, which he caused to be painted, copied, and designed out with great cost" (ii. 217).]

Hence we walked to the Suburra and Ærarium Saturni, where yet remain some ruins and an inscription. From thence to S. Pietro in Vincoli, one of the seven churches on the Esquiline, an old and much-frequented place of great devotion for the relics there, especially the bodies of the seven Maccabean brethren, which lie under the altar. On the wall is a St. Sebastian, of mosaic, after the Greek manner;¹ but what I chiefly regarded was, that noble sepulchre of Pope Julius II.,² the work of M. Angelo; with that never-sufficiently-to-be-admired statue of Moses, in white marble, and those of Vita Contemplativa and Activa, by the same incomparable hand. To this church belongs a monastery, in the court of whose cloisters grow two tall and very stately palm trees. Behind these, we walked a turn amongst the Baths of Titus, admiring the strange and prodigious receptacles for water, which the vulgar call the Sette Sale, now all in heaps.

22nd November. Was the solemn and greatest ceremony of all the State Ecclesiastical, viz. the procession of the Pope (Innocent X.) to St. John di Laterano,³ which, standing on the steps of Ara Coeli, near the Capitol, I saw pass in this manner:—First went a guard of Switzers to make way, and divers of the *avant-guard* of horse carrying lances. Next followed those who carried the robes of the Cardinals, two and two; then the Cardinals' macebearers; the *caudatari*,⁴ on mules; the masters

¹ [It represents St. Sebastian in old age with white hair and beard, carrying a martyr's crown.]

² [Pope Julius II. is really buried in the chapel of the Sacrament at St. Peter's. His tomb at St. Peter in Vincoli was but partially completed. Four only out of more than forty statues were finished; three, the Moses, Leah, and Rachel (Active and Contemplative Life), being used for the existing monument.]

³ [See *ante*, p. 148.]

⁴ [*Caudataires*, train-bearers.]

of their horse; the Pope's barber, tailor, baker, gardener, and other domestic officers, all on horseback, in rich liveries; the squires belonging to the Guard; five men in rich liveries led five noble Neapolitan horses, white as snow, covered to the ground with trappings richly embroidered; which is a service paid by the King of Spain for the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, pretended feudatories to the Pope; three mules of exquisite beauty and price, trapped in crimson velvet; next followed three rich litters with mules, the litters empty; the master of the horse alone, with his squires; five trumpeters; the *armerieri extra muros*; the fiscal and consistorial advocates; *capellani*, *camerieri de honore*, *cubiculari* and chamberlains, called *secreti*.

Then followed four other *camerieri*, with four caps of the dignity-pontifical, which were Cardinals' hats carried on staves; four trumpets; after them, a number of noble Romans and gentlemen of quality, very rich, and followed by innumerable *staffieri* and pages; the secretaries of the *cancellaria*, *abbreviatori-accoliti* in their long robes, and on mules; *auditori di roti*; the dean of the *roti* and master of the sacred palace, on mules, with grave, but rich foot-clothes, and in flat episcopal hats; then went more of the Roman and other nobility and courtiers, with divers pages in most rich liveries on horseback; fourteen drums belonging to the Capitol; the marshals with their staves; the two syndics; the conservators of the city, in robes of crimson damask; the knight-gonfalionier and prior of the R. R., in velvet toques; six of his Holiness's macebearers; then the captain, or governor, of the Castle of St. Angelo, upon a brave prancer; the governor of the city; on both sides of these two long ranks of Switzers; the masters of the ceremonies; the cross-bearer on horseback, with two priests at each

hand on foot ; pages, footmen, and guards, in abundance. Then came the Pope himself, carried in a litter, or rather open chair, of crimson velvet, richly embroidered, and borne by two stately mules ; as he went, he held up two fingers, blessing the multitude who were on their knees, or looking out of their windows and houses, with loud *vivas* and acclamations of felicity to their new Prince. This chair was followed by the master of his chamber, cup-bearer, secretary, and physician ; then came the Cardinal-Bishops, Cardinal-Priests, Cardinal-Deacons, Patriarchs, Archbishops, and Bishops, all in their several and distinct habits, some in red, others in green flat hats with tassels, all on gallant mules richly trapped with velvet, and led by their servants in great state and multitudes ; after them, the apostolical *protonotari*, auditor, treasurer, and referendaries ; lastly, the trumpets of the rear-guard, two pages of arms in helmets with feathers, and carrying lances ; two captains ; the pontifical standard of the Church ; the two *alfieri*, or cornets, of the Pope's light horse, who all followed in armour and carrying lances ; which, with innumerable rich coaches, litters, and people, made up the procession. What they did at St. John di Laterano, I could not see, by reason of the prodigious crowd ; so I spent most of the day in viewing the two triumphal arches which had been purposely erected a few days before, and till now covered ; the one by the Duke of Parma, in the Foro Romano, the other by the Jews in the Capitol, with flattering inscriptions. They were of excellent architecture, decorated with statues and abundance of ornaments proper for the occasion, since they were but temporary, and made up of boards, cloth, etc., painted and framed on the sudden, but as to outward appearance, solid and very stately. The night ended with fire-works. What I saw was that which was built before the

Spanish Ambassador's house, in the Piazza del Trinita, and another, before that of the French. The first appeared to be a mighty rock, bearing the Pope's Arms, a dragon, and divers figures, which being set on fire by one who flung a rocket at it, kindled immediately, yet preserving the figure both of the rock and statues a very long time; insomuch as it was deemed ten thousand reports of squibs and crackers spent themselves in order. That before the French Ambassador's Palace was a Diana drawn in a chariot by her dogs, with abundance of other figures as large as the life, which played with fire in the same manner. In the meantime, the windows of the whole city were set with tapers put into lanterns, or sconces, of several coloured oiled paper, that the wind might not annoy them; this rendered a most glorious show. Besides these, there were at least twenty other fire-works of vast charge and rare art for their invention before divers Ambassadors', Princes', and Cardinals' Palaces, especially that on the Castle of St. Angelo, being a pyramid of lights, of great height, fastened to the ropes and cables which support the standard-pole. The streets were this night as light as day, full of bonfires, cannon roaring, music playing, fountains running wine, in all excess of joy and triumph.

23rd November. I went to the Jesuits' College again,¹ the front whereof gives place to few for its architecture, most of its ornaments being of rich marble. It has within a noble portico and court, sustained by stately columns, as is the corridor over the portico, at the sides of which are the schools for arts and sciences, which are here taught as at the University. Here I heard Father Athanasius Kircher² upon a part of Euclid, which he expounded. To this joins a glorious and ample church for the

¹ [See *ante*, p. 162.]

² [See *ante*, p. 162.]

students ; a second is not fully finished ; and there are two noble libraries, where I was showed that famous wit and historian, Famianus Strada.¹ Hence we went to the house of Hippolito Vitellesco (afterwards bibliothecary of the Vatican library), who showed us one of the best collections of statues in Rome, to which he frequently talks as if they were living, pronouncing now and then orations, sentences, and verses, sometimes kissing and embracing them. He has a head of Brutus scarred in the face by order of the Senate for killing Julius ; this is much esteemed. Also a Minerva, and others of great value. This gentleman not long since purchased land in the kingdom of Naples, in hope, by digging the ground, to find more statues ; which it seems so far succeeded, as to be much more worth than the purchase. We spent the evening at the Chiesa Nuova, where was excellent music ; but, before that began, the courteous fathers led me into a nobly furnished library, contiguous to their most beautiful convent.

28th November. I went to see the garden and house of the Aldobrandini, now Cardinal Borghese's.² This Palace is, for architecture, magnificence, pomp, and state, one of the most considerable about the city. It has four fronts, and a noble piazza before it. Within the courts, under arches supported by marble columns, are many excellent statues.

¹ Famian Strada, 1572-1649. Joining the Society of Jesus, in 1592, he was appointed professor of rhetoric in their college in Rome. [His history of the "Low Country Warres" (*De Bello Belgico*) was "englished" by Sir. R. Stapylton in 1650.] He is chiefly known, however, to the English reader by his *Prolusiones Academicæ*, in which he introduced clever imitations of the Latin poets, translations of several of which Addison published in the *Guardian* (Nos. 115, 119, and 122). [He also refers to him in *Spectator*, Nos. 241 and 617, in the latter of which he styles Strada "the Cleveland of his age."]

² [Cardinal Scipio Borghese ?]

Ascending the stairs, there is a rare figure of Diana, of white marble. The St. Sebastian and Hermaprodite are of stupendous art. For paintings, our Saviour's Head, by Correggio; several pieces of Raphael, some of which are small; some of Bassano Veronese; the Leda, and two admirable Venuses, are of Titian's pencil; so is the Psyche and Cupid; the Head of St. John, borne by Herodias; two heads of Albert Dürer, very exquisite. We were shown here a fine cabinet and tables of Florence-work in stone. In the gardens are many fine fountains, the walls covered with citron trees, which, being rarely spread, invest the stone-work entirely; and, towards the street, at a back gate, the port is so handsomely clothed with ivy as much pleased me. About this palace are many noble antique *basso-relievos*: two especially are placed on the ground, representing armour, and other military furniture of the Romans; beside these, stand about the garden numerous rare statues, altars, and urns. Above all for antiquity and curiosity (as being the only rarity of that nature now known to remain) is that piece of old Roman painting representing the Roman *Sponsalia*, or celebration of their marriage, judged to be 1400 years old, yet are the colours very lively, and the design very entire, though found deep in the ground. For this morsel of painting's sake only, it is said the Borghesi purchased the house, because this being on a wall in a kind of banqueting-house in the garden, could not be removed, but passes with the inheritance.

29th November. I a second time visited the Medicean Palace,¹ being near my lodging, the more exactly to have a view of the noble collections that adorn it, especially the *basso-relievos* and antique friezes inserted about the stone-work of the house. The Saturn, of metal, standing in the portico, is a

¹ [See *ante*, p. 163.]

rare piece ; so is the Jupiter and Apollo, in the hall. We were now led into those rooms above we could not see before, full of incomparable statues and antiquities ; above all, and haply preferable to any in the world, are the Two Wrestlers,¹ for the inextricable mixture with each other's arms and legs is stupendous. In the great chamber is the Gladiator, whetting a knife ;² but the Venus is without parallel,³ being the masterpiece of one whose name you see graven under it in old Greek characters ;⁴ nothing in sculpture ever approached this miracle of art. To this add Marcius, Ganymede, a little Apollo playing on a pipe ; some *rilievi* incrusted on the palace-walls ; and an antique vase of marble, near six feet high. Among the pictures may be mentioned the Magdalen and St. Peter, weeping. I pass over the cabinets and tables of *pietra-commessa*, being the proper invention of the Florentines. In one of the chambers is a whimsical chair, which folded into so many varieties, as to turn into a bed, a bolster, a table, or a couch. I had another walk in the garden, where are two huge vases, or baths of stone.

I went further up the hill to the Pope's Palaces at Monte Cavallo,⁵ where I now saw the garden more exactly, and found it to be one of the most magnificent and pleasant in Rome. I am told the gardener is annually allowed 2000 scudi for the keeping of it. Here I observed hedges of myrtle above a man's height ; others of laurel, oranges, nay, of ivy and juniper ; the close walks, and rustic

¹ [*I Lottatori*. It is now in the Tribune of the Uffizi at Florence. A copy of this remarkable group forms the frontispiece to Crossley's excellent "Golden Treasury" Epictetus (1903), one of the deliverances in which it effectively illustrates.]

² [*L' Arrotino*, or Knife-Grinder, now in the Uffizi.]

³ [This is also in the Uffizi.]

⁴ [Kleomenes, son of Apollodorus.]

⁵ [See *ante*, p. 167.]

grotto ; a cryptall, of which the laver, or basin, is of one vast, entire, antique porphyry, and below this flows a plentiful cascade ; the steps of the grotto and the roofs being of rich mosaic. Here are hydraulic organs, a fish-pond, and an ample bath. From hence, we went to taste some rare Greco ; and so home.

Being now pretty weary of continual walking, I kept within, for the most part, till the 6th December ; and, during this time, I entertained one Signor Alessandro, who gave me some lessons on the theorbo.

The next excursion was over the Tiber, which I crossed in a ferry-boat, to see the Palazzo di Chigi [Farnesina], standing in Trastevere, fairly built, but famous only for the painting *a fresco* on the *volto* of the portico towards the garden ; the story is the Amours of Cupid and Psyche, by the hand of the celebrated Raphael d' Urbino. Here you always see painters designing and copying after it, being esteemed one of the rarest pieces of that art in the world ; and with great reason. I must not omit that incomparable table of Galatea (as I remember), so carefully preserved in the cupboard at one of the ends of this walk, to protect it from the air, being a most lively painting. There are likewise excellent things of Baldassare, and others.

Thence we went to the noble house of the Duke of Bracciano, fairly built, with a stately court and fountain.

Next, we walked to St. Mary's Church, where was the *Taberna Meritoria*, where the old Roman soldiers received their triumphal garland, which they ever after wore. The high altar is very fair, adorned with columns of porphyry : here is also some mosaic work about the choir, and the Assumption is an esteemed piece. It is said that this church was the first that was dedicated to the

Virgin at Rome. In the opposite piazza is a very sumptuous fountain.

12th December. I went again to St. Peter's, to see the chapels, churches, and grotts under the whole church (like our St. Faith's under Paul's), in which lie interred a multitude of Saints, Martyrs, and Popes; amongst them our countryman, Adrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspear), in a chest of porphyry; St. J. Chrysostom; Petronella; the heads of St. James Minor, St. Luke, St. Sebastian, and our Thomas à Becket; a shoulder of St. Christopher; an arm of Joseph of Arimathea; Longinus; besides 184 more Bishops, Soldiers, Princes, Scholars, Cardinals, Kings, Emperors, their wives; too long to particularise.

Hence we walked into the cemetery, called Campo Santo, the earth consisting of several ship-loads of mould, transported from Jerusalem, which consumes a carcase in twenty-four hours.¹ To this joins that rare hospital, where once was Nero's Circus; the next to this is the Inquisition-house and prison, the inside whereof, I thank God, I was not curious to see. To this joins his Holiness's Horse-guards.

On Christmas-eve, I went not to bed, being desirous of seeing the many extraordinary ceremonies performed then in their churches, as midnight masses and sermons. I walked from church to church the whole night in admiration at the multitude of scenes and pageantry which the friars had with much industry and craft set out, to catch the devout women and superstitious sort of people, who never parted without dropping some money into a vessel set on purpose; but especially observable was the puppetry in the Church of the Minerva, representing the Nativity. I thence went and heard a sermon at the Apollinare; by which time

¹ [See *ante*, pp. 100 and 136.]

it was morning. On Christmas-day, his Holiness sang mass, the artillery of St. Angelo went off, and all this day was exposed the cradle of our Lord.

29th December. We were invited by the English Jesuits to dinner, being their great feast of Thomas [à Becket] of Canterbury. We dined in their common refectory, and afterwards saw an Italian comedy acted by their alumni before the Cardinals.

1645: *January.* We saw pass the new officers of the people of Rome; especially, for their noble habits were most conspicuous, the three Consuls, now called Conservators, who take their places in the Capitol, having been sworn the day before between the hands of the Pope. We ended the day with the rare music at the Chiesa Nuova.

6th. Was the ceremony of our Saviour's baptism in the Church of St. Athanasius, and at Ara Coeli was a great procession, del Bambino, as they call it, where were all the magistrates, and a wonderful concourse of people.

7th. A sermon was preached to the Jews, at Ponte Sisto, who are constrained to sit till the hour is done; but it is with so much malice in their countenances, spitting, humming, coughing, and motion, that it is almost impossible they should hear a word from the preacher. A conversion is very rare.¹

14th. The heads of St. Peter and St. Paul are exposed at St. John di Laterano.

15th. The *zitelle*, or young wenches, which are to have portions given them by the Pope, being

¹ [Cf. Browning's "Holy-Cross Day" (*Men and Women*, 1855). By Papal Bull of 1584, Jews were compelled to hear sermons at the Church of St. Angelo in Pescheria [*i.e.* Fish Market] close to the Ghetto or Jews' quarter in Rome (Berdoo's *Browning Cyclopædia*, 1892, p. 208). This custom was abolished in 1848 by Pius IX.]

poor, and to marry them, walked in procession to St. Peter's, where the Veronica was showed.¹

I went to the Ghetto, where the Jews dwell as in a suburb by themselves ; being invited by a Jew of my acquaintance to see a circumcision. I passed by the Piazza Judea, where their seraglio begins ; for, being environed with walls, they are locked every night. In this place remains yet part of a stately fabric, which my Jew told me had been a palace of theirs for the ambassador of their nation, when their country was subject to the Romans. Being led through the Synagogue into a private house, I found a world of people in a chamber : by and by came an old man, who prepared and laid in order divers instruments brought by a little child of about seven years old in a box. These the man laid in a silver basin ; the knife was much like a short razor to shut into the half. Then they burnt some incense in a censer, which perfumed the room all the while the ceremony was performing. In the basin was a little cap made of white paper like a capuchin's hood, not bigger than the finger : also a paper of a red astringent powder, I suppose of bole ; a small instrument of silver, cleft in the middle at one end, to take up the prepuce withal ; a fine linen cloth wrapped up. These being all in order, the women brought the infant swaddled, out of another chamber, and delivered it to the Rabbi, who carried and presented it before an altar, or cupboard, dressed up, on which lay the five books of Moses, and the Commandments, a little unrolled. Before this, with profound reverence, and mumbling a few words, he waved the child to and fro awhile ; then he delivered it to another Rabbi, who sate all this time upon a table. Whilst the ceremony was performing, all the company fell singing a Hebrew hymn, in a barbarous tone, waving themselves to

¹ [See *post*, p. 257.]

and fro ; a ceremony they observe in all their devotions.¹—The Jews in Rome all wear yellow hats, live only upon brokage and usury, very poor and despicable, beyond what they are in other territories of Princes where they are permitted.

18th January. I went to see the Pope's Palace, the Vatican, where he for the most part keeps his Court. It was first built by Pope Simachus, and since augmented to a vast pile of building by his successors. That part of it added by Sixtus V. is most magnificent. This leads us into divers terraces arched *sub dio*, painted by Raphael with the histories of the Bible, so esteemed, that artists come from all parts of Europe to make their studies from these designs. The foliage and grotesque about some of the compartments are admirable.² In another room are represented at large, maps and plots of most countries in the world, in vast tables, with brief descriptions. The stairs which ascend out of St. Peter's portico into the first hall, are rarely contrived for ease ; these lead into the hall of Gregory XIII., the walls whereof half-way to the roof, are incrustated with most precious marbles of various colours and works. So is also the pavement inlaid work ; but what exceeds description is the *volto*, or roof itself, which is so exquisitely painted, that it is almost impossible for the skilfullest eye to discern whether it be the work of the pencil upon a flat, or of a tool cut deep in stone. The *rota dentata*, in this admirable perspective, on the left hand as one goes out, the *stella*, etc., are things of art incomparable. Certainly this is one of the most superb and royal

¹ [This must have been one of the sights of Rome, for Edward Browne witnessed it in January, 1665 (Sir Thomas Browne's *Works*, 1836, i. 86). Lassels also "once saw a *circumcision*, but [he says] it was so painfull to the child, that it was able to make a man heartily thank God that he is a *Christian*" (ii. 81).

² [Painted from the designs of Raphael, by John of Udine, his scholar.]

apartments in the world, much too beautiful for a guard of gigantic Switzers, who do nothing but drink and play at cards in it. Going up these stairs is a painting of St. Peter, walking on the sea towards our Saviour.

Out of this I went into another hall, just before the chapel, called the Sala del Conclave, full of admirable paintings; amongst others is the Assassination of Coligni, the great [Protestant] French Admiral, murdered by the Duke of Guise, in the Parisian massacre at the nuptials of Henry IV. with Queen Margaret; under it is written, "Coligni et sociorum cædes": on the other side, "Rex Coligni necem probat."¹

There is another very large picture,² under which is inscribed :

Alexander Papa III., Frederici Primi Imperatoris iram et impetum fugiens, abdidit se Venetijs; cognitum et à senatu perhonorificè susceptum, Othone Imperatoris filio navali prælio victo captoq; Fredericus, pace facta, supplex adorat; fidem et obedientiam pollicitus. Ita Pontifici sua dignitas Venet. Reip. beneficio restituta MCLXXVIII.

This inscription I the rather took notice of, because Urban VIII. had caused it to be blotted out during the difference between him and that State; but it was now restored and refreshed by his successor, to the great honour of the Venetians. The Battle of Lepanto is another fair piece here.³

¹ [Keysler says this picture was by Vasari. But when he wrote, the second inscription had for some time been covered "with a little gilded border."]

² Pope Alexander III., flying from the wrath and violence of the Emperor Frederick I., took shelter at Venice, where he was acknowledged, and most honourably received by the Senate. The Emperor's son, Otho, being conquered and taken in a naval battle, the Emperor, having made peace, became a suppliant to the Pope, promising fealty and obedience. Thus his dignity was restored to the Pontiff, by the aid of the Republic of Venice, MCLXXVIII. The picture is by Gioseppe Salvio.

³ ["The famous sea-fight against the Turks at Lepanto in the

Now we came into the Pope's chapel, so much celebrated for the Last Judgment painted by M. Angelo Buonarotti. It is a painting in fresco, upon a dead wall at the upper end of the chapel, just over the high altar, of a vast design and miraculous fancy, considering the multitude of naked figures and variety of posture. The roof also is full of rare work. Hence, we went into the *sacristia*, where were showed all the most precious vestments, copes, and furniture of the chapel. One priestly cope, with the whole suite, had been sent from one of our English Henrys, and is shown for a great rarity.¹ There were divers of the Pope's pantouffles that are kissed on his foot, having rich jewels embroidered on the instep, covered with crimson velvet; also his tiara, or triple crown, divers mitres, crosiers, etc., all bestudded with precious stones, gold, and pearl, to a very great value; a very large cross, carved (as they affirm) out of the holy wood itself; numerous utensils of crystal, gold, agate, amber, and other costly materials for the altar.

We then went into those chambers painted with the Histories of the burning of Rome, quenched by the procession of a Crucifix; the victory of Constantine over Maxentius; St. Peter's delivery out of Prison; all by Julio Romano, and are therefore called the Painters' Academy, because you always find some young men or other designing from

pontificate of Pius V. is the joint work of Frederico and Taddeo Zuccari, Donato de Formello, and Livio Agresti" (Keysler, ii. 284). See also *post*, account of the Courts of Justice at Venice, 1645, p. 294.]

¹ [This must have been "the neat *Charuble* of cloth of tyssue with the pictures of the ministring the *seven Sacraments*, all embroidered in it in silk and gold so rarely, that the late Lord *Mareschal of England Tho. Earle of Arundel* [d. 1646], got leave to have it painted out, and so much the more willingly, because it had been given to the Pope by King *Henry the VIII.* a little before his *Schisme*" (Lassels, ii. p. 51).]

them: a civility which is not refused in Italy, where any rare pieces of the old and best masters are extant, and which is the occasion of breeding up many excellent men in that profession.

The Sala Clementina's *soffitta* is painted by Cherubin Alberti¹ with an ample landscape of Paul Bril's.

We were then conducted into a new gallery, whose sides were painted with views of the most famous places, towns, and territories in Italy, rarely done, and upon the roof the chief Acts of the Roman Church since St. Peter's pretended See there. It is doubtless one of the most magnificent galleries in Europe.—Out of this we came into the Consistory, a noble room, the *volto* painted in grotesque, as I remember. At the upper end, is an elevated throne and a *baldacchino*, or canopy of state, for his Holiness, over it.

From thence, through a very long gallery (longer, I think, than the French Kings' at the Louvre), but only of bare walls, we were brought into the Vatican Library. This passage was now full of poor people, to each of whom, in his passage to St. Peter's, the Pope gave a *messo grosse*. I believe they were in number near 1500 or 2000 persons.

This library is the most nobly built, furnished, and beautified of any in the world; ample, stately, light, and cheerful, looking into a most pleasant garden. The walls and roof are painted, not with antiques and grotesques, like our Bodleian at Oxford, but emblems, figures, diagrams, and the like learned inventions, found out by the wit and industry of famous men, of which there are now whole volumes extant. There were likewise the effigies of the most illustrious men of letters and fathers of the church, with divers noble statues, in

¹ [Cherubino Alberti, 1552-1615.]

white marble, at the entrance, viz. Hippolytus and Aristides. The General Councils are painted on the side-walls. As to the ranging of the books, they are all shut up in presses of wainscot, and not exposed on shelves to the open air, nor are the most precious mixed amongst the more ordinary, which are showed to the curious only; such are those two Virgils written on parchment, of more than a thousand years old; the like, a Terence;¹ the Acts of the Apostles in golden capital letters; Petrarch's Epigrams, written with his own hand; also a Hebrew parchment, made up in the ancient manner, from whence they were first called *Volumina*, with the Cornua; but what we English do much inquire after, the book which our Henry VIII. writ against Luther.²

The largest room is 100 paces long; at the end is the gallery of printed books; then the gallery of the Duke of Urban's library,³ in which are MSS. of remarkable miniature, and divers China, Mexican, Samaritan, Abyssinian, and other oriental books.

In another wing of the edifice, 200 paces long, were all the books taken from Heidelberg, of which

¹ ["Here also is a manuscript of Terence, with representations of the *personæ* or masques used on the stage by the ancient comedians" (Keysler, ii. 291).]

² This very book, by one of those curious chances that occasionally happen, found its way into England some forty years ago, and was seen by Bray. It may be worth remarking that wherever, in the course of it, the title of *Defender of the Faith* was subjoined to the name of Henry, the Pope had drawn his pen through the title. The name of the King occurred in his own handwriting both at the beginning and end; and on the binding were the Royal Arms. Its possessor had purchased it in Italy for a few shillings from an old book-stall. ["When it appeared that I was come from England,"—says Gilbert Burnet,—“King Henry VIII.'s book of the Seven Sacraments, with an inscription writ upon it with his own hand to Pope Leo X., was shewed me” (*Travels* [in 1685-86], 1737, p. 187).]

³ [Bequeathed to the Vatican by the Duke (Lassels, ii. p. 64).]

the learned Gruter, and other great scholars, had been keepers.¹ These walls and *volto* are painted with representations of the machines invented by Domenico Fontana for erection of the obelisks;² and the true design of Mahomet's sepulchre at Mecca.

Out of this we went to see the Conclave, where, during a vacancy, the Cardinals are shut up till they are agreed upon a new election; the whole manner whereof was described to us.

Hence we went into the Pope's Armoury, under the Library. Over the door is this inscription:

URBANUS VIII. LITTERIS ARMA, ARMA LITTERIS.

I hardly believe any Prince in Europe is able to show a more completely furnished library of Mars, for the quality and quantity, which is 40,000³ complete for horse and foot, and neatly kept. Out of this we passed again by the long gallery, and at the lower end of it down a very large pair of stairs, round, without any steps as usually, but descending with an evenness so ample and easy, that a horse-litter, or coach, may with ease be drawn up; the sides of the vacuity are set with columns: those at Amboise, on the Loire, in France, are something of this invention, but nothing so spruce.⁴ By these, we descended into the Vatican gardens, called Belvedere, where entering first into a kind of court, we were showed those incomparable statues (so famed by Pliny and others) of Laocoon with his three sons embraced by a huge serpent, all of one entire Parian stone,⁵ very white and perfect,

¹ ["Sent to *Rome* by the *Duke of Bavaria* after he had dispossessed the *Elector Frederick Prince Palatin of Rhein*" (Lassels, ii. p. 65).]

² [See *ante*, pp. 179 and 189.]

³ [Lassels says 30,000 (ii. p. 69).]

⁴ [See *ante*, p. 109.]

⁵ [Pliny says "*ex uno lapide*." But the Vatican group is said to be of six pieces.]

somewhat bigger than the life, the work of those three celebrated sculptors, Agesandrus, Polydorus, and Artemidorus, Rhodians; it was found amongst the ruins of Titus's Baths, and placed here. Pliny says this statue is to be esteemed before all pictures and statues in the world;¹ and I am of his opinion, for I never beheld anything of art approach it. Here are also those two famous images of Nilus with the Children playing about him, and that of Tiber; Romulus and Remus with the Wolf; the dying Cleopatra; the Venus and Cupid, rare pieces; the Mercury; Cybele; Hercules; Apollo; Antinous: most of which are, for defence against the weather, shut up in niches with wainscot doors. We were likewise showed the relics of the Hadrian Moles, viz. the Pine, a vast piece of metal which stood on the summit of that mausoleum; also a peacock of copper, supposed to have been part of Scipio's monument.

In the garden without this (which contains a vast circuit of ground) are many stately fountains, especially two casting water into antique lavers, brought from Titus's Baths; some fair grots and water-works,² that noble cascade where the ship dances, with divers other pleasant inventions, walks, terraces, meanders, fruit trees, and a most goodly prospect over the greatest part of the city. One fountain under the gate I must not omit, consisting of three jettos of water gushing out of the mouths or probosces of bees (the arms of the late Pope),³ because of the inscription:

Quid miraris Apem, quæ mel de floribus haurit?
Si tibi mellitam gutture fundit aquam.

¹ [*"Opus omnibus et picturæ et statuariæ artis præferendum"* (Pliny. *N.H.* xxxvi. p. 37).]

² [*"Great variety of Grottes and wetting sports,"* says Lassels, ii. p. 69.]

³ [Urban VIII. (Maffeo Barberini), d. 29th July, 1644.]

28rd January. We went without the walls of the city to visit St. Paul's, to which place it is said the Apostle bore his own head after Nero had caused it to be cut off. The church was founded by the great Constantine; the main roof is supported by 100 vast columns of marble, and the mosaic work of the great arch is wrought with a very ancient story A° 440; as is likewise that of the *facciata*. The gates are brass, made at Constantinople in 1070, as you may read by those Greek verses engraven on them. The Church is near 500 feet long and 258 in breadth, and has five great aisles joined to it, on the basis of one of whose columns is this odd title: "Fl. Eugenius Asellus C. C. Præf. Urbis V. S. I. reparavit." Here they showed us that miraculous Crucifix which they say spake to St. Bridget: and, just before the Ciborio, stand two excellent statues. Here are buried part of the bodies of St. Paul and St. Peter. The pavement is richly interwoven with precious oriental marbles about the high altar, where are also four excellent paintings, whereof one, representing the stoning of St. Stephen, is by the hand of a Bolognian lady, named Lavinia.¹ The tabernacle on this altar is of excellent architecture, and the pictures in the Chapel del Sacramento are of Lanfranco. Divers other relics there be also in this venerable church, as a part of St. Anna; the head of the Woman of Samaria; the chain which bound St. Paul, and the *equuleus*² used in tormenting the primitive Christians. The church stands in the Via Ostiensis, about a mile from the walls of the city, separated from many buildings near it except the Tre Fontane, to which (leaving our coach) we walked, going over the mountain or

¹ [Lavinia Fontana (Lassels, ii. p. 89). She died at Rome in 1614.]

² [A wooden rack in the shape of a horse.]

little rising, upon which story says a hundred seventy and four thousand Christians had been martyred by Maximianus, Diocletian, and other bloody tyrants. On this stand St. Vincent's and St. Anastasius; likewise the Church of St. Maria Scala del Cielo, in whose Tribuna is a very fair mosaic work. The Church of the Tre Fontane (as they are called) is perfectly well built, though but small (whereas that of St. Paul is but Gothic), having a noble cupola in the middle; in this they show the pillar to which St. Paul was bound, when his head was cut off, and from whence it made three prodigious leaps, where there immediately broke out the three remaining fountains, which give denomination to this church. The waters are reported to be medicinal; over each is erected an altar and a chained ladle, for better tasting of the waters. That most excellent picture of St. Peter's Crucifixion is of Guido.¹

25th January. I went again to the Palazzo Farnese, to see some certain statues and antiquities which, by reason of the major-domo not being within, I could not formerly obtain. In the hall stands that triumphant coloss of one of the family,² upon three figures, a modern, but rare piece. About it stood some Gladiators; and, at the entrance into one of the first chambers, are two cumbent figures of Age and Youth, brought hither from St. Peter's to make room for the Longinus under the cupola. Here was the statue of a ram running at a man on horseback, a most incomparable expression of Fury, cut in stone; and a table of *pietra-commessa*, very curious. The next chamber was all painted *a fresco*, by a rare hand,

¹ [According to Lassels, ii. p. 90—an altar-piece in the *Tre Fontane*].

² [Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, famous in the Flemish wars].

as was the carving in wood of the ceiling, which, as I remember, was in cedar, as the Italian mode is, and not poor plaster, as ours are; some of them most richly gilt. In a third room, stood the famous Venus, and the child Hercules strangling a serpent, of Corinthian brass, antique, on a very curious *basso-rilievo*; the sacrifice to Priapus; the Egyptian Isis, in the hard, black ophite stone, taken out of the Pantheon, greatly celebrated by the antiquaries: likewise two tables of brass, containing divers old Roman laws. At another side of this chamber, was the statue of a wounded Amazon falling from her horse, worthy the name of the excellent sculptor, whoever the artist was. Near this was a *basso-rilievo* of a Bacchanalia, with a most curious Silenus. The fourth room was totally environed with statues; especially observable was that so renowned piece of a Venus looking backward over her shoulder, and divers other naked figures, by the old Greek masters. Over the doors are two Venuses, one of them looking on her face in a glass, by M. Angelo; the other is painted by Caracci. I never saw finer faces, especially that under the mask, whose beauty and art are not to be described by words. The next chamber is also full of statues; most of them the heads of philosophers, very antique. One of the Cæsars and another of Hannibal cost 1200 crowns. Now I had a second view of that never-to-be-sufficiently-admired gallery, painted in deep *rilievo*, the work of ten years' study, for a trifling reward. In the wardrobe above they showed us fine wrought plate, porcelain, mazers¹ of beaten and solid gold, set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; a treasure, especially the workmanship considered, of inestimable value. This is all the Duke of Parma's. Nothing

¹ [A mazer is a bowl-shaped drinking vessel—sometimes having a low foot.]

seemed to be more curious and rare in its kind than the complete service of the purest crystal, for the altar of the chapel, the very bell, cover of a book, sprinkler, etc., were all of the rock, incomparably sculptured, with the holy story in deep *levati*; thus was also wrought the crucifix, chalice, vases, flower-pots, the largest and purest crystal that my eyes ever beheld. Truly I looked on this as one of the greatest curiosities I had seen in Rome. In another part were presses furnished with antique arms, German clocks, perpetual motions, watches, and curiosities of Indian works. A very ancient picture of Pope Eugenius; a St. Bernard; and a head of marble found long since, supposed to be a true portrait of our Blessed Saviour's face.

Hence, we went to see Dr. Gibbs,¹ a famous poet and countryman of ours, who had some intendency in an Hospital built on the Via Triumphalis, called Christ's Hospital, which he showed us. The Infirmary, where the sick lay, was paved with various coloured marbles, and the walls hung with noble pieces; the beds are very fair; in the middle is a stately cupola, under which is an altar decked with divers marble statues, all in sight of the sick, who may both see and hear mass, as they lie in their beds. The organs are very fine, and frequently played on to recreate the people in pain. To this joins an apartment destined for the orphans; and there is a school: the children wear blue, like ours in London, at an hospital of the same appellation.² Here are forty nurses, who give suck to such children as are accidentally found exposed and abandoned. In another quarter, are children of a bigger growth, 450 in number, who are taught letters. In another, 500 girls, under the tuition of divers religious matrons, in a monastery, as it

¹ [See *ante*, p. 154.]

² [The Blue Coat School.]

were, by itself. I was assured there were at least 2000 more maintained in other places. I think one apartment had in it near 1000 beds ; these are in a very long room, having an inner passage for those who attend, with as much care, sweetness, and conveniency as can be imagined, the Italians being generally very neat. Under the portico, the sick may walk out and take the air. Opposite to this, are other chambers for such as are sick of maladies of a more rare and difficult cure, and they have rooms apart. At the end of the long corridor is an apothecary's shop, fair and very well stored ; near which are chambers for persons of better quality, who are yet necessitous. Whatever the poor bring is, at their coming in, delivered to a treasurer, who makes an inventory, and is accountable to them, or their representatives if they die.

To this building joins the house of the Com-mendator, who, with his officers attending the sick, make up ninety persons ; besides a convent and an ample church for the friars and priests who daily attend. The church is extremely neat, and the *sacristia* is very rich. Indeed it is altogether one of the most pious and worthy foundations I ever saw. Nor is the benefit small which divers young physicians and surgeons reap by the experience they learn here amongst the sick, to whom those students have free access. Hence, we ascended a very steep hill, near the Port St. Pancrazio, to that stately fountain called *Acqua Paula*, being the aqueduct which Augustus had brought to Rome, now re-edified by Paulus V. ; a rare piece of architecture, and which serves the city after a journey of thirty-five miles, here pouring itself into divers ample lavers, out of the mouths of swans and dragons, the arms of this Pope. Situate on a very high mount, it makes a most glorious show to the city, especially when

the sun darts on the water as it gusheth out. The inscriptions on it are :

Paulus V. Romanus Pontifex Opt. Max. Aquæductus ab Augusto Cæsare extructos, ævi longinquâ vetustate collapsos, in ampliorem formam restituit anno salutis M.D.CIX. Pont. V.

And, towards the fields :

Paulus V. Rom. Pontifex Optimus Maximus, priori ductu longissimi temporis injuriâ penè diruto, sublimiorem

[One or more leaves are here wanting in Evelyn's MS., descriptive of other parts of Rome, and of his leaving the city.]

Thence to Velletri, a town heretofore of the Volsci, where is a public and fair statue of P. Urban VIII., in brass, and a stately fountain in the street. Here we lay, and drank excellent wine.

28th January. We dined at Sermoneta, descending all this morning down a stony mountain, unpleasant, yet full of olive trees ; and, anon, pass a tower built on a rock, kept by a small guard against the banditti who infest these parts, daily robbing and killing passengers, as my Lord Banbury¹ and his company found to their cost a little before. To this guard we gave some money, and so were suffered to pass, which was still on the Appian to the Tres Tabernæ (whither the brethren came from Rome to meet St. Paul, Acts, c. 28) ; the ruins whereof are yet very fair, resembling the remainder of some considerable edifice, as may be judged by the vast stones and fairness of the arched work. The country environing this passage is hilly, but rich ; on the right hand stretches an ample plain, being the *Pomptini*

¹ [Nicholas Knollys, 1631-74, third Earl of Banbury.]

Campi. We reposed this night at Piperno, in the post-house without the town; and here I was extremely troubled with a sore hand, from a mischance at Rome, which now began to fester, upon my base, unlucky, stiff-necked, trotting, carrion mule; which are the most wretched beasts in the world. In this town was the poet Virgil's Camilla born.¹

The day following, we were fain to hire a strong convoy of about thirty firelocks, to guard us through the cork-woods (much infested with the banditti) as far as Fossa Nuova, where was the Forum Appii, and now stands a church with a great monastery, the place where Thomas Aquinas both studied and lies buried.² Here we all alighted, and were most courteously received by the Monks, who showed us many relics of their learned Saint, and at the high altar the print forsooth of the mule's hoof which he caused to kneel before the Host. The church is old, built after the Gothic manner; but the place is very agreeably melancholy. After this, pursuing the same noble [Appian] way (which we had before left a little), we found it to stretch from Capua to Rome itself, and afterwards as far as Brundisium. It was built by that famous Consul,³ twenty-five feet broad, every twelve feet something ascending for the ease and firmer footing of horse and man; both the sides are also a little raised for those who travel on foot. The whole is paved with a kind of beach-stone, and, as I said, ever and anon adorned with some old ruin, sepulchre, or broken statue. In one of these

¹ [Virgil, Bk. vii. of *Æneid*. Piperno—her birthplace—was the ancient Privernum.]

² ["*Fossa Nuova*"—says Lassels—"where *S. Thomas of Aquin* going to the *Council of Lyons*, fell sick and dyed" (ii. p. 259).]

³ [Appius Claudius Cæcus, the Censor, 312 B.C. The *Via Appia* is about eleven Roman miles in length.]

monuments Pancirollus tells us that, in the time of Paul III., there was found the body of a young lady, swimming in a kind of bath of precious oil, or liquor, fresh and entire as if she had been living, neither her face discoloured, nor her hair disordered; at her feet burnt a lamp, which suddenly expired at the opening of the vault; having flamed, as was computed, now 1500 years, by the conjecture that she was Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero, whose body was thus found, and as the inscription testified. We dined this day at Terracina, heretofore the famous Anxur, which stands upon a very eminent promontory, the Cercean by name. Whilst meat was preparing, I went up into the town, and viewed the fair remainders of Jupiter's Temple, now converted into a church, adorned with most stately columns; its architecture has been excellent, as may be deduced from the goodly cornices, mouldings, and huge white marbles of which it is built. Before the portico stands a pillar thus inscribed:

*Inclyta Gothorum Regis monumenta vetusta
Anxuri hoc Oculos exposuere loco;*

for, it seems, Theodoric drained their marches.

On another more ancient:

*Imp. Cæsar Divi Nervæ Filius Nerva Trojanus Aug.
Germanicus Dacicus. Pontif. Max. Trib. Pop. xviii. Imp. vi.
Cos. v. p. p. xviii. Silices suâ pecuniâ stravit.*

Meaning, doubtless, some part of the Via Appia. Then:

*Tit. Upio. Aug. optato Pontano Procuratori et Præfect.
Classis.—Ti. Julius. T. Fab. optatus ii. vir.*

Here is likewise a Columna Milliaria, with something engraven on it, but I could not stay to consider it. Coming down again, I went towards the sea-side to contemplate that stupendous strange

rock and promontory, cleft by hand, I suppose, for the better passage. Within this is the Cercean Cave, which I went into a good way; it makes a dreadful noise, by reason of the roaring and impetuous waves continually assaulting the beach, and that in an unusual manner. At the top, at an excessive height, stands an old and very great castle. We arrived this night at Fondi, a most dangerous passage for robbing; and so we passed by Galba's villa, and anon entered the kingdom of Naples, where, at the gate, this epigraph saluted us: "Hospes, hic sunt fines Regni Neopolitani; si amicus advenis, pacatè omnia invenies, et malis moribus pulsus, bonas leges." The Via Appia is here a noble prospect; having before considered how it was carried through vast mountains of rocks for many miles, by most stupendous labour: here it is infinitely pleasant, beset with sepulchres and antiquities, full of sweet shrubs in the envying hedges. At Fondi, we had oranges and citrons for nothing, the trees growing in every corner, charged with fruit.

29th January. We descried Mount Cæcubus, famous for the generous wine it heretofore produced, and so rid onward the Appian Way, beset with myrtles, lentiscuses, bays, pomegranates, and whole groves of orange trees, and most delicious shrubs, till we came to Formia [Formiæ], where they showed us Cicero's Tomb, standing in an olive grove, now a rude heap of stones without form or beauty; for here that incomparable orator was murdered. I shall never forget how exceedingly I was delighted with the sweetness of this passage, the sepulchre mixed amongst all sorts of verdure; besides being now come within sight of the noble city, Caieta [Gaëta], which gives a surprising prospect along the Tyrrhene Sea, in manner of a theatre: and here we beheld that strangely cleft

rock, a frightful spectacle, which they say happened upon the passion of our Blessed Saviour; but the haste of our *procaccio*¹ did not suffer us to dwell so long on these objects and the many antiquities of this town as we desired.

At Formiæ, we saw Cicero's grot, dining at Mola, and passing Sinuessa, Garigliano (once the city Minturnæ), and beheld the ruins of that vast amphitheatre and aqueduct yet standing; the river Liris, which bounded the old Latium, Falernus, or Mons Massicus, celebrated for its wine, now named Garo; and this night we lodged at a little village, called St. Agatha, in the Falernian Fields, near to Aurunca and Sessa.

The next day, having passed [the river] Volturnus, we come by the Torre di Francolisi, where Hannibal, in danger from Fabius Maximus, escaped by debauching his enemies;² and so at last we entered the most pleasant plains of Campania, now called Terra di Lavoro; in very truth, I think, the most fertile spot that ever the sun shone upon. Here we saw the slender ruins of the once mighty Capua, contending at once both with Rome and Carthage, for splendour and empire, now nothing but a heap of rubbish, except showing some vestige of its former magnificence in pieces of temples, arches, theatres, columns, ports, vaults, colosses, etc., confounded together by the barbarous Goths and Longobards; there is, however, a new city, nearer to the road by two miles, fairly raised out of these heaps. The passage from this town to Naples (which is about ten or twelve English post miles) is as straight as a line, of great breadth, fuller of travellers than I remember any of our greatest and most frequented

¹ ["The Guide or Messenger in Italy, which in the morning calls to horse" (*Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 49 n.).]

² [7th December, 48 B.C.]

roads near London ; but, what is extremely pleasing, is the great fertility of the fields, planted with fruit-trees, whose boles are serpented with excellent vines, and they so exuberant, that it is commonly reported one vine will load five mules with its grapes. What adds much to the pleasure of the sight is, that the vines, climbing to the summit of the trees, reach in festoons and fruitages from one tree to another, planted at exact distances, forming a more delightful picture than painting can describe. Here grow rice, canes for sugar, olives, pomegranates, mulberries, citrons, oranges, figs, and other sorts of rare fruits. About the middle of the way is the town Aversa,¹ whither came three or four coaches to meet our lady-travellers, of whom we now took leave, having been very merry by the way with them and the *capitáno*, their gallant.

31st January. About noon, we entered the city of Naples, alighting at the Three Kings, where we found the most plentiful fare all the time we were in Naples. Provisions are wonderfully cheap ; we seldom sat down to fewer than eighteen or twenty dishes of exquisite meat and fruits.

The morrow after our arrival, in the afternoon, we hired a coach to carry us about the town. First, we went to the castle of St. Elmo,² built on a very high rock, whence we had an entire prospect of the whole city, which lies in shape of a theatre upon the sea-brink, with all the circumjacent islands, as far as Capreae,³ famous for the debauched recesses of Tiberius. This fort is the bridle of the whole city, and was well stored and garrisoned

¹ ["Here it was that *Queen Ioanne of Naples* strangled her husband *Andreasso*, and was herself not long after, served so too in the same place" (*Lassels*, ii. p. 269).]

² [Built by Charles VI.]

³ [Capri, off the coast of Campania.]

with native Spaniards.¹ The strangeness of the precipice and rareness of the prospect of so many magnificent and stately palaces, churches, and monasteries, with the Arsenal, the Mole, and Mount Vesuvius in the distance, all in full command of the eye, make it one of the richest landscapes in the world.

Hence, we descended to another strong castle, called Il Castello Nuovo,² which protects the shore; but they would by no entreaty permit us to go in; the outward defence seems to consist but in four towers, very high, and an exceeding deep graff, with thick walls. Opposite to this is the tower of St. Vincent, which is also very strong.

Then we went to the very noble Palace of the Viceroy, partly old, and part of a newer work; but we did not stay long here. Towards the evening, we took the air upon the Mole, a street on the rampart, or bank, raised in the sea for security of their galleys in port, built as that of Genoa. Here I observed a rich fountain in the middle of the piazza, and adorned with divers rare statues of copper, representing the Sirens, or Deities of the Parthenope, spouting large streams of water into an ample shell, all of cast metal, and of great cost. This stands at the entrance of the Mole, where we met many of the nobility both on horseback and in their coaches to take the *fresco* from the sea, as the manner is, it being in the most advantageous quarter for good air, delight and prospect. Here we saw divers goodly horses who handsomely become their riders, the Neapolitan gentlemen. This Mole is about 500 paces in length, and paved with a square hewn stone. From the Mole, we

¹ [Naples was at this date under the Spaniards, who held it of the Pope (see *post*, p. 238).]

² [Built by Charles of Anjou.]

ascend to a church of great antiquity, formerly sacred to Castor and Pollux, as the Greek letters carved on the architrave and the busts of their two statues testify. It is now converted into a stately oratory by the Theatines.

The Cathedral is a most magnificent pile, and except St. Peter's in Rome, Naples exceeds all cities for stately churches and monasteries. We were told that this day the blood of St. Januarius and his head should be exposed, and so we found it, but obtained not to see the miracle of the boiling of this blood.¹ The next we went to see was St. Peter's, richly adorned, the chapel especially, where that Apostle said mass, as is testified on the wall.

After dinner, we went to St. Dominic, where they showed us the crucifix that is reported to have said these words to St. Thomas,² "Benè de me scripsisti, Thoma." Hence, to the Padri Olivetani, famous for the monument of the learned Alexander-ab-Alexandro.

We proceeded, the next day, to visit the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, where we spent much time in surveying the chapel of Joh. Jov. Pontanus,³ and in it the several and excellent sentences and epitaphs on himself, wife, children, and friends, full of rare wit, and worthy of recording, as we find them in several writers. In the same chapel is showed an arm of Titus Livius, with this epigraph: "Titi Livij brachium quod Anton. Panormita a Patavinis impetravit, Jo. Jovianus Pontanus multos post annos hœc in loco ponendum curavit."

¹ [S. Januarius was Bishop of Benevent and Patron of Naples. Lassels describes the miracle Evelyn did not see. The blood of the Saint, "being conserved in a little *glasse* and concrete, melts and growes liquid when its placed neare to his *Head*, and even bubbles in the *glasse*" (ii. p. 274).]

² [Aquinas.]

³ [A famous lawyer, author of the *Genialium Dierum*. He died in 1523.]

Climbing a steep hill, we came to the monastery and Church of the Carthusians,¹ from whence is a most goodly prospect towards the sea and city, the one full of galleys and ships, the other of stately palaces, churches, monasteries, castles, gardens, delicious fields and meadows, Mount Vesuvius smoking, the Promontory of Minerva and Misenum, Capræ, Prochyta, Ischia, Pausilippus, Puteoli, and the rest, doubtless one of the most *divertissant* and considerable vistas in the world. The church is most elegantly built; the very pavements of the common cloister being all laid with variously polished marbles, richly figured. They showed us a massy cross of silver, much celebrated for the workmanship and carving, and said to have been fourteen years in perfecting. The choir also is of rare art; but above all to be admired, is the yet unfinished church of the Jesuits, certainly, if accomplished, not to be equalled in Europe. Hence, we passed by the Palazzo Caraffi, full of ancient and very noble statues: also the Palace of the Orsini. The next day, we did little but visit some friends, English merchants, resident for their negotiation; only this morning at the Viceroy's *Cavallerizza* I saw the noblest horses that I had ever beheld, one of his sons riding the *manège* with that address and dexterity as I had never seen anything approach it.

4th February. We were invited to the collection of exotic rarities in the Museum of Ferdinando Imperati, a Neapolitan nobleman, and one of the most observable palaces in the city, the repository of incomparable rarities. Amongst the natural herbals most remarkable was the *byssus marina* and *pinna marina*; the male and female chameleon; an *onocrotalus*; ² an extraordinary great crocodile;

¹ [St. Martin's.]

² [See *ante*, p. 33.]

some of the *Orcades anates*, held here for a great rarity; likewise a salamander; the male and female *manucodiata*,¹ the male having a hollow in the back, in which it is reported the female both lays and hatches her eggs; the mandragoras, of both sexes; papyrus, made of several reeds, and some of silk; tables of the rinds of trees, written with Japonic characters; another of the branches of palm; many Indian fruits; a crystal that had a quantity of uncongealed water within its cavity; a petrified fisher's net; divers sorts of tarantulas, being a monstrous spider, with lark-like claws, and somewhat bigger.

5th February. This day we beheld the Vice-king's procession, which was very splendid for the relics, banners, and music that accompanied the Blessed Sacrament. The ceremony took up most of the morning.

6th. We went by coach to take the air, and see the diversions, or rather madness, of the Carnival; the courtesans (who swarm in this city to the number, as we are told, of 80,000, registered and paying a tax to the State) flinging eggs of sweet water into our coach, as we passed by the houses and windows. Indeed, the town is so pestered with these cattle, that there needs no small mortification to preserve from their enchantment, whilst they display all their natural and artificial beauty, play, sing, feign compliment, and by a thousand studied devices seek to inveigle foolish young men.

7th. The next day, being Saturday, we went four miles out of town on mules, to see that famous volcano, Mount Vesuvius. Here we pass a fair fountain, called Labulla, which continually boils, supposed to proceed from Vesuvius, and thence over a river and bridge, where on a large

¹ [The old name for bird of paradise.]



VIEW OF NAPLES

upright stone, is engraven a notable inscription relative to the memorable eruption in 1680.¹

Approaching the hill, as we were able with our mules, we alighted, crawling up the rest of the proclivity with great difficulty, now with our feet, now with our hands, not without many untoward slips which did much bruise us on the various coloured cinders, with which the whole mountain is covered, some like pitch, others full of perfect brimstone, others metallic, interspersed with innumerable pumices (of all which I made a collection), we at the last gained the summit of an extensive altitude. Turning our faces towards Naples, it presents one of the goodliest prospects in the world; all the Baiæ, Cumæ, Elysian Fields, Capræ, Ischia, Prochyta, Misenus, Puteoli, that goodly city, with a great portion of the Tyrrhene Sea, offering themselves to your view at once, and at so agreeable a distance, as nothing can be more delightful. The mountain consists of a double top, the one pointed very sharp, and commonly appearing above any clouds, the other blunt. Here, as we approached, we met many large gaping clefts and chasms, out of which issued such sulphureous blasts and smoke, that we durst not stand long near them. Having gained the very summit, I laid myself down to look over into that most frightful and terrible *vorago*,² a stupendous pit of near three miles in circuit, and half a mile in depth, by a perpendicular hollow cliff (like that from the highest part of Dover Castle), with now and then a craggy prominence jetting out. The area at the bottom is plane, like an even floor, which seems to be made by the wind circling the ashes by its eddy blasts. In the middle and centre

¹ It may be seen at length in Wright's *Travels*, and in M. Misson's *New Voyage to Italy*.

² [Crater, abyss.]

is a hill, shaped like a great brown loaf, appearing to consist of sulphureous matter, continually vomiting a foggy exhalation, and ejecting huge stones with an impetuous noise and roaring, like the report of many muskets discharging. This horrid *barathrum*¹ engaged our attention for some hours, both for the strangeness of the spectacle, and the mention which the old histories make of it, as one of the most stupendous curiosities in nature, and which made the learned and inquisitive Pliny adventure his life to detect the causes, and to lose it in too desperate an approach.² It is likewise famous for the stratagem of the rebel, Spartacus, who did so much mischief to the State, lurking amongst and protected by, these horrid caverns, when it was more accessible and less dangerous than it is now; but especially notorious it is for the last conflagration, when, in anno 1680,³ it burst out beyond what it had ever done in the memory of history; throwing out huge stones and fiery pumices in such quantity, as not only environed the whole mountain, but totally buried and overwhelmed divers towns and their inhabitants, scattering the ashes more than a hundred miles, and utterly devastating all those vineyards, where formerly grew the most incomparable Greco; when, bursting through the bowels of the earth, it absorbed the very sea, and, with its whirling waters, drew in divers galleys and other vessels to their destruction, as is faithfully recorded. We descended with more ease than we climbed up, through a deep valley of pure ashes, which at the late eruption was a flowing river of melted and

¹ [Gulf, abyss.]

² [He died 24th August, A.D. 79, during the eruption of Vesuvius, which overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum.]

³ [1631 (17th December) when Torre del Greco and 4000 persons were destroyed.]





Monis Jesu Fides et vorago, sive Barathrum infernum. Lf.

VIEW OF THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS

burning brimstone, and so came to our mules at the foot of the mountain.

On Sunday, we with our guide visited the so much celebrated Baïæ, and natural rarities of the places adjacent. Here we entered the mountain Pausilippus, at the left hand of which they showed us Virgil's sepulchre erected on a steep rock, in form of a small rotunda or cupolated column, but almost overgrown with bushes and wild bay trees. At the entrance is this inscription :

Stanisi Cencovius.

1589.

Qui cineres ? Tumuli hæc vestigia, conditur olim

Ille hõc qui cecinit Pascua, Rura Duces.

Can. Ree MDLIII.¹

After we were advanced into this noble and altogether wonderful crypt, consisting of a passage spacious enough for two coaches to go abreast, cut through a rocky mountain near three-quarters of a mile² (by the ancient Cimmerii as reported, but as others say by L. Cocceius, who employed a hundred thousand men on it), we came to the midway, where there is a well bored through the diameter of this vast mountain, which admits the light into a pretty chapel, hewn out of the natural rock, wherein hang divers lamps, perpetually burning. The way is paved under foot ; but it does not hinder the dust, which rises so excessively in this much-frequented passage, that we were forced at mid-day to use a torch. At length, we were

¹ Such is the inscription, as copied by Evelyn ; but as its sense is not very clear, and as the Diary contains instances of incorrectness in transcribing, it may be desirable to subjoin the distich said (by Keyser in his *Travels*) to be the only one in the whole mausoleum :

Quæ cineris tumulo hæc vestigia ? conditur olim

Ille hoc qui cecinit pascua, rura, duces.

² [“ If a Man would form to himself a just Idea of this Place, he must fancy a vast Rock undermined from one End to the

delivered from the bowels of the earth into one of the most delicious plains in the world : the oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and other fruits, blushing yet on the perpetually green trees ; for the summer is here eternal, caused by the natural and adventitious heat of the earth, warmed through the subterranean fires, as was shown us by our guide, who alighted, and, cutting up a turf with his knife, and delivering it to me, it was so hot, I was hardly able to hold it in my hands. This mountain is exceedingly fruitful in vines, and exotics grow readily.

We now came to a lake of about two miles in circumference, environed with hills ; the water of it is fresh and sweet on the surface, but salt at bottom ; some mineral salt conjectured to be the cause, and it is reported of that profunditude in the middle that it is bottomless. The people call it Lago d' Agnano, from the multitude of serpents which, involved together about the spring, fall down from the cliffy hills into it. It has no fish, nor will any live in it. We tried the old experiment on a dog in the Grotto del Cane, or Charon's Cave ; it is not above three or four paces deep, and about the height of a man, nor very broad. Whatever having life enters it, presently expires. Of this we made trial with two dogs, one of which we bound to a short pole to guide him the more directly into the further part of the den, where he was no sooner entered but—without the least noise, or so much as a struggle, except that he panted for breath, lolling out his tongue, his eyes

other, and a Highway running thro' it, near as long and as broad as the Mail in St. James's Park. . . . Towards the middle are Two large Funnels, bor'd thro' the Roof of the Mountain, to let in Light and fresh Air" (Addison, *Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 217). The "Mail" of King Edward VII., it may be observed, is much broader than it was in Addison's days.]

being fixed—we drew him out dead to all appearance; but immediately plunging him into the adjoining lake, within less than half an hour he recovered, and swimming to shore, ran away from us. We tried the same on another dog, without the application of the water, and left him quite dead. The experiment has been made on men, as on that poor creature whom Peter of Toledo caused to go in; likewise on some Turkish slaves; two soldiers, and other fool-hardy persons, who all perished,¹ and could never be recovered by the water of the lake, as are dogs; for which many learned reasons have been offered, as Simon Majolus in his book of the Canicular-days has mentioned, colloq. 15. And certainly the most likely is, the effect of those hot and dry vapours which ascend out of the earth, and are condensed by the ambient cold, as appears by their converting into crystalline drops on the top, whilst at the bottom it is so excessively hot, that a torch being extinguished near it, and lifted a little distance, was suddenly re-lighted.²

Near to this cave are the natural stoves of St. Germain,³ of the nature of sudatories, in certain chambers partitioned with stone for the sick to sweat in, the vapours here being exceedingly hot,

¹ [Edward Browne, nineteen years later, seems to have narrowly escaped the fate of the fool-hardy. "I went into the grot myselfe, and findeing no inconvenience from those poysonous exhalations, either by standing or putting my hand to the place where the dog died, I was about to put my head to it also; when, to the hindrance of my satisfaction in this point, my companions and the guide furiously tore me out of the grot, and I think, without some perswasione, would have throwne me into the lake also" (Sir Thomas Browne's *Works*, 1836, i. 78).]

² [Addison devotes several pages of his *Remarks on Italy* to this famous Grotto (pp. 230-34), and he mentions that a Dr. Connor made a Discourse in one of the Academies at Rome upon the subject.]

³ [Gennaro.]

and of admirable success in the gout, and other cold distempers of the nerves. Hence, we climbed up a hill, the very highway in several places even smoking with heat like a furnace. The mountains were by the Greeks called *Leucogæi*, and the fields *Phlegræan*. Hercules here vanquished the Giants, assisted with lightning. We now came to the Court of Vulcan,¹ consisting of a valley near a quarter of a mile in breadth, the margin environed with steep cliffs, out of whose sides and foot break forth fire and smoke in abundance, making a noise like a tempest of water, and sometimes discharging in loud reports, like so many guns. The heat of this place is wonderful, the earth itself being almost insufferable, and which the subterranean fires have made so hollow, by having wasted the matter for so many years, that it sounds like a drum to those who walk upon it; and the water thus struggling with those fires, bubbles and spouts aloft into the air. The mouths of these spiracles are bestrewed with variously coloured cinders, which rise with the vapour, as do many coloured stones, according to the quality of the combustible matter, insomuch as it is no little adventure to approach them. They are, however, daily frequented both by sick and well; the former receiving the fumes, have been recovered of diseases esteemed incurable. Here we found a great deal of sulphur made, which they refine in certain houses near the place, casting it into canes, to a very great value. Near this we were showed a hill of alum, where is one of the best mineries, yielding a considerable revenue. Some flowers of brass are found here; but I could not but smile at those who persuade themselves that here are the gates of purgatory (for which it may be they have erected, very near it, a convent, and named it

¹ [The *Sulphatara*; or *Forum Vulcani*.]

St. Januarius),¹ reporting to have often heard screeches and horrible lamentations proceeding from these caverns and volcanoes; with other legends of birds that are never seen, save on Sundays, which cast themselves into the lake at night, appearing no more all the week after.

We now approached the ruins of a very stately temple, or theatre, of 172 feet in length, and about 80 in breadth, thrown down by an earthquake, not long since; it was consecrated to Vulcan, and under the ground are many strange meanders; from which it is named the Labyrinth; this place is so haunted with bats, that their perpetual fluttering endangered the putting out our links.

Hence, we passed again those boiling and smoking hills, till we came to Pozzuoli, formerly the famous Puteoli, the landing-place of St. Paul, when he came into Italy, after the tempest described in the Acts of the Apostles. Here we made a good dinner, and bought divers medals, antiquities, and other curiosities, of the country-people, who daily find such things amongst the very old ruins of those places. This town was formerly a Greek colony, built by the Samians, a reasonable commodious port, and full of observable antiquities. We saw the ruins of Neptune's Temple, to whom this place was sacred, and near it the stately Palace and gardens of Peter de Toledo, formerly mentioned.² Afterwards, we visited that admirably built Temple of Augustus, seeming to have been hewn out of an entire rock, though indeed consisting of several square stones. The inscription remains thus: "L. Calphurnius L. E. Templum Augusto cum ornamentis D.D."; and under it, "L. Coccejus L. C. Postumi L. Auctus

¹ [Lassels says that the Convent of the Capuchins stands where S. Januarius was beheaded (ii. p. 295).]

² [See *ante*, p. 231.]

Architectus." It is now converted into a church, in which they showed us huge bones, which they affirm to have been of some giant.

We went to see the ruins of the old haven, so compact with that bituminous sand in which the materials are laid, as the like is hardly to be found, though all this has not been sufficient to protect it from the fatal concussions of several earthquakes (frequent here) which have almost demolished it, thirteen vast piles of marble only remaining; a stupendous work in the bosom of Neptune! To this joins the bridge of Caligula, by which (having now embarked ourselves) we sailed to the pleasant Baiæ, almost four miles in length, all which way that proud Emperor would pass in triumph. Here we rowed along towards a villa of the orator Cicero's, where we were showed the ruins of his Academy; and, at the foot of a rock, his Baths, the waters reciprocating their tides with the neighbouring sea. Hard at hand, rises Mount Gaurus, being, as I conceived, nothing save a heap of pumices, which here float in abundance on the sea, exhausted of all inflammable matter by the fire, which renders them light and porous, so as the beds of nitre, which lie deep under them, having taken fire, do easily eject them. They dig much for fancied treasure said to be concealed about this place. From hence, we coasted near the ruins of Portus Julius, where we might see divers stately palaces that had been swallowed up by the sea after earthquakes. Coming to shore, we pass by the Lucrine Lake, so famous heretofore for its delicious oysters, now producing few or none, being divided from the sea by a bank of incredible labour, the supposed work of Hercules; it is now half choked up with rubbish, and by part of the new mountain, which rose partly out of it, and partly out of the sea, and

that in the space of one night and a day, to a very great altitude, on the 29th September, 1588, after many terrible earthquakes, which ruined divers places thereabout, when at midnight the sea retiring near 200 paces, and yawning on the sudden, it continued to vomit forth flames and fiery stones in such quantity, as produced this whole mountain by their fall, making the inhabitants of Pozzuoli to leave their habitations, supposing the end of the world had been come.

From the left part of this, we walked to the Lake Avernus, of a round form, and totally environed with mountains. This lake was feigned by the poet for the gates of hell, by which Æneas made his descent, and where he sacrificed to Pluto and the Manes. The waters are of a remarkably black colour; but I tasted of them without danger; hence they feign that the river Styx has its source. At one side, stand the handsome ruins of a Temple dedicated to Apollo, or rather Pluto, but it is controverted. Opposite to this, having new lighted our torches, we enter a vast cave, in which having gone about two hundred paces, we pass a narrow entry which leads us into a room of about ten paces long, proportionable broad and high; the side walls and roof retain still the golden mosaic, though now exceedingly decayed by time. Here is a short cell or rather niche, cut out of the solid rock, somewhat resembling a couch, in which they report that the Sibylla lay, and uttered her Oracles; but it is supposed by most to have been a bath only. This subterranean grot leads quite through to Cumæ, but is in some places obstructed by the earth which has sunk in, so as we were constrained back again, and to creep on our bellies, before we came to the light. It is reported Nero had once resolved to cut a channel for two great galleys that should have extended

to Ostia, 150 miles distant. The people now call it Licola.

From hence, we ascended to that most ancient city of Italy, the renowned Cumæ, built by the Grecians. It stands on a very eminent promontory, but is now a heap of ruins. A little below, stands the Arco Felice, heretofore part of Apollo's Temple, with the foundations of divers goodly buildings; amongst whose heaps are frequently found statues and other antiquities, by such as dig for them. Near this is the Lake Acherusia, and Acheron. Returning to the shore, we came to the Bagni de Tritoli and Diana, which are only long narrow passages cut through the main rock, where the vapours ascend so hot, that entering with the body erect you will even faint with excessive perspiration; but, stooping lower, as sudden a cold surprises. These sudatories are much in request for many infirmities. Now we entered the haven of the Baiæ, where once stood that famous town, so called from the companion of Ulysses here buried; not without great reason celebrated for one of the most delicious places that the sun shines on, according to that of Horace:

Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluet amœnis.¹

Though, as to the stately fabrics, there now remain little save the ruins, whereof the most entire is that of Diana's Temple, and another of Venus. Here were those famous pools of lampreys that would come to hand when called by name, as Martial tells us.² On the summit of the rock

¹ [Horace, *Ep.* i. 1. l. 83.]

² [Book iv. *Ep.* 30 — *Ad Piscatorem*. Izaak Walton, who translates this in part in the *Complete Angler* ("The Fourth Day"), further cites Pliny (through Hakewill) to the effect that "one of the emperors had particular fish-ponds, and, in them, several

stands a strong castle garrisoned to protect the shore from Turkish pirates. It was once the retiring-place of Julius Cæsar.

Passing by the shore again, we entered Bauli,¹ observable from the monstrous murder of Nero committed on his mother Agrippina. Her sepulchre was yet showed us in the rock, which we entered, being covered with sundry heads and figures of beasts. We saw there the roots of a tree turned into stone, and are continually dropping.

Thus having viewed the foundations of the old Cimmeria, the palaces of Marius, Pompey, Nero, Hortensius, and other villas and antiquities, we proceeded towards the promontory of Misenus, renowned for the sepulchre of Æneas's Trumpeter. It was once a great city, now hardly a ruin, said to have been built from this place to the promontory of Minerva, fifty miles distant, now discontinued and demolished by the frequent earthquakes. Here was the villa of Caius Marius, where Tiberius Cæsar died; and here runs the Aqueduct, thought to be dug by Nero, a stupendous passage, heretofore nobly arched with marble, as the ruins testify. Hence, we walked to those receptacles of water called Piscina Mirabilis, being a vault of 500 feet long, and twenty-two in breadth, the roof propped up with four ranks of square pillars, twelve in a row; the walls are brick, plastered over with such a composition as for strength and politure resembles white marble. 'Tis conceived to have been built by Nero, as a conservatory for fresh water; as were also the Cento Camerelle, into which we were next led. All these crypta being now almost sunk into the earth, show yet their former amplitude and magnificence.

fish that appeared and came when they were called by their particular names."}]

¹ [Now Bacolo.]

Returning towards the Baïæ, we again pass the Elysian Fields, so celebrated by the poets, not unworthily, for their situation and verdure, being full of myrtles and sweet shrubs, and having a most delightful prospect towards the Tyrrhene Sea. Upon the verge of these remain the ruins of the Mercato di Saboto, formerly a Circus; over the arches stand divers urns, full of Roman ashes.

Having well satisfied our curiosity among these antiquities, we retired to our felucca, which rowed us back again towards Pozzuoli, at the very place of St. Paul's landing. Keeping along the shore, they showed us a place where the sea-water and sands did exceedingly boil. Thence, to the island Nesis, once the fabulous Nymph; and thus we leave the Baïæ, so renowned for the sweet retirements of the most opulent and voluptuous Romans. They certainly were places of uncommon amenity, as their yet tempting site, and other circumstances of natural curiosities, easily invite me to believe, since there is not in the world so many stupendous rarities to be met with, as in the circle of a few miles which environ these blissful abodes.

8th February. Returned to Naples, we went to see the Arsenal, well furnished with galleys and other vessels. The city is crowded with inhabitants, gentlemen and merchants. The government is held of the Pope by an annual tribute of 40,000 ducats and a white jennet; but the Spaniard trusts more to the power of those his natural subjects there; Apulia and Calabria yielding him near four millions of crowns yearly to maintain it. The country is divided into thirteen Provinces, twenty Archbishops, and one hundred and seven Bishops; the estates of the nobility, in default of the male line, reverting to

the King. Besides the Vice-Roy, there are amongst the Chief Magistrates a High Constable, Admiral, Chief Justice, Great Chamberlain, and Chancellor, with a Secretary; these being prodigiously avaricious, do wonderfully enrich themselves out of the miserable people's labour, silks, manna, sugar, oil, wine, rice, sulphur, and alum; for with all these riches is this delicious country blest. The manna falls at certain seasons on the adjoining hills in form of a thick dew. The very winter here is a summer, ever fruitful, so that in the middle of February we had melons, cherries, apricots, and many other sorts of fruit.

The building of the city is for the size the most magnificent of any in Europe, the streets exceeding large, well-paved, having many vaults and conveyances under them for the sulliage; which renders them very sweet and clean, even in the midst of winter. To it belongeth more than 8000 churches and monasteries, and these the best built and adorned of any in Italy. They greatly affect the Spanish gravity in their habit; delight in good horses; the streets are full of gallants on horseback, in coaches and sedans, from hence brought first into England by Sir Sanders Duncombe.¹ The women are generally well-featured, but excessively libidinous. The country people so jovial and addicted to music, that the very husbandmen almost universally play on the guitar, singing and composing songs in praise of their sweethearts, and will commonly go to the field

¹ [This is an error. The first user of the sedan-chair was George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, to whom Prince Charles (afterwards Charles I.) gave two out of three which had been presented to him by the Spanish Prime Minister, the Duke of Olivares. Sir Sanders Duncombe (see *ante*, p. 12) only popularised them ("Memoirs of the Sedan Chair," by J. Holden Macmichael, *Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1904, p. 402).]

with their fiddle; they are merry, witty, and genial; all which I much attribute to the excellent quality of the air. They have a deadly hatred to the French, so that some of our company were flouted at for wearing red cloaks, as the mode then was.

This I made the *non ultra* of my travels, sufficiently sated with rolling up and down, and resolving within myself to be no longer an *individuum vagum*, if ever I got home again; since from the report of divers experienced and curious persons, I had been assured there was little more to be seen in the rest of the civil world, after Italy, France, Flanders, and the Low Countries, but plain and prodigious barbarism.

Thus, about the 7th of February,¹ we set out on our return to Rome by the same way we came, not daring to adventure by sea, as some of our company were inclined to do, for fear of Turkish pirates hovering on that coast; nor made we any stay save at Albano, to view the celebrated place and sepulchre of the famous duellists who decided the ancient quarrel between their imperious neighbours with the loss of their lives. These brothers, the Horatii and Curiatii, lie buried near the highway, under two ancient pyramids of stone, now somewhat decayed and overgrown with rubbish. We took the opportunity of tasting the wine here, which is famous.

Being arrived at Rome on the 18th February, we were again invited to Signor Angeloni's study,² where with greater leisure we surveyed the rarities, as his cabinet and medals especially, esteemed one of the best collections of them in Europe. He also showed us two antique lamps, one of them

¹ Evelyn's dates in this portion of his Diary—remarks Forster—appear to require occasionally that qualification of "about."

² *Ante*, p. 167.

dedicated to Pallas, the other *Laribus Sacru'*, as appeared by their inscriptions; some old Roman rings and keys; the Egyptian Isis, cast in iron; sundry rare *basso-rilievos*; good pieces of painting, principally the Christ of Correggio, with this painter's own face admirably done by himself; divers of both the Bassanos; a great number of pieces by Titian, particularly the Triumphs; an infinity of natural rarities, dried animals, Indian habits and weapons, shells, etc.; divers very antique statues of brass: some lamps of so fine an earth that they resembled cornelians, for transparency and colour; hinges of Corinthian brass, and one great nail of the same metal found in the ruins of Nero's golden house.

In the afternoon, we ferried over to Trastevere, to the Palace of Chigi,¹ to review the works of Raphael: and, returning by St. Angelo, we saw the castle as far as was permitted, and on the other side considered those admirable pilasters supposed to be of the foundation of the Pons Sublicius, over which Horatius Cocles passed; here anchor three or four water-mills, invented by Belizarius: and thence had another sight of the Farnese's gardens, and of the terrace where is that admirable painting of Raphael, being a Cupid playing with a Dolphin, wrought *a fresco*, preserved in shutters of wainscot, as well it merits, being certainly one of the most wonderful pieces of work in the world.

14th February. I went to Santa Cecilia, a church built and endowed by Cardinal Sfondrato, who has erected a stately altar near the body of this martyr, not long before found in a vesture of silk girt about, a veil on her head, and the bloody scars of three wounds on the neck; the body is now in a silver chest, with her statue over it,

¹ *Ante*, p. 201. [Now the Farnesina.]

in snow-white marble.¹ Other Saints lie here, decorated with splendid ornaments, lamps, and incensories of great cost. A little farther, they show us the Bath of St. Cecilia, to which joins a Convent of Friars, where is the picture of the Flagellation by Vanni, and the columns of the portico, taken from the Baths of Septimius Severus.

15th February. Mr. Henshaw² and I walked by the Tiber, and visited the Isola Tiberina (now St. Bartholomew's), formerly cut in the shape of a ship, and wharfed with marble, in which a lofty obelisk represented the mast.³ In the Church of St. Bartholomew is the body of the Apostle. Here are the ruins of the Temple of Æsculapius, now converted into a stately hospital and a pretty convent. Opposite to it, is the convent and church of St. John Calabita, where I saw nothing remarkable, save an old broken altar. Here was the Temple of Fortuna Virilis. Hence, we went to a cupola, now a church, formerly dedicated to the sun. Opposite to it, Santa Maria Schola Græca, where formerly that tongue was taught; said to be the second church dedicated in Rome to the Blessed Virgin; bearing also the title of a Cardinalate. Behind this stands the great altar of Hercules, much demolished. Near this, being at the foot of Mount Aventine, are the Pope's salt-houses.⁴

¹ [The silver shrine was the gift of Clement VIII., who was said to have been cured of the gout by St. Cecilia's intercession. The Parian marble statue was the work of Stephano Maderno (Keysler, ii. p. 173).]

² [See *ante*, p. 135.]

³ [The Basilica and Convent of S. Bartolommeo occupy the western end of the island, and give it its name. "The remains which exist are not of sufficient size to bear out the assertion often made that the whole island was enclosed in the travertine form of a ship, of which the north-western end formed the prow and the small obelisk the mast" (Hare's *Walks in Rome*, by St. Clair Baddeley, 1905, 587).]

⁴ [The *Salinæ* existed until 1888.]

Ascending the hill, we came to St. Sabina, an ancient fabric, formerly sacred to Diana ; there, in a chapel, is an admirable picture, the work of Livia Fontana,¹ set about with columns of alabaster, and in the middle of the church is a stone, cast, as they report, by the Devil at St. Dominic, whilst he was at mass.² Hence, we travelled towards a heap of rubbish, called the Marmorata, on the bank of the Tiber, a magazine of stones ; and near which formerly stood a triumphal arch, in honour of Horatius vanquishing the Tuscans. The ruins of the bridge yet appear.

We were now got to Mons Testaceus, a heap of potsherds, almost 200 feet high,³ thought to have been thrown there and amassed by the subjects of the Commonwealth bringing their tribute in earthen vessels, others (more probably) that it was a quarter of the town where potters lived ; at the summit Rome affords a noble prospect. Before it is a spacious green, called the Hippodrome, where Olympic games were celebrated, and the people mustered, as in our London Artillery-Ground.⁴ Going hence, to the old wall of the city, we much admired the pyramid, or tomb, of Caius Cestius, of white marble, one of the most ancient entire monuments, inserted in the wall, with this inscription :

C. Cestius L. F. Pob. Epulo (an order of priests) Pr. Tr.
pl. VII. Vir. Epulonum.

¹ [Lavinia Fontana ; see *ante*, p. 212.]

² [Having (according to Keysler, ii. p. 317) previously "missed his throw" at the Three Kings of Cologne.]

³ [The Monte Testaccio is not more than 160 feet high. "It has been artificially formed by shards of amphoræ, conveying corn and wine to Rome from Spain and Africa, landed near this, and broken in unloading, between 140 and 251 A.D." (Hare's *Walks in Rome*, by St. Clair Baddeley, 1905, 612).]

⁴ [At Finsbury.]

And a little beneath :

Opus absolutum ex testamento diebus CCCXXX. arbitrato. Pontii P. F. Cl. Melæ Heredis et Pothi L.

At the left hand, is the Port of St. Paul, once Tergemina, out of which the three Horatii passed to encounter the Curiatii of Albano. Hence, bending homewards by St. Sabba, by Antoninus's Baths (which we entered), is the marble sepulchre of Vespasian. The thickness of the walls and stately ruins show the enormous magnitude of these baths. Passing by a corner of the Circus Maximus, we viewed the place where stood the Septizonium, demolished by Sixtus V., for fear of its falling. Going by Mons Cælius, we beheld the devotions of St. Maria in Naviculâ, so named from a ship carved out in white marble standing on a pedestal before it, supposed to be the vow of one escaped from shipwreck. It has a glorious front to the street. Adjoining to this are the Horti Mathæi, which only of all the places about the city I omitted visiting, though I was told inferior to no garden in Rome for statues, ancient monuments, aviaries, fountains, groves, and especially a noble obelisk, and maintained in beauty at an expense of 6000 crowns yearly, which, if not expended to keep up its beauty, forfeits the possession of a greater revenue to another family : so curious are they in their villas and places of pleasure, even to excess.

The next day, we went to the once famous Circus Caracalla, in the midst of which there now lay prostrate one of the most stately and ancient obelisks, full of Egyptian hieroglyphics. It was broken into four pieces, when overthrown by the barbarians, and would have been purchased and transported into England by the magnificent Thomas Earl of Arundel, could it have been well removed to the sea. This is since set together

and placed on the stupendous artificial rock made by Innocent X., and serving for a fountain in Piazza Navona, the work of Bernini, the Pope's architect. Near this is the sepulchre of Metellus, of massy stone, pretty entire, now called Capo di Bove. Hence, to a small oratory, named *Domine, quo vadis*; where the tradition is, that our Blessed Saviour met St. Peter as he fled, and turned him back again.

St. Sebastian's was the next, a mean structure (the *facciata* excepted), but is venerable, especially for the relics and grots, in which lie the ashes of many holy men. Here is kept the pontifical chair sprinkled with the blood of Pope Stephen, to which great devotion is paid; also a well full of martyrs' bones, and the sepulchre of St. Sebastian, with one of the arrows (used in shooting him). These are preserved by the Fulgentine Monks, who have here their monastery, and who led us down into a grotto which they affirmed went divers furlongs under ground; the sides, or walls which we passed were filled with bones and dead bodies, laid (as it were) on shelves, whereof some were shut up with broad stones, and now and then a cross, or a palm, cut in them. At the end of some of these subterranean passages, were square rooms with altars in them, said to have been the receptacles of primitive Christians, in the times of persecution, nor seems it improbable.

17th February. I was invited, after dinner, to the academy of the Humorists,¹ kept in a spacious hall belonging to Signor Mancini, where the wits of the towns meet on certain days to recite poems, and debate on several subjects. The first that speaks is called the Lord, and stands in an eminent place, and then the rest of the Virtuosi recite in

¹ [Evelyn refers to the *Humoristi* in a letter to Pepys of 12th August, 1689.]

order. By these ingenious exercises, besides the learned discourses, is the purity of the Italian tongue daily improved. The room is hung round with devices, or emblems, with mottoes under them. There are several other Academies of this nature, bearing like fantastical titles.¹ In this of the Humorists is the picture of Guarini, the famous author of the *Pastor Fido*, once of this society.² The chief part of the day we spent in hearing the academic exercises.

18th February. We walked to St. Nicholas in Carcere; it has a fair front, and within are parts of the bodies of St. Mark and Marcellino; on the Tribuna is a painting of Gentileschi, and the altar of Caval; Baglioni, with some other rare paintings. Coming round from hence, we passed by the Circus Flaminius, formerly very large, now totally in ruins. In the afternoon, we visited the English Jesuits, with whose Superior, P. Stafford, I was well acquainted; who received us courteously.³ They call their church and college S. Tommaso degli Inglesi, and is a seminary. Amongst other trifles, they show the relics of Becket, their reputed martyr. Of paintings there is one of Durante, and many representing the sufferings of several of their society executed in England, especially E. Campion.⁴

In the Hospital of the Pelerini della S. Trinita, I had seen the feet of many pilgrims washed by Princes, Cardinals, and noble Romans,⁵ and served

¹ [*I.e.* Della Crusca, Svogliati (Florence), Incogniti (Venice), Elevati (Ferrara), Otiosi (Bologna), Recoverati and Inflammati (Padua), Olimpici (Vicenza), Nascosti (Milan), Insensati, Abbandonati, Arcadi, Confusi, etc. Milton attended the meetings of the Svogliati in 1638 and 1639, and wrote some Italian poems for them (Pattison's *Milton*, 1879, pp. 35, 39).]

² [John Baptist Guarini, 1537-1612.]

³ [See *ante*, p. 203.]

⁴ [Edmund Campion, executed December, 1581.]

⁵ [Wilkie made this ceremony the subject of two pictures,—one

at table, as the ladies and noble women did to other poor creatures in another room. It was told us that no less than 444,000 men had been thus treated in the Jubilee of 1600, and 25,500 women, as appears by the register, which brings store of money.

Returning homeward, I saw the Palace of Cardinal Spada,¹ where is a most magnificent hall painted by Daniel de Volterra and Giulio Piacentino, who made the fret in the little Court; but the rare perspectives are of Bolognesi. Near this is the Mont Pietà, instituted as a bank for the poor, who, if the sum be not great, may have money upon pawns. To this joins St. Martino, to which belongs a Schola, or Corporation, that do many works of charity. Hence, we came through Campo de' Fiori, or herb-market, in the midst of which is a fountain casting out water of a dolphin, in copper; and in this piazza is common execution done.

19th February. I went, this afternoon, to visit my Lord John Somerset, brother to the Marquis of Worcester,² who had his apartment in Palazzo della Cancellaria, belonging to Cardinal Francesco Barberini, as Vice-chancellor of the Church of Rome, and Protector of the English.³ The building is of the famous architect, Bramante, of incrustated marble, with four ranks of noble lights; the principal entrance is of Fontana's design, and all marble; the portico within sustained by massy columns; on the second peristyle above, the chambers are rarely painted by Salviati and Vasari; and so ample is this Palace, that six princes with their families have been received in it at one time, without incommoding each other.

of which was entitled "Cardinals, Priests, and Roman Citizens washing the Pilgrims' Feet."]

¹ [Now the Court of Cassation.]

² [See *ante*, p. 154.]

³ [See *ante*, p. 186.]

20th February. I went as was my usual custom and spent an afternoon in Piazza Navona, as well as to see what antiquities I could purchase among the people who hold market there for medals, pictures, and such curiosities, as to hear the mountebanks prate, and distribute their medicines. This was formerly the Circus Agonalis, dedicated to sports and pastimes, and is now the greatest market of the city, having three most noble fountains, and the stately palaces of the Pamfilii, S. Giacomo degli Spagnuoli belonging to that nation, to which add two convents for Friars and Nuns, all Spanish. In this Church was erected a most stately *catafalco*, or Capella ardente, for the death of the Queen of Spain; the church was hung with black, and here I heard a Spanish sermon, or funebral oration, and observed the statues, devices, and impresses hung about the walls, the church and pyramid stuck with thousands of lights and tapers, which made a glorious show. The statue of St. James is by Sansovino; there are also some good pictures of Caracci. The *facciata*, too, is fair. Returning home, I passed by the stumps of old Pasquin, at the corner of a street, called Strada Pontificia; here they still paste up their drolling lampoons and scurrilous papers.¹ This had formerly been one of the best statues for workmanship and art in all the city, as the remaining bust does still show.

21st. I walked in the morning up the hill towards the Capuchins, where was then Cardinal Unufrio (brother to the late Pope Urban VIII.) of the same order. He built them a pretty church, full of rare pictures, and there lies the body of St. Felix, that they say still does miracles. The piece

¹ [The *pasquinata* were pasted upon the pedestal of a statue of a gladiator which stood opposite the shop of a sixteenth-century cobbler named Pasquin, who was credited with the earlier ones.]

at the great altar is by Lanfranco. It is a lofty edifice, with a beautiful avenue of trees, and in a good air. After dinner, passing along the Strada del Corso, I observed the column of Antoninus, passing under Arco Portugallo, which is but a relic, heretofore erected in honour of Domitian, called now Portugallo, from a Cardinal living near it. A little further on the right hand stands the column in a small piazza, heretofore set up in honour of M. Aurelius Antoninus, comprehending in a *basso-rilievo* of white marble his hostile acts against the Parthians, Armenians, Germans, etc.; but it is now somewhat decayed. On the summit has been placed the image of St. Paul, of gilded copper. The pillar is said to be 161 feet high, ascended by 207 steps, receiving light by fifty-six apertures, without defacing the sculpture.

At a little distance, are the relics of the Emperor's Palace, the heads of whose pillars show them to have been Corinthian.

Turning a little down, we came to another piazza, in which stands a sumptuous vase of porphyry, and a fair fountain; but the grace of this market, and indeed the admiration of the whole world, is the Pantheon, now called S. Maria della Rotonda, formerly sacred to all the Gods, and still remaining the most entire antiquity of the city. It was built by Marcus Agrippa, as testifies the architrave of the portico, sustained by thirteen pillars of Theban marble, six feet thick, and fifty-three in height, of one entire stone. In this porch is an old inscription.

Entering the church, we admire the fabric, wholly covered with one cupola, seemingly suspended in the air, and receiving light by a hole in the middle only. The structure is near as high as broad, viz. 144 feet, not counting the thickness of the walls, which is twenty-two more to the top, all

thousand years. Under this is the burying-place for the common prostitutes, where they are put into the ground, *sans cérémonie*.

24th February. We walked to St. Roche's and Martine's [SS. Rocco e Martino] near the brink of the Tiber, a large hospital for both sexes. Hence, to the Mausoleum Augusti, betwixt the Tiber and the Via Flaminia, now much ruined, which had formerly contended for its sumptuous architecture. It was intended as a cemetery for the Roman Emperors, had twelve ports, and was covered with a cupola of white marble, environed with stately trees and innumerable statues, all of it now converted into a garden. We passed the afternoon at the Sapienza, a very stately building full of good marbles, especially the portico, of admirable architecture. These are properly the University Schools, where lectures are read on Law, Medicine, and Anatomy, and students perform their exercises.

Hence, we walked to the church of S. Andrea della Valle, near the former Theatre of Pompey, and the famous Piccolomini,¹ but given to this church and the Order, who are Theatins. The Barberini have in this place a chapel, of curious incrusted marbles of several sorts, and rare paintings. Under it is the place where St. Sebastian is said to have been beaten with rods before he was shot with darts. The cupola is painted by Lanfranco, an inestimable work,² and the whole fabric and monastery adjoining are admirable.

25th. I was invited by a Dominican Friar, whom we usually heard preach to a number of Jews, to be godfather to a converted Turk and

¹ [Æneas Silvius Piccolomini (Pius II.), 1405-64.]

² [Giovanni Lanfranco, 1581-1648. This cupola, which was to have been painted by Domenichino, is one of Lanfranco's best works.]



1 Colonne Trajana

Gravé par Michel Sylvestre.

Piazza della Colonna Trajana

A Paris chez Pierre Mariette, rue St. Jacques à l'Esperance.

2 La Madona di Loretto

Avec privilège du Roy

VIEW OF THE PIAZZA DELLA COLONNA TRAJANO

Jew. The ceremony was performed in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, near the Capitol. They were clad in white; then exorcised at their entering the church with abundance of ceremonies, and, when led into the choir, were baptized by a Bishop, *in pontificalibus*. The Turk lived afterwards in Rome, sold hot waters, and would bring us presents when he met us, kneeling and kissing the hems of our cloaks; but the Jew was believed to be a counterfeit.¹ This church, situated on a spacious rising, was formerly consecrated to Minerva. It was well built and richly adorned, and the body of St. Catherine di Siena lies buried here.² The paintings of the chapel are by Marcello Venuti; the Madonna over the altar is by Giovanni di Fiesole, called the Angelic Painter, who was of the Order of these Monks. There are many charities dealt publicly here, especially at the procession on the Annunciation, when I saw his Holiness, with all the Cardinals, Prelates, etc., *in pontificalibus*; dowries being given to 800 poor girls all clad in white.³ The Pope had his tiara on his head, and was carried on men's shoulders in an open arm-chair, blessing the people as he passed. The statue of Christ, at the Columna, is esteemed one of the masterpieces of M. Angelo: innumerable are the paintings by the best artists, and the organ is accounted one of the sweetest in Rome. Cardinal Bembo is interred here. We returned by St. Mark's, a stately church, with an excellent pavement, and a fine piece by Perugino, of the Two Martyrs. Adjoining to this is a noble palace built by the famous Bramante.

26th February. Ascending the hill, we came to the Forum Trajanum, where his column stands yet entire, wrought with admirable *basso-rilievo*

¹ [See *ante*, p. 203.]

² [See *ante*, p. 147.]

³ [See *post*, p. 257.]

recording the Dacian war, the figures at the upper part appearing of the same proportion with those below. It is ascended by 192 steps, enlightened with 44 apertures, or windows, artificially disposed ; in height from the pedestal 140 feet.

It had once the ashes of Trajan and his statue, where now stands St. Peter's of gilt brass, erected by Pope Sixtus V. The sculpture of this stupendous pillar is thought to be the work of Apollodorus ; but what is very observable is, the descent to the plinth of the pedestal, showing how this ancient city lies now buried in her ruins ; this monument being at first set up on a rising ground. After dinner, we took the air in Cardinal Bentivoglio's delicious gardens, now but newly deceased.¹ He had a fair palace built by several good masters on part of the ruins of Constantine's Baths ; well adorned with columns and paintings, especially those of Guido Reni.

27th February. In the morning, Mr. Henshaw and myself walked to the Trophies of Marius, erected in honour of his victory over the Cimbrians, but these now taken out of their niches are placed on the balusters of the Capitol, so that their ancient station is now a ruin. Keeping on our way, we came to St. Croce of Jerusalem, built by Constantine over the demolition of the Temple of Venus and Cupid, which he threw down ; and it was here they report he deposited the wood of the true Cross found by his mother, Helena ; in honour whereof this church was built, and in memory of his victory over Maxentius when that holy sign appeared to him. The edifice without is Gothic, but very glorious within, especially the roof, and one tribuna (gallery) well painted. Here is a

¹ [Cardinal Guido Bentivoglio, 1579-1644. He wrote the *History of the Wars of Flanders*, englished in 1678 by Henry Earl of Monmouth (see *post*, p. 284).]

chapel dedicated to St. Helena, the floor whereof is of earth brought from Jerusalem; the walls are of fair mosaic, in which they suffer no women to enter, save once a year. Under the high altar of the Church is buried St. Anastasius, in Lydian marble, and Benedict VII.; and they show a number of relics, exposed at our request; with a phial of our blessed Saviour's blood; two thorns of his crown; three chips of the real cross; one of the nails, wanting a point; St. Thomas's doubting finger; and a fragment of the title (put on the cross), being part of a thin board; some of Judas's pieces of silver; and many more, if one had faith to believe it. To this venerable church joins a Monastery, the gardens taking up the space of an ancient amphitheatre.

Hence, we passed beyond the walls out at the Port of St. Laurence, to that Saint's church, and where his ashes are enshrined. This was also built by the same great Constantine, famous for the Coronation of Pietro Altissiodorensis, Emperor of Constantinople, by Honorius the Second. It is said the corpse of St. Stephen, the proto-martyr, was deposited here by that of St. Sebastian, which it had no sooner touched, but Sebastian gave it place of its own accord. The Church has no less than seven privileged altars, and excellent pictures. About the walls are painted this martyr's sufferings; and, when they built them, the bones of divers saints were translated to other churches. The front is Gothic. In our return, we saw a small ruin of an aqueduct built by Quintus Marcius, the prætor; and so passed through that incomparable straight street leading to Santa Maria Maggiore, to our lodging, sufficiently tired.

We were taken up next morning in seeing the impertinences of the Carnival, when all the world are as mad at Rome as at other places; but the

most remarkable were the three races of the Barbary horses, that run in the Strada del Corso without riders, only having spurs so placed on their backs, and hanging down by their sides, as by their motion to stimulate them : then of mares, then of asses, of buffaloes, naked men, old and young, and boys, and abundance of idle ridiculous pastime. One thing is remarkable, their acting comedies on a stage placed on a cart, or *plaustrum*, where the scene, or tiring-place, is made of boughs in a rural manner, which they drive from street to street with a yoke or two of oxen, after the ancient guise. The streets swarm with prostitutes, buffoons, and all manner of rabble.

1st March. At the Greek Church, we saw the Eastern ceremonies performed by a Bishop, etc., in that tongue. Here the unfortunate Duke¹ and Duchess of Bouillon received their ashes, it being the first day of Lent. There was now as much trudging up and down of devotees, as the day before of licentious people ; all saints alike to appearance.

The gardens of Justinian, which we next visited, are very full of statues and antiquities, especially urns ; amongst which is that of Minutius Felix ; a terminus that formerly stood in the Appian way, and a huge coloss of the Emperor Justinian. There is a delicate aviary on the hill ; the whole gardens furnished with rare collections, fresh, shady, and adorned with noble fountains. Continuing our walk a mile farther, we came to Pons Milvius, now Mela, where Constantine overthrew Maxentius, and saw the miraculous sign of the cross, *In hoc signo vinces*. It was a sweet morning, and the bushes were full of nightingales. Hence, to Aqua Claudia again, an aqueduct finished by that Emperor at the

¹ [Frédéric-Maurice de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duc de Bouillon, 1605-52. He abjured Calvinism at Rome in 1644.]

expense of eight millions. In the afternoon, to Farnese's gardens, near the Campo Vaccino; and upon the Palatine Mount to survey the ruins of Juno's Temple, in the Piscina, a piazza so called near the famous bridge built by Antoninus Pius, and re-edified by Pope Sixtus IV.

The rest of this week, we went to the Vatican, to hear the sermons, at St. Peter's, of the most famous preachers, who discourse on the same subjects and text yearly, full of Italian eloquence and action. On our Lady-day, 25th March, we saw the Pope and Cardinals ride in pomp to the Minerva, the great guns of the Castle of St. Angelo being fired, when he gives portions to 500 *zitelle* (young women),¹ who kiss his feet in procession, some destined to marry, some to be nuns;—the scholars of the college celebrating the blessed Virgin with their compositions. The next day, his Holiness was busied in blessing golden roses, to be sent to several great Princes; the Procurator of the Carmelites preaching on our Saviour's feeding the multitude with five loaves, the ceremony ends. The sacrament being this day exposed, and the relics of the Holy Cross, the concourse about the streets is extraordinary. On Palm Sunday, there was a great procession, after a papal mass.

11th April. St. Veronica's handkerchief (with the impression of our Saviour's face) was exposed, and the next day the spear, with a world of ceremony. On Holy Thursday, the Pope said mass, and afterwards carried the Host in procession about the chapel, with an infinity of tapers. This finished, his Holiness was carried in his open chair on men's shoulders to the place where, reading the Bull *In Cœnâ Domini*, he both curses and blesses all in a breath; then the guns are again fired. Hence, he went to the Ducal hall of the Vatican,

¹ [See *ante*, p. 253.]

where he washed the feet of twelve poor men, with almost the same ceremony as it is done at Whitehall;¹ they have clothes, a dinner, and alms, which he gives with his own hands, and serves at their table; they have also gold and silver medals, but their garments are of white woollen long robes, as we paint the Apostles. The same ceremonies are done by the Conservators and other officers of state at St. John di Laterano; and now the table on which they say our blessed Lord celebrated his last supper is set out, and the heads of the Apostles. In every famous church they are busy in dressing up their pageantries to represent the Holy Sepulchre, of which we went to visit divers.

On Good Friday, we went again to St. Peter's, where the handkerchief, lance, and cross were all exposed, and worshipped together. All the confession seats were filled with devout people, and at night was a procession of several who most lamentably whipped themselves till the blood stained their clothes, for some had shirts, others upon the bare back, having visors and masks on their faces; at every three or four steps dashing the knotted and ravelled whip-cord over their shoulders, as hard as they could lay it on; whilst some of the religious orders and fraternities sung in a dismal tone, the lights and crosses going before, making all together a horrible and indeed heathenish pomp.

The next day, there was much ceremony at St. John di Laterano, so as the whole week was spent in running from church to church, all the town in busy devotion, great silence, and unimaginable superstition.

¹ [By the monarch on Maundy Thursday. James II. was the last to perform this to its full extent. It was afterwards deputed to the Lord High Almoner, and is now entirely given up.]

Easter-day, I was awakened by the guns from St. Angelo: we went to St. Peter's, where the Pope himself celebrated mass, showed the relics before named, and gave a public Benediction.

Monday, we went to hear music in the Chiesa Nuova: and, though there were abundance of ceremonies at the other great churches, and great exposure of relics, yet being wearied with sights of this nature, and the season of the year, summer, at Rome being very dangerous, by reason of the heats minding us of returning northwards, we spent the rest of our time in visiting such places as we had not yet sufficiently seen. Only I do not forget the Pope's benediction of the *Gonfalone*, or Standard, and giving the hallowed palms; and, on May-day, the great procession of the University and the muleteers at St. Anthony's, and their setting up a foolish May-pole in the Capitol, very ridiculous. We therefore now took coach a little out of town, to visit the famous Roma Sotterranea, being much like what we had seen at St. Sebastian's. Here, in a corn-field, guided by two torches, we crept on our bellies into a little hole, about twenty paces, which delivered us into a large entry that led us into several streets, or alleys, a good depth in the bowels of the earth, a strange and fearful passage for divers miles, as Bosio has measured and described them in his book.¹ We ever and anon came into pretty square rooms, that seemed to be chapels with altars, and some adorned with very ordinary ancient painting. Many skeletons and bodies are placed on the sides one above the other in degrees like shelves, whereof some are shut up with a coarse flat stone, having engraven on them *Pro Christo*, or a cross and palms, which are supposed to have been martyrs. Here, in all likelihood, were the meetings of the

¹ *Roma Sotterranea*, by Antonio Bosio, folio, Roma, 1632.

Primitive Christians during the persecutions, as Pliny the younger describes them. As I was prying about, I found a glass phial, filled (as was conjectured) with dried blood, and two lachrymatories. Many of the bodies, or rather bones (for there appeared nothing else) lay so entire, as if placed by the art of the surgeon, but being only touched fell all to dust. Thus, after wandering two or three miles in this subterranean meander, we returned almost blind when we came into the daylight, and even choked by the smoke of the torches. It is said that a French bishop and his retinue adventuring too far in these dens, their lights going out, were never heard of more.

We were entertained at night with an English play at the Jesuits', where we before had dined;¹ and the next day at Prince Galicano's, who himself composed the music to a magnificent opera, where were present Cardinal Pamphilio, the Pope's nephew, the Governors of Rome, the cardinals, ambassadors, ladies, and a number of nobility and strangers. There had been in the morning a joust and tournament of several young gentlemen on a formal defy, to which we had been invited; the prizes being distributed by the ladies, after the knight-errantry way. The lancers and swordsmen running at tilt against the barriers, with a great deal of clatter, but without any bloodshed, giving much diversion to the spectators, and was new to us travellers.

The next day, Mr. Henshaw and I spent the morning in attending the entrance and cavalcade of Cardinal Medici, the ambassador from the Grand Duke of Florence, by the Via Flaminia. After dinner, we went again to the Villa Borghese, about a mile without the city;² the garden is rather a park, or a Paradise, contrived and planted with

¹ [See *ante*, p. 203.]

² [See *ante*, p. 176.]

walks and shades of myrtles, cypress, and other trees, and groves, with abundance of fountains, statues, and *basso-rilievos*, and several pretty murmuring rivulets. Here they had hung large nets to catch woodcocks. There was also a vivary, where, amongst other exotic fowls, was an ostrich; besides a most capacious aviary; and, in another inclosed part, a herd of deer. Before the Palace (which might become the court of a great prince) stands a noble fountain, of white marble enriched with statues. The outer walls of the house are encrusted with excellent antique *basso-rilievos*, of the same marble, incornished with festoons and niches set with statues from the foundation to the roof. A stately portico joins the Palace, full of statues and columns of marble, urns, and other curiosities of sculpture. In the first hall were the Twelve Cæsars, of antique marble,¹ and the whole apartments furnished with pictures of the most celebrated masters, and two rare tables of porphyry, of great value. But of this already; for I often visited this delicious place.

This night were glorious fire-works at the Palace of Cardinal Medici before the gate, and lights of several colours all about the windows through the city, which they contrive by setting the candles in little paper lanterns dyed with various colours, placing hundreds of them from story to story; which renders a gallant show.

4th May. Having seen the entry of the ambassador of Lucca, I went to the Vatican, where by favour of our Cardinal Protector, Fran. Barberini,² I was admitted into the Consistory, heard the ambassador make his oration in Latin to the Pope, sitting on an elevated state, or throne, and changing two pontifical mitres; after which, I was presented to kiss his toe, that is, his

¹ [See *ante*, p. 177.]

² [See *ante*, p. 186.]

embroidered slipper, two Cardinals holding up his vest and surplice; and then, being sufficiently blessed with his thumb and two fingers for that day, I returned home to dinner.

We went again to see the medals of Signor Godefredi, which are absolutely the best collection in Rome.

Passing the Ludovisi Villa, where the petrified human figure lies, found on the snowy Alps; I measured the hydra, and found it not a foot long; the three necks and fifteen heads seem to be but patched up with several pieces of serpents' skins.

5th May. We took coach, and went fifteen miles out of the city to Frascati, formerly Tusculum, a villa of Cardinal Aldobrandini, built for a country-house; but, surpassing, in my opinion, the most delicious places I ever beheld for its situation, elegance, plentiful water, groves, ascents, and prospects. Just behind the Palace (which is of excellent architecture) in the centre of the enclosure, rises a high hill, or mountain, all over clad with tall wood, and so formed by nature, as if it had been cut out by art, from the summit whereof falls a cascade, seeming rather a great river than a stream precipitating into a large theatre of water, representing an exact and perfect rainbow, when the sun shines out. Under this, is made an artificial grot, wherein are curious rocks, hydraulic organs, and all sorts of singing birds, moving and chirping by force of the water, with several other pageants and surprising inventions. In the centre of one of these rooms, rises a copper ball that continually dances about three feet above the pavement, by virtue of a wind conveyed secretly to a hole beneath it; with many other devices to wet the unwary spectators, so that one can hardly step without wetting to the skin. In

one of these theatres of water, is an Atlas spouting up the stream to a very great height; and another monster makes a terrible roaring with a horn; but, above all, the representation of a storm is most natural, with such fury of rain, wind, and thunder, as one would imagine oneself in some extreme tempest. The garden has excellent walks and shady groves, abundance of rare fruit, oranges, lemons, etc., and the goodly prospect of Rome, above all description, so as I do not wonder that Cicero and others have celebrated this place with such encomiums. The Palace is indeed built more like a cabinet than anything composed of stone and mortar; it has in the middle a hall furnished with excellent marbles and rare pictures, especially those of Gioseppino d'Arpino; the movables are princely and rich. This was the last piece of architecture finished by Giacomo della Porta, who built it for Pietro, Cardinal Aldobrandini, in the time of Clement VIII.¹

We went hence to another house and garden not far distant, on the side of a hill called Mondragone, finished by Cardinal Scipio Borghese, an ample and kingly edifice. It has a very long gallery, and at the end a theatre for pastimes, spacious courts, rare grots, vineyards, olive-grounds, groves, and solitudes. The air is so fresh and sweet, as few parts of Italy exceed it; nor is it inferior to any palace in the city itself for statues, pictures, and furniture; but, it growing late, we could not take such particular notice of these things as they deserved.

6th May. We rested ourselves; and next day, in a coach, took our last farewell of visiting the circumjacent places, going to Tivoli, or the old

¹ Cardinal Hippolito Aldobrandini was elected Pope in January, 1592, by the name of Clement VIII., and died in March, 1605.

Tiburtum. At about six miles from Rome, we pass the Teverone, a bridge built by Mammaea, the mother of Severus, and so by divers ancient sepulchres, amongst others that of Valerius Volusi; and near it past the stinking sulphureous river over the Ponte Lucano, where we found a heap, or turret, full of inscriptions, now called the Tomb of Plautius. Arrived at Tivoli, we went first to see the Palace d'Este, erected on a plain, but where was formerly an hill. The Palace is very ample and stately. In the garden, on the right hand, are sixteen vast *conchas* of marble, jetting out waters; in the midst of these stands a Janus quadrifrons, that cast forth four *girandolas*, called from the resemblance (to a particular exhibition in fire-works so named) the Fontana di Speccho (looking-glass). Near this is a place for tilting. Before the ascent of the Palace is the famous fountain of Leda, and not far from that, four sweet and delicious gardens. Descending thence are two pyramids of water, and in a grove of trees near it the fountains of Tethys, Esculapius, Arethusa, Pandora, Pomona, and Flora; then the prancing Pegasus, Bacchus, the Grot of Venus, the two colosses of Melicerta and Sibylla Tiburtina, all of exquisite marble, copper, and other suitable adornments. The Cupids pouring out water are especially most rare, and the urns on which are placed the ten nymphs. The grotts are richly paved with *pietra-commessa*, shells, coral, etc.

Towards Roma Triumphans, leads a long and spacious walk, full of fountains, under which is historised the whole Ovidian Metamorphosis, in rarely sculptured *mezzo-rilievo*. At the end of this, next the wall, is the city of Rome as it was in its beauty, of small models, representing that city, with its amphitheatres; *naumachi*, *thermae*, temples, arches, aqueducts, streets, and other

magnificences, with a little stream running through it for the Tiber, gushing out of an urn next the statue of the river. In another garden, is a noble aviary, the birds artificial, and singing till an owl appears, on which they suddenly change their notes. Near this is the fountain of dragons, casting out large streams of water with great noise. In another grotto, called Grotto di Natura, is an hydraulic organ; and, below this, are divers stews and fish-ponds, in one of which is the statue of Neptune in his chariot on a sea-horse, in another a Triton; and, lastly, a garden of simples. There are besides in the palace many rare statues and pictures, bedsteads richly inlaid, and sundry other precious movables: the whole is said to have cost the best part of a million.

Having gratified our curiosity with these artificial miracles, and dined, we went to see the so famous natural precipice and cascade of the river Anio, rushing down from the mountains of Tivoli with that fury that, what with the mist it perpetually casts up by the breaking of the water against the rocks, and what with the sun shining on it and forming a natural *iris*, and the prodigious depth of the gulf below, it is enough to astonish one that looks on it. Upon the summit of this rock stands the ruin and some pillars and cornices of the Temple of Sibylla Tiburtina, or Albunea, a round fabric, still discovering some of its pristine beauty. Here was a great deal of gunpowder drying in the sun, and a little beneath, mills belonging to the Pope.

And now we returned to Rome. By the way, we were showed, at some distance, the city Praeneste, and the Hadrian villa, now only a heap of ruins; and so came late to our lodging.

We now determined to desist from visiting any more curiosities, except what should happen to

come in our way, when my companion, Mr. Henshaw, or myself should go to take the air; only I may not omit that one afternoon, diverting ourselves in the Piazza Navona, a mountebank there to allure curious strangers, taking off a ring from his finger, which seemed set with a dull, dark stone a little swelling out, like what we call (though untruly) a toadstone, and wetting his finger a little in his mouth, and then touching it, it emitted a luculent flame as bright and large as a small wax candle;¹ then, blowing it out, repeated this several times. I have much regretted that I did not purchase the receipt of him for making that composition at what price soever; for though there is a process in Jo. Baptista Porta² and others how to do it, yet on several trials they none of them have succeeded.

Amongst other observations I made in Rome are these; as to coins and medals, ten *asses* make the Roman *denarius*, five the *quinarius*, ten *denarii* an *aureus*; which account runs almost exactly with what is now in use of *quatrini*, *baiocs*, *julios*, and *scudi*, each exceeding the other in the proportion of ten. The *sestertius* was a small silver coin, marked H. S. or rather LL^s, valued two pounds and a half of silver, viz. 250 *denarii*, about twenty-five golden *ducati*. The stamp of the Roman *denarius* varied, having sometimes a Janus bifrons, the head of Roma armed, or with a chariot and two horses, which were called *bigae*; if with four, *quadrigae*; if with a Victoria, so named. The mark of the *denarius* was distinguished > | < thus, or X; the *quinarius* of half value, had, on one side, the head of Rome and V; the reverse,

¹ [Perhaps the *lapis illuminabilis*, hereafter mentioned (see post, p. 281).]

² [John Baptista Porta, 1550-1615, a Neapolitan physician, author of *Magia Naturalis*, 1589, etc.]

Castor and Pollux on horseback, inscribed *Roma*, etc.

I observed that in the Greek church they made the sign of the cross from the right hand to the left; contrary to the Latins and the schismatic Greeks; gave the benediction with the first, second, and little finger stretched out, retaining the third bent down, expressing a distance of the third Person of the Holy Trinity from the first two.

For sculptors and architects, we found Bernini and Algardi¹ were in the greatest esteem; Fiamingo, as a statuary;² who made the Andrea in St. Peter's, and is said to have died mad because it was placed in an ill light. Amongst the painters, Antonio de la Cornea, who has such an address of counterfeit-ing the hands of the ancient masters so well as to make his copies pass for originals; Pietro de Cortone, Monsieur Poussin, a Frenchman, and innumerable more. Fioravanti, for armour, plate, dead life, tapestry, etc. The chief masters of music, after Marc Antonio, the best treble, is Cavalier Lauretto, an eunuch; the next Cardinal Bichi's eunuch, Bianchi, tenor, and Nicholai, base. The Jews in Rome wore red hats, till the Cardinal of Lyons, being short-sighted, lately saluted one of them, thinking him to be a Cardinal as he passed by his coach; on which an order was made, that they should use only the yellow colour. There was now at Rome one Mrs. Ward, an English devotee, who much solicited for an order of Jesuitesses.

At executions I saw one, a gentleman, hanged in his cloak and hat for murder. They struck the malefactor with a club that first stunned him and then cut his throat. At Naples they use a frame, like ours at Halifax.³

¹ [Alessandro Algardi, *d.* 10th June, 1654.]

² [See *ante*, p. 184.]

³ A guillotine (see *post*, p. 303).

It is reported that Rome has been once no less than fifty miles in compass, now not thirteen, containing in it 8000 churches and chapels, monasteries, etc. It is divided into fourteen regions or wards; has seven mountains, and as many *campi* or valleys; in these are fair parks, or gardens, called villas, being only places of recess and pleasure, at some distance from the streets, yet within the walls.

The bills of exchange I took up from my first entering Italy till I went from Rome, amounting but to 616 *ducats di banco*, though I purchased many books, pictures, and curiosities.

18th May. I intended to have seen Loretto, but, being disappointed of monies long expected, I was forced to return by the same way I came, desiring, if possible, to be at Venice by the Ascension, and therefore I diverted to take Leghorn in the way, as well to furnish me with credit by a merchant there, as to take order for transporting such collections as I had made at Rome. When on my way, turning about to behold this once and yet glorious city, from an eminence, I did not, without some regret, give it my last farewell.

Having taken leave of our friends at Rome, where I had sojourned now about seven months, autumn, winter, and spring, I took coach, in company with two courteous Italian gentlemen. In the afternoon, we arrived at a house, or rather castle, belonging to the Duke of Parma, called Caprarola,¹ situate on the brow of a hill, that overlooks a little town, or rather a natural and stupendous rock; witness those vast caves serving now for cellarage, where we were entertained with most generous wine of several sorts, being just under the foundation. The Palace was built by the famous

¹ ["Ten Italian miles from Viterbo towards Rome," says Keyser, ii. p. 94.]

architect, Vignola,¹ at the cost of Cardinal Alex. Farnese, in form of an octagon, the court in the middle being exactly round, so as rather to resemble a fort, or castle; yet the chambers within are all of them square, which makes the walls exceedingly thick. One of these rooms is so artificially contrived, that from the two opposite angles may be heard the least whisper; they say any perfect square does it. Most of the paintings are by Zuccaro. It has a stately entry, on which spouts an artificial fountain within the porch. The hall, chapel, and a great number of lodging chambers are remarkable; but most of all the pictures and witty inventions of Annibale Caracci;² the Dead Christ is incomparable. Behind are the gardens full of statues and noble fountains, especially that of the Shepherds. After dinner, we took horse, and lay that night at Monte Rossi, twenty miles from Rome.

19th May. We dined at Viterbo, and lay at St. Lorenzo. Next day, at Radicofani,³ and slept at Turnera.

21st. We dined at Siena, where we could not pass admiring the great church⁴ built entirely both within and without with white and black marble in polished squares, by Macarino, showing so beautiful after a shower has fallen. The floor within is of various coloured marbles, representing the story of both Testaments, admirably wrought. Here lies Pius the Second. The *bibliotheca* is painted by P. Perugino and Raphael. The life of Æneas Sylvius is in *fresco*; in the middle are

¹ [Giacomi Barocci da Vignola, 1507-73.]

² ["It is a common mistake in the descriptions of Caprarola, instead of the *commandeur* Annibal Caro, to attribute the invention of these pieces to the painter Annibal Caracci, who was not born till the year 1660" (Keysler, ii. p. 95).]

³ [See *ante*, p. 149.]

⁴ See *ante*, p. 147.

the Three Graces, in antique marble, very curious, and the front of this building, though Gothic, is yet very fine. Amongst other things, they show St. Catherine's disciplining cell, the door whereof is half cut out into chips by the pilgrims and devotees, being of deal wood.

Setting out hence for Pisa, we went again to see the Duomo in which the Emperor Henry VII. lies buried, poisoned by a monk in the Eucharist.¹ The bending tower was built by Busqueto Delichio,² a Grecian architect, and is a stupendous piece of art. In the gallery of curiosities is a fair mummy; the tail of a sea-horse; coral growing on a man's skull; a chariot automaton; two pieces of rock crystal, in one of which is a drop of water, in the other three or four small worms; two embalmed children; divers petrifications, etc. The garden of simples is well furnished, and has in it the deadly yew, or *taxus*, of the ancients; which Dr. Belluccio, the superintendent, affirms that his workmen cannot endure to clip for above the space of half an hour at a time, from the pain of the head which surprises them.

We went hence from Leghorn, by coach, where I took up ninety crowns for the rest of my journey, with letters of credit for Venice, after I had sufficiently complained of my defeat of correspondence at Rome.

The next day, I came to Lucca, a small but pretty territory and state of itself. The city is neat and well fortified, with noble and pleasant walks of trees on the works, where the gentry and ladies used to take the air. It is situate on an ample plain by the river Serchio, yet the country about it is hilly. The Senate-house is magnificent.

¹ [See *ante*, p. 149.]

² [Modern authorities give it not to Busketus, but to Bonannus of Pisa and William of Innsbruck, 1174-1350.]

The church of St. Michael is a noble piece, as is also St. Fredian, more remarkable to us for the corpse of St. Richard, an English king,¹ who died here on his pilgrimage towards Rome. This epitaph is on his tomb :

Hic rex Richardus requiescit, sceptifer, almus :
 Rex fuit Anglorum ; regnum tenet iste Polorum.
 Regnum demisit ; pro Christo cuncta reliquit.
 Ergo, Richardum nobis dedit Anglia sanctum.
 Hic genitor Sanctæ Wulburgæ Virginis almæ
 Est Vrillebaldi sancti simul et Vinebaldi,
 Suffragium quorum nobis det regna Polorum.

Next this, we visited St. Croce,² an excellent structure all of marble both without and within, and so adorned as may vie with many of the fairest even in Rome : witness the huge cross, valued at £15,000, above all venerable for that sacred *volto* which (as tradition goes) was miraculously put on the image of Christ, and made by Nicodemus, whilst the artist, finishing the rest of the body, was meditating what face to set on it. The inhabitants are exceedingly civil to strangers, above all places in Italy, and they speak the purest Italian. It is also cheap living, which causes travellers to set up their rest here more than in Florence, though a more celebrated city ; besides, the ladies here are very conversable, and the religious women not at all reserved ; of these we bought gloves and embroidered stomachers, generally worn by gentlemen in these countries. The circuit of this state is but two easy days' journey, and lies mixed with the Duke of Tuscany's, but having Spain for a protector (though the least

¹ [A pencil note in a copy of Lassels, i. p. 227, says, "Bp. of Chichester." The Bishop referred to is Richard de Wyche, 1197?-1253. He was canonised in 1262.]

² [The Duomo or Cathedral. The *Volto Sacro di Lucca*—which furnished his favourite asseveration to William Rufus—was said to have been miraculously brought to Lucca in 782.]

bigoted of all Roman Catholics), and being one of the fortified cities in Italy, it remains in peace. The whole country abounds in excellent olives, etc.

Going hence for Florence, we dined at Pistoia, where, besides one church, there was little observable: only in the highway we crossed a rivulet of salt water, though many miles from the sea. The country is extremely pleasant, full of gardens, and the roads straight as a line for the best part of that whole day, the hedges planted with trees at equal distances, watered with clear and plentiful streams.

Rising early the next morning, we arrived at Poggio Imperiale, being a Palace of the Great Duke, not far from the city, having omitted it in my passage to Rome. The ascent to the house is by a stately gallery as it were of tall and overgrown cypress trees for near half a mile. At the entrance of these ranges, are placed statues of the Tiber and Arno, of marble; those also of Virgil, Ovid, Petrarch, and Dante. The building is sumptuous, and curiously furnished within with cabinets of *pietra-commessa* in tables, pavements, etc., which is a magnificence, or work, particularly affected at Florence. The pictures are, Adam and Eve by Albert Dürer, very excellent; as is that piece of carving in wood by the same hand standing in a cupboard. Here is painted the whole Austrian line; the Duke's mother,¹ sister to the Emperor, the foundress of this palace, than which there is none in Italy that I had seen more magnificently adorned, or furnished.

We could not omit in our passage to re-visit the same, and other curiosities which we had neglected on our first being at Florence. We went, therefore, to see the famous piece of Andrea

¹ [Magdalen of Austria, wife of the Grand Duke Cosmo II., by whom Poggio Imperiale was built about 1622.]

del Sarto,¹ in the Annunziata. The story is, that the painter in a time of dearth borrowed a sack of corn of the religious of that convent, and repayment being demanded, he wrought it out in this picture, which represents Joseph sitting on a sack of corn, and reading to the Blessed Virgin; a piece infinitely valued. There fell down in the cloister an old man's face painted on the wall in *fresco*, greatly esteemed, and brake into crumbs; the Duke sent his best painters to make another instead of it, but none of them would presume to touch a pencil where Andrea had wrought, like another Apelles; but one of them was so industrious and patient, that, picking up the fragments, he laid and fastened them so artificially together, that the injury it had received was hardly discernible. Andrea del Sarto lies buried in the same place. Here is also that picture of Bartolommeo, who having spent his utmost skill in the face of the angel Gabriel, and being troubled that he could not exceed it in the Virgin, he began the body and to finish the clothes, and so left it, minding in the morning to work on the face; but, when he came, no sooner had he drawn away the cloth that was hung before it to preserve it from the dust, than an admirable and ravishing face was found ready painted; at which miracle all the city came in to worship. It is now kept in the chapel of the Salutation, a place so enriched by the devotees, that none in Italy, save Loretto, is said to exceed it. This picture is always covered with three shutters, one of which is of massy silver; methinks it is very brown, the forehead and cheeks whiter, as if it had been scraped. They report that those who have the honour of seeing it never lose their sight—happy then we! Belonging to this church is a world of plate, some whole statues of

¹ ["La Madonna del Sacco."]

it, and lamps innumerable, besides the costly vows hung up, some of gold, and a cabinet of precious stones.

Visiting the Duke's repository again,¹ we told at least forty ranks of porphyry and other statues, and twenty-eight whole figures, many rare paintings and *rilievos*, two square columns with trophies. In one of the galleries, twenty-four figures, and fifty antique heads; a Bacchus of M. Angelo, and one of Bandinelli; a head of Bernini, and a most lovely Cupid, of Parian marble; at the further end, two admirable women sitting, and a man fighting with a centaur; three figures in little of Andrea; a huge candlestick of amber; a table of Titian's painting, and another representing God the Father sitting in the air on the Four Evangelists; animals; divers smaller pieces of Raphael; a piece of pure virgin gold, as big as an egg. In the third chamber of rarities is the square cabinet, valued at 80,000 crowns, showing, on every front, a variety of curious work; one of birds and flowers, of *pietra-commessa*; one, a descent from the cross, of M. Angelo; on the third, our Blessed Saviour and the Apostles, of amber; and, on the fourth, a crucifix of the same. Betwixt the pictures, two naked Venuses, by Titian; Adam and Eve, by Dürer; and several pieces of Pordenone, and del Frate. There is a globe of six feet diameter. In the Armoury, were an entire elk, a crocodile, and amongst the harness, several targets and antique horse-arms, as that of Charles V.; two set with turquoises, and other precious stones; a horse's tail, of a wonderful length. Then, passing the Old Palace, which has a very great hall for feasts and comedies, the roof rarely painted, and the side-walls with six very large pictures representing battles, the work of Gio. Vasari. Here is a

¹ [See *ante*, p. 141.]

magazine full of plate; a harness of emeralds; the furnitures of an altar four feet high, and six in length, of massy gold; in the middle is placed the statue of Cosmo II.; the *basso-relievo* is of precious stones, his breeches covered with diamonds; the mouldings of this statue, and other ornaments, festoons, etc., are garnished with jewels and great pearls, dedicated to St. Charles, with this inscription, in rubies:

Cosimus Secundus Dei gratiâ Magnus Dux Etruriæ ex voto.

There is also a King on horseback, of massy gold, two feet high, and an infinity of such-like rarities. Looking at the Justice, in copper, set up on a column by Cosmo, in 1555, after the victory over Siena, we were told that the Duke, asking a gentleman how he liked the piece, he answered, that he liked it very well, but that it stood too high for poor men to come at it.

Prince Leopold has, in this city, a very excellent collection of paintings, especially a St. Catherine of P. Veronese; a Venus of marble, veiled from the middle to the feet, esteemed to be of that Greek workman who made the Venus at the Medicis' Palace in Rome,¹ altogether as good, and better preserved, an inestimable statue, not long since found about Bologna.

Signor Gaddi is a lettered person, and has divers rarities, statues, and pictures of the best masters, and one bust of marble as much esteemed as the most antique in Italy, and many curious manuscripts; his best paintings are, a Virgin of del Sarto, mentioned by Vasari, a St. John by Raphael, and an "Ecce Homo" by Titian.

The hall of the Academy de la Crusca² is hung

¹ [Kleomenes.]

² [Crusca = bran, and the function of this body was the "sifting of the corn from the bran."]

about with impresses¹ and devices painted, all of them relating to corn sifted from the bran; the seats are made like bread-baskets and other rustic instruments used about wheat, and the cushions of satin, like sacks.

We took our farewell of St. Laurence, more particularly noticing that piece of the Resurrection, which consists of a prodigious number of naked figures, the work of Pontormo. On the left hand, is the Martyrdom of St. Laurence, by Bronzino, rarely painted indeed. In a chapel is the tomb of Pietro di Medici, and his brother John, of copper, excellently designed, standing on two lions' feet, which end in foliage, the work of M. Angelo. Over against this, are sepulchres of all the ducal family. The altar has a statue of the Virgin giving suck, and two Apostles. Paulus Jovius² has the honour to be buried in the cloister. Behind the choir is the superb chapel of Ferdinand I., consisting of eight faces, four plain, four a little hollowed; in the other are to be the sepulchres, and a niche of paragon³ for the statue of the prince now living, all of copper gilt; above, is a large table of porphyry, for an inscription for the Duke, in letters of jasper. The whole chapel, walls, pavement, and roof, are full of precious stones united with the mouldings, which are also of gilded copper, and so are the bases and capitals of the columns. The tabernacle, with the whole altar, is inlaid with cornelians, lazuli, serpentine, agates, onyxes, etc. On the other side, are six very large columns of rock crystal, eight figures of precious stones of several

¹ [See *ante*, p. 169. A fresh illustration of the word is afforded by Mr. Sidney Lee's recent Shakespeare discovery, where the poet figures as having designed an "impresso" for the Duke of Rutland in 1613 (*Times*, 27th December, 1905).

² [See *ante*, p. 141.]

³ [*Paragone*—the black marble of Bergamo.]

colours, inlaid in natural figures, not inferior to the best paintings, amongst which are many pearls, diamonds, amethysts, topazes, sumptuous and sparkling beyond description. The windows without side are of white marble. The library is the architecture of Raphael; before the port is a square vestibule of excellent art, of all the orders, without confusion; the ascent to it from the library is excellent. We numbered eighty-eight shelves, all MSS. and bound in red, chained; in all about 8500 volumes, as they told us.

The Arsenal has sufficient to arm 70,000 men, accurately preserved and kept, with divers lusty pieces of ordnance, whereof one is for a ball of 800 pounds weight, and another for 160, which weighs 72,500 pounds.

When I was at Florence, the celebrated masters were: for *pietra-commessa* (a kind of mosaic, or inlaying, of various coloured marble, and other more precious stones), Dominico Benetti and Mazotti; the best statuary, Vincentio Brochi. This statuary makes those small figures in plaster and pasteboard, which so resemble copper that, till one handles them, they cannot be distinguished, he has so rare an art of bronzing them; I bought four of him. The best painter, Pietro Berretini di Cortona.¹

This Duke has a daily tribute for every courtesan, or prostitute, allowed to practise that infamous trade in his dominions, and so has his Holiness the Pope, but not so much in value.

Taking leave of our two jolly companions, Signor Giovanni and his fellow,² we took horses for Bologna; and, by the way, alighted at a villa of the Grand Duke's, called Pratolino. The house is

¹ [Pietro Berretini da Cortona, 1596-1669, a Florentine, whose frescoes are in the Pitti Palace.]

² [Not hitherto mentioned.]

a square of four pavilions, with a fair platform about it, balustrad with stone, situate in a large meadow, ascending like an amphitheatre, having at the bottom a huge rock, with water running in a small channel, like a cascade; on the other side, are the gardens. The whole place seems consecrated to pleasure and summer retirement. The inside of the Palace may compare with any in Italy for furniture of tapestry, beds, etc., and the gardens are delicious, and full of fountains. In the grove sits Pan feeding his flock, the water making a melodious sound through his pipe; and a Hercules, whose club yields a shower of water, which, falling into a great shell, has a naked woman riding on the backs of dolphins. In another grotto is Vulcan and his family, the walls richly composed of corals, shells, copper, and marble figures, with the hunting of several beasts, moving by the force of water. Here, having been well washed for our curiosity, we went down a large walk, at the sides whereof several slender streams of water gush out of pipes concealed underneath, that interchangeably fall into each other's channels, making a lofty and perfect arch, so that a man on horseback may ride under it, and not receive one drop of wet. This canopy, or arch of water, I thought one of the most surprising magnificences I had ever seen, and very refreshing in the heat of the summer. At the end of this very long walk, stands a woman in white marble, in posture of a laundress wringing water out of a piece of linen, very naturally formed, into a vast laver, the work and invention of M. Angelo Buonarrotti.¹ Hence, we ascended Mount

¹ [Sir Henry Wotton describes this a "matchlesse pattern" of a "figured Fountain, . . . done by the famous hand of *Michael Angelo da Buonaroti*, in the figure of a sturdy woman, washing and winding of linen cloths; in which Act, she wrings out the water that made the Fountain, which was a graceful and natural conceit in the Artificer, implying this rule; That all

Parnassus, where the Muses played to us on hydraulic organs. Near this is a great aviary. All these waters came from the rock in the garden, on which is the statue of a giant¹ representing the Apennines, at the foot of which stands this villa. Last of all, we came to the labyrinth, in which a huge coloss of Jupiter throws out a stream over the garden. This is fifty feet in height, having in his body a square chamber, his eyes and mouth serving for windows and door.

We took horse and supped that night at Il Ponte, passing a dreadful ridge of the Apennines, in many places capped with snow, which covers them the whole summer. We then descended into a luxurious and rich plain. The next day we passed through Scarperia, mounting the hills again, where the passage is so straight and precipitous towards the right hand, that we climbed them with much care and danger; lodging at Fiorenzuola, which is a fort built amongst the rocks, and defending the confines of the Great Duke's territories.

The next day, we passed by the Pietra Mala, a burning mountain. At the summit of this prodigious mass of hills, we had an unpleasant way to Pianoro, where we slept that night and were entertained with excellent wine. Hence to Scarica

designs of this kind, should be proper" (*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1685, p. 65). He also praises the water arch as "An Invention for refreshment, surely far excelling all the *Alexandrian Delicacies*, and *Pneumatics of Hero*" (*ib.* pp. 65-66).]

¹ [The giant rock at Pratolino, "roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form," of which Walpole writes to Chute, 20th August, 1743. Reresby refers to it as follows:—"In the upper part of this garden stands the statue of a giant, forty-five ells in height; about him are several nymphs, carved in stone, casting out water" (*Travels*, 1831, p. 91). He also mentions the arch of water, p. 90; and the statue of the laundress which, "by the turning of a cock, beats a buck [i.e. a tub or basket of linen] with a battledore, and turns clothes with the left hand" (p. 91).]

l' Asino, and to bed at Lojano. This plain begins about six miles from Bologna.

Bologna belongs to the Pope, and is a famous University, situate in one of the richest spots of Europe for all sorts of provisions. It is built like a ship, whereof the Torre d' Asinelli may go for the mainmast. The city is of no great strength, having a trifling wall about it, in circuit near five miles, and two in length. This Torre d' Asinelli, ascended by 447 steps of a foot rise, seems exceedingly high, is very narrow, and the more conspicuous from another tower called Garisendi, so artificially built of brick (which increases the wonder), that it seems ready to fall. It is not now so high as the other; but they say the upper part was formerly taken down, for fear it should really fall, and do mischief.

Next, we went to see an imperfect church, called St. Petronius, showing the intent of the founder, had he gone on. From this, our guide led us to the schools, which indeed are very magnificent. Thence to St. Dominic's, where that saint's body lies richly enshrined. The stalls, or seats, of this goodly church have the history of the Bible inlaid with several woods, very curiously done, the work of one Fr. Damiano di Bergamo, and a friar of that order.¹ Amongst other relics, they show the two books of Esdras, written with his own hand. Here lie buried Jac. Andreas,² and divers other learned persons. To the church joins the convent, in the quadrangle whereof are old cypresses, said to have been planted by their saint.

Then we went to the Palace of the Legate; a fair brick building, as are most of the houses and

¹ ["This kind of *Mosaick work* in wood was anciently (sayth *Vasari*) called *Tarsia*, and in this kind of worke *Brunelleschi* and *Maiano* did good things in *Florence*" (*Lassels*, i. p. 143).]

² [John Andreas, 1275-1348, canonist at Bologna.]

buildings, full of excellent carving and mouldings, so as nothing in stone seems to be better finished or more ornamental;¹ witness those excellent columns to be seen in many of their churches, convents, and public buildings; for the whole town is so cloistered, that one may pass from house to house through the streets without being exposed either to rain, or sun.

Before the stately hall of this Palace stands the statue of Paul IV. and divers others; also the monument of the coronation of Charles V. The piazza before it is the most stately in Italy, St. Mark's at Venice only excepted. In the centre of it is a fountain of Neptune, a noble figure in copper. Here I saw a Persian walking about in a rich vest of cloth of tissue, and several other ornaments, according to the fashion of his country, which much pleased me;² he was a young handsome person, of the most stately mien.

I would fain have seen the library of St. Saviour, famous for the number of rare manuscripts; but could not, so we went to St. Francis, a glorious pile, and exceedingly adorned within.

After dinner, I inquired out a priest and Dr. Montalbano, to whom I brought recommendations from Rome; this learned person invented, or found out, the composition of the *lapis illuminabilis*, or phosphorus. He showed me their property (for he had several), being to retain the light of the sun

¹ [Here (according to Lassels, i. p. 147) was the "rare Cabinet and Study" of the great Aldrovandus, which Evelyn does not seem to have seen. It is also mentioned in 1665 by Edward Browne. "I saw Aldrovandi musæum, where are the gretest collection of naturall things I ever saw; and besides bookes painted of all sorts of annimalls, there are twelve large folios of plants, most exquisitely painted" (Sir T. Browne's *Works*, 1836, i. 89).]

² [This dress, for a brief space, was adopted by the court of Charles II. (see *post*, under 18th October, 1666).]

for some competent time, by a kind of imbibition, by a particular way of calcination. Some of these presented a blue colour, like the flame of brimstone, others like coals of a kitchen fire. The rest of the afternoon was taken up in St. Michael in Bosco, built on a steep hill on the edge of the city, for its fabric, pleasant shade and groves, cellars, dormitory, and prospects, one of the most delicious retirements I ever saw; art and nature contending which shall exceed; so as till now I never envied the life of a friar. The whole town and country to a vast extent are under command of their eyes, almost as far as Venice itself. In this convent there are many excellent paintings of Guido Reni;¹ above all, the little cloister of eight faces, painted by Caracci² in *fresco*. The carvings in wood, in the sacristy, are admirable, as is the inlaid work about the chapel, which even emulates the best paintings; the work is so delicate and tender. The paintings of the Saviour are of Caracci and Leonardo, and there are excellent things of Raphael which we could not see.

In the Church of St. John is a fine piece of St. Cecilia, by Raphael.³ As to other paintings, there is in the Church of St. Gregory an excellent picture of a Bishop giving the habit of St. Bernard to an armed soldier, with several other figures in the piece, the work of Guercino. Indeed, this city is full of rare pieces, especially of Guido Domenico, and a virgin named Isabella Sirani, now living, who has painted many excellent pieces, and imitates Guido so well, that many skilful artists have been deceived.⁴

¹ [Guido Reni, 1575-1642, was a Bolognese, and died at Bologna.]

² [Lodovico Caracci, 1555-1619.]

³ [Now in the Gallery of Bologna. There is a famous engraving of the original drawing by Marc Antonio.]

⁴ Giovanni Andrea Sirani, a Bolognese artist, 1610-70, had

At the Mendicants are the Miracles of St. Eloy, by Reni, after the manner of Caravaggio, but better; and here they showed us that famous piece of Christ calling St. Matthew, by Annibal Caracci. The Marquis Magniani has the whole frieze of his hall painted in *fresco* by the same hand.

Many of the religious men nourish those lap-dogs which the ladies are so fond of, and which they here sell. They are a pigmy sort of spaniels, whose noses they break when puppies; which, in my opinion, deforms them.

At the end of the turning in one of the wings of the dormitory of St. Michael, I found a paper pasted near the window, containing the dimensions of most of the famous churches in Italy compared with their towers here, and the length of this gallery, a copy whereof I took.

	Braccia. ¹	Piedi di Bologna.	Canna di Roma.
St. Pietro di Roma, longo .	284	473	84
Cupalo del muro, alta . .	210	350	60
Torre d' Asinello, alto . .	208½	348	59 pr. ^m 6
Dormitorio de St. Mich. a Bologn. longo . . .	254	423	72½

From hence, being brought to a subterranean territory of cellars, the courteous friars made us taste a variety of excellent wines; and so we departed to our inn.

The city is famous also for sausages; and here is sold great quantities of Parmegiano cheese, with

three daughters. The most celebrated, Elizabetta, born 1638, and died August 1665, is the lady alluded to by Evelyn as having been so famous a copyist of Guido, of whom her father was a pupil and imitator. Her sisters, Anna and Barbara, were also artists, but never reached the excellence of Elizabetta.

¹ A measure of half an ell.

botargo,¹ caviare, etc., which makes some of their shops perfume the streets with no agreeable smell. We furnished ourselves with wash-balls, the best being made here, and being a considerable commodity. This place has also been celebrated for lutes made by the old masters, Mollen, Hans Fries, and Nicholas Sconvelt, which were of extraordinary price; the workmen were chiefly Germans. The cattle used for draught in this country (which is very rich and fertile, especially in pasturage) are covered with housings of linen fringed at the bottom, that dangle about them, preserving them from flies, which in summer are very troublesome.

From this pleasant city, we proceeded towards Ferrara, carrying with us a *bulletino*, or bill of health (customary in all these parts of Italy, especially in the State of Venice), and so put ourselves into a boat that was towed with horses, often interrupted by the sluices (inventions there to raise the water for the use of mills, and to fill the artificial canals) at every [one] of which we stayed till passage was made. We went by the Castle Bentivoglio,² and, about night, arrived at an ugly inn called Mal Albergo, agreeable to its name, whence, after we had supped, we embarked and passed that night through the Fens, where we were so pestered with those flying glow-worms, called *lucciole*, that one who had never heard of them, would think the country full of sparks of fire.

¹ [Botargos—the *boutargues* of Rabelais—are sausages made with mullet or tunny roe, provoking thirst. In some verses on observing Lent, Howell seems to include Botargos in a Lenten diet:—

Not to let down Lamb, Kid or Veal,
Hen, Plover, Turkey-cock or Teal,
And eat Botargo, Caviar,
Anchovies, Oysters and like fare—

is, he contends, but “to play the juggling Hypocrite” in fasting (*Familiar Letters*, Bk. IV. Letter v.).]

² [See *ante*, p. 254.]

Beating some of them down, and applying them to a book, I could read in the dark by the light they afforded.

Quitting our boat, we took coach, and by morning got to Ferrara, where, before we could gain entrance, our guns and arms were taken from us of custom, the lock being taken off before, as we were advised. The city is in a low marshy country, and therefore well fortified. The houses and streets have nothing of beauty, except the palace and church of St. Benedict, where Ariosto lies buried,¹ and there are some good statues, the Palazzo del Diamante,² citadel, church of St. Dominico. The market-place is very spacious, having in its centre the figure of Nicholao Olão, once Duke of Ferrara, on horseback, in copper. It is, in a word, a dirty town, and, though the streets be large, they remain ill paved; yet it is a University, and now belongs to the Pope. Though there are not many fine houses in the city, the inn where we lodged was a very noble palace, having an Angel for its sign.

We parted from hence about three in the afternoon, and went some of our way on the canal, and then embarked on the Po, or Padus, by the poets called Eridanus, where they feign Phaeton to have fallen after his rash attempt, and where Io was metamorphosed into a cow. There was in our company, amongst others, a Polonian Bishop, who was exceeding civil to me in this passage, and afterwards did me many kindnesses at Venice. We supped this night at a place called Corbola[?], near

¹ ["I saw also Ariosto's tomb, in the Benedictine's church," says Edward Browne in 1665, "and a good comedie at night" (Sir T. Browne's *Works*, 1836, i. 90). The poet's house still stands in the Via dei Ariostei at Ferrara.]

² [Of white marble "cut *diamant wise* into sharp points" (Lassels, ii. p. 359).]

the ruins of the ancient city, Adria, which gives name to the Gulf, or Sea. After three miles, having passed thirty on the Po, we embarked in a stout vessel, and through an artificial canal, very straight, we entered the Adige, which carried us by break of day into the Adriatic, and so sailing prosperously by Chioggia (a town upon an island in this sea), and Pelestrina, we came over against Malamocco (the chief port and anchorage where our English merchantmen lie that trade to Venice) about seven at night, after we had stayed at least two hours for permission to land, our bill of health being delivered, according to custom. So soon as we came on shore, we were conducted to the Dogana, where our portmanteaus were visited, and then we got to our lodging, which was at honest Signor Paulo Rhodomante's at the Black Eagle, near the Rialto, one of the best quarters of the town. This journey from Rome to Venice cost me seven pistoles, and thirteen julios.

June. The next morning, finding myself extremely weary and beaten with my journey, I went to one of their bagnios, where you are treated after the eastern manner, washing with hot and cold water, with oils, and being rubbed with a kind of strigil of seal's-skin, put on the operator's hand like a glove. This bath did so open my pores, that it cost me one of the greatest colds I ever had in my life, for want of necessary caution in keeping myself warm for some time after; for, coming out, I immediately began to visit the famous places of the city; and travellers who come into Italy do nothing but run up and down to see sights, and this city well deserved our admiration, being the most wonderfully placed of any in the world, built on so many hundred islands, in the very sea, and at good distance from the continent. It has no fresh water, except what is reserved in cisterns from rain,

and such as is daily brought from *terra firma* in boats, yet there was no want of it, and all sorts of excellent provisions were very cheap.

It is said that when the Huns overran Italy, some mean fishermen and others left the mainland, and fled for shelter to these despicable and muddy islands, which, in process of time, by industry, are grown to the greatness of one of the most considerable States, considered as a Republic, and having now subsisted longer than any of the four ancient Monarchies, flourishing in great state, wealth, and glory, by the conquest of great territories in Italy, Dacia, Greece, Candia, Rhodes, and Sclavonia, and at present challenging the empire of all the Adriatic Sea, which they yearly espouse by casting a gold ring into it with great pomp and ceremony, on Ascension-day ; the desire of seeing this was one of the reasons that hastened us from Rome.

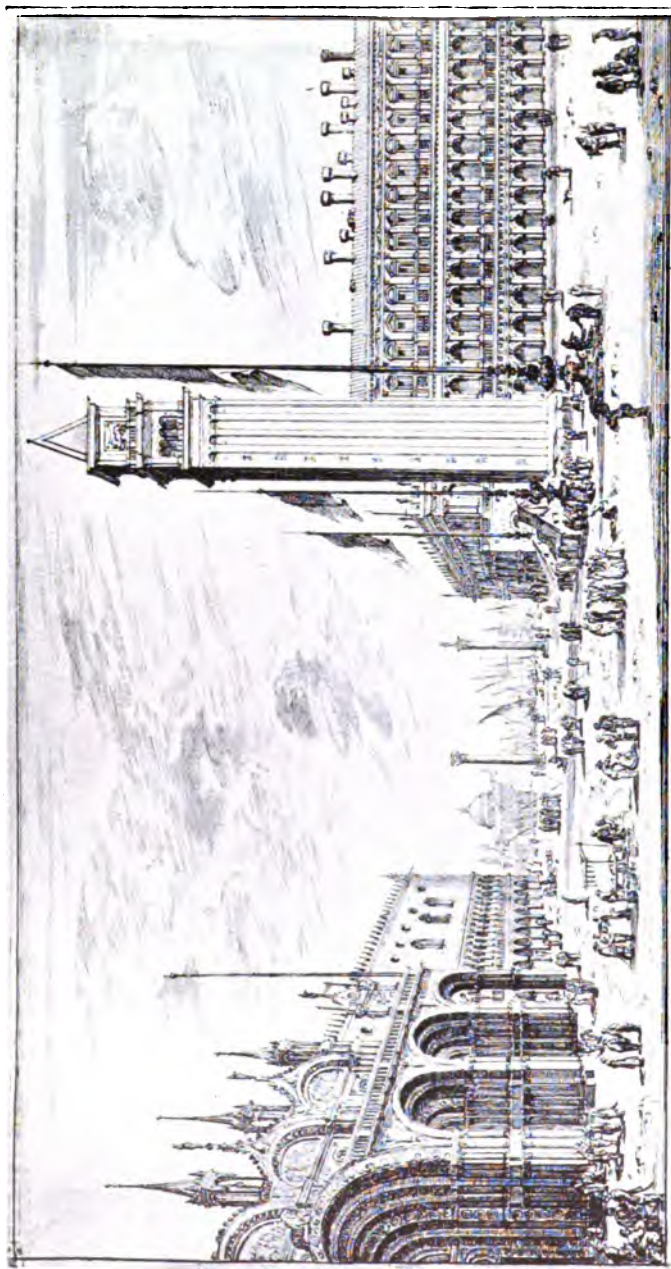
The Doge, having heard mass in his robes of state (which are very particular, after the eastern fashion), together with the Senate in their gowns, embarked in their gloriously painted, carved, and gilded Bucentaur, environed and followed by innumerable galleys, gondolas, and boats, filled with spectators, some dressed in masquerade, trumpets, music, and cannons. Having rowed about a league into the Gulf, the Duke, at the prow, casts a gold ring and cup into the sea, at which a loud acclamation is echoed from the great guns of the Arsenal and at the Lido. We then returned.

Two days after, taking a gondola, which is their water-coach (for land ones, there are many old men in this city who never saw one, or rarely a horse), we rowed up and down the channels, which answer to our streets. These vessels are built very long and narrow, having necks and tails of steel, somewhat spreading at the beak like a fish's tail, and

kept so exceedingly polished as to give a great lustre; some are adorned with carving, others lined with velvet (commonly black), with curtains and tassels, and the seats like couches, to lie stretched on, while he who rows, stands upright on the very edge of the boat, and, with one oar bending forward as if he would fall into the sea, rows and turns with incredible dexterity: thus passing from channel to channel, landing his fare, or patron, at what house he pleases. The beaks of these vessels are not unlike the ancient Roman rostrums.

The first public building I went to see was the Rialto, a bridge of one arch over the grand canal, so large as to admit a galley to row under it, built of good marble, and having on it, besides many pretty shops, three ample and stately passages for people without any inconvenience, the two utmost nobly balustrated with the same stone; a piece of architecture much to be admired. It was evening, and the canal where the *noblesse* go to take the air, as in our Hyde Park, was full of ladies and gentlemen. There are many times dangerous stops, by reason of the multitude of gondolas ready to sink one another; and indeed they effect to lean them on one side, that one who is not accustomed to it, would be afraid of oversetting. Here they were singing, playing on harpsichords, and other music, and serenading their mistresses; in another place, racing, and other pastimes on the water, it being now exceeding hot.

Next day, I went to their Exchange, a place like ours, frequented by merchants, but nothing so magnificent: from thence, my guide led me to the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, which is their magazine, and here many of the merchants, especially Germans, have their lodging and diet, as in a college. The outside of this stately fabric is painted by Giorgione da Castelfranco, and Titian himself.



Ueduta del Piazza di S. Marco di Venezia vista verso il porto

Gravé par Daniel Sylvestre

Aux privilèges du Roy !!

VIEW OF THE PIAZZA DI S. MARCO

Hence, I passed through the Merceria, one of the most delicious streets in the world for the sweetness of it, and is all the way on both sides tapestried as it were with cloth of gold, rich damasks and other silks, which the shops expose and hang before their houses from the first floor, and with that variety that for near half the year spent chiefly in this city, I hardly remember to have seen the same piece twice exposed; to this add the perfumes, apothecaries' shops, and the innumerable cages of nightingales which they keep, that entertain you with their melody from shop to shop, so that shutting your eyes, you would imagine yourself in the country, when indeed you are in the middle of the sea. It is almost as silent as the middle of a field, there being neither rattling of coaches nor trampling of horses. This street, paved with brick, and exceedingly clean, brought us through an arch into the famous piazza of St. Mark.

Over this porch stands that admirable clock, celebrated next to that of Strasburg for its many movements; amongst which, about twelve and six, which are their hours of Ave Maria, when all the town are on their knees, come forth the three Kings led by a star, and passing by the image of Christ in his Mother's arms, do their reverence, and enter into the clock by another door. At the top of this turret, another automaton strikes the quarters. An honest merchant told me that one day walking in the piazza, he saw the fellow who kept the clock struck with this hammer so forcibly, as he was stooping his head near the bell, to mend something amiss at the instant of striking, that being stunned, he reeled over the battlements, and broke his neck. The buildings in this piazza are all arched, on pillars, paved within with black and white polished marble, even to the shops, the rest

of the fabric as stately as any in Europe, being not only marble, but the architecture is of the famous Sansovino, who lies buried in St. Jacomo, at the end of the piazza.¹ The battlements of this noble range of building are railed with stone, and thick-set with excellent statues, which add a great ornament. One of the sides is yet much more Roman-like than the other which regards the sea, and where the church is placed. The other range is plainly Gothic: and so we entered into St. Mark's Church, before which stand two brass pedestals exquisitely cast and figured, which bear as many tall masts painted red, on which, upon great festivals, they hang flags and streamers. The church is also Gothic; yet for the preciousness of the materials, being of several rich marbles, abundance of porphyry, serpentine, etc., far exceeding any in Rome, St. Peter's hardly excepted. I much admired the splendid history of our blessed Saviour, composed all of mosaic over the *facciata*, below which and over the chief gates are cast four horses in copper as big as the life, the same that formerly were transported from Rome by Constantine to Byzantium, and thence by the Venetians hither.² They are supported by eight porphyry columns, of very great size and value. Being come into the Church, you see nothing, and tread on nothing, but what is precious. The floor is all inlaid with agates, lazulis, chalcedons, jaspers, porphyries, and other rich marbles, admirable also for the work; the walls sumptuously incrustated, and presenting to the imagination the shapes of men, birds, houses, flowers, and a thousand varieties. The roof is of

¹ [Query,—St. Geminiano. It was pulled down in 1809; and Sansovino's remains were removed (Murray's *Northern Italy*, 1853, 308).]

² "These horses" (says Lassels, ii. p. 405) "came out of the shop, not out of the stable, of Lisippus a famous statuary in Greece, and were given to Nero by Tiridates King of Armenia."

most excellent mosaic; but what most persons admire is the new work of the emblematic tree at the other passage out of the church. In the midst of this rich *volto* rise five cupolas, the middle very large and sustained by thirty-six marble columns, eight of which are of precious marbles: under these cupolas is the high altar, on which is a reliquary of several sorts of jewels, engraven with figures, after the Greek manner, and set together with plates of pure gold. The altar is covered with a canopy of ophite, on which is sculptured the story of the Bible, and so on the pillars, which are of Parian marble, that support it. Behind these, are four other columns of transparent and true oriental alabaster, brought hither out of the mines of Solomon's Temple, as they report. There are many chapels and notable monuments of illustrious persons, dukes, cardinals, etc., as Zeno, J. Soranzi, and others: there is likewise a vast baptistery, of copper. Among other venerable relics is a stone, on which they say our blessed Lord stood preaching to those of Tyre and Sidon, and near the door is an image of Christ, much adorned, esteeming it very sacred, for that a rude fellow striking it, they say, there gushed out a torrent of blood. In one of the corners lies the body of St. Isidoro, brought hither 500 years since from the island of Chios. A little farther, they show the picture of St. Dominic and Francis, affirmed to have been made by the Abbot Joachim (many years before any of them were born). Going out of the Church, they showed us the stone where Alexander III. trod on the neck of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, pronouncing that verse of the psalm, "*super basiliscum*," etc. The doors of the church are of massy copper. There are near 500 pillars in this building, most of them porphyry and serpentine, and brought chiefly from Athens, and

other parts of Greece, formerly in their power. At the corner of the Church, are inserted into the main wall four figures, as big as life, cut in porphyry; which they say are the images of four brothers who poisoned one another, by which means were escheated to the Republic that vast treasury of relics now belonging to the Church.¹ At the other entrance that looks towards the sea, stands in a small chapel that statue of our Lady, made (as they affirm) of the same stone, or rock, out of which Moses brought water to the murmuring Israelites at Horeb, or Meribah.

After all that is said, this church is, in my opinion, much too dark and dismal, and of heavy work, the fabric,—as is much of Venice, both for buildings and other fashions and circumstances,—after the Greeks, their next neighbours.

The next day, by favour of the French ambassador, I had admittance with him to view the Reliquary, called here Tesoro di San Marco, which very few, even of travellers, are admitted to see. It is a large chamber full of presses. There are twelve breast-plates or pieces of pure golden armour, studded with precious stones, and as many crowns dedicated to St. Mark, by so many noble Venetians, who had recovered their wives taken at sea by the Saracens: many curious vases of agates; the cap, or coronet, of the Duke of Venice, one of which had a ruby set on it, esteemed worth 200,000 crowns; two unicorns' horns; numerous vases and dishes of agate, set thick with precious stones and vast pearls; divers

¹ [Lassels calls them (ii. p. 403) "four marchants and strangers, who afterwards poysoning one another, out of covetousness, left this *State* heire of all." Coryat, who speaks of them in 1608 as "four Noble Gentlemen of Albania that were brothers," also tells the story, to which his attention was directed by Sir Henry Wotton (*Crudities*, 1776, i. pp. 239-41).]

heads of Saints, enchased in gold ; a small ampulla, or glass, with our Saviour's blood ; a great morsel of the real cross ; one of the nails ; a thorn ; a fragment of the column to which our Lord was bound, when scourged ; the standard, or ensign, of Constantine ; a piece of St. Luke's arm ; a rib of St. Stephen ; a finger of Mary Magdalen ; numerous other things, which I could not remember. But a priest, first vesting himself in his sacerdotal, with the stole about his neck, showed us the gospel of St. Mark (their tutelar patron) written by his own hand, and whose body they show buried in the church, brought hither from Alexandria many years ago.

The Religious of the Servi have fine paintings of Paolo Veronese, especially the Magdalen.

A French gentleman and myself went to the Courts of Justice, the Senate-house, and Ducal Palace. The first court near this church is almost wholly built of several coloured sorts of marble, like chequer-work on the outside ; this is sustained by vast pillars, not very shapely, but observable for their capitals, and that out of thirty-three no two are alike. Under this fabric is the cloister where merchants meet morning and evening, as also the grave senators and gentlemen, to confer of state-affairs, in their gowns and caps, like so many philosophers ; it is a very noble and solemn spectacle. In another quadrangle, stood two square columns of white marble, carved, which they said had been erected to hang one of their Dukes on, who designed to make himself Sovereign. Going through a stately arch, there were standing in niches divers statues of great value, amongst which is the so celebrated Eve, esteemed worth its weight in gold ; it is just opposite to the stairs where are two Colossuses of Mars and Neptune, by Sansovino. We went up into a corridor built with several

Tribunals and Courts of Justice; and by a well-contrived staircase were landed in the Senate-hall, which appears to be one of the most noble and spacious rooms in Europe, being seventy-six paces long, and thirty-two in breadth. At the upper end, are the Tribunals of the Doge, Council of Ten, and Assistants: in the body of the hall, are lower ranks of seats, capable of containing 1500 Senators; for they consist of no fewer on grand debates. Over the Duke's throne are the paintings of the "Final Judgment," by Tintoret, esteemed among the best pieces in Europe. On the roof are the famous Acts of the Republic, painted by several excellent masters, especially Bassano; next them, are the effigies of the several Dukes, with their Eulogies. Then, we turned into a great Court painted with the Battle of Lepanto, an excellent piece;¹ afterwards, into the Chamber of the Council of Ten, painted by the most celebrated masters. From hence, by the special favour of an Illustrissimo, we were carried to see the private Armoury of the Palace, and so to the same court we first entered, nobly built of polished white marble, part of which is the Duke's Court, *pro tempore*; there are two wells adorned with excellent work, in copper. This led us to the seaside, where stand those columns of ophite-stone² in the entire piece, of a great height, one bearing St. Mark's Lion, the other St. Theodorus; these pillars were brought from Greece, and set up by Nicholas Baraterius, the architect; between them public executions are performed.

Having fed our eyes with the noble prospect of

¹ ["Vicentino's commemorative painting still decorates the Hall of Scrutiny in Venice; but the more celebrated picture of Tintoretto has mysteriously disappeared" (Fitzmaurice-Kelly's *Life of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*, 1892, p. 32). According to Mrs. Charles Roundell's *Ham House, its History and Treasures*, 1904, i. 25, Tintoretto's picture is in the Ham House gallery. See *ante*, p. 206.]

² [Murray says "granite."]

the Island of St. George, the galleys, gondolas, and other vessels passing to and fro, we walked under the cloister on the other side of this goodly piazza, being a most magnificent building, the design of Sansovino. Here we went into the Zecca, or Mint; at the entrance, stand two prodigious giants, or Hercules, of white marble: we saw them melt, beat, and coin silver, gold, and copper. We then went up into the Procuratory, and a library of excellent MSS. and books belonging to it and the public. After this, we climbed up the tower of St. Mark, which we might have done on horseback, as it is said one of the French Kings did; there being no stairs, or steps, but returns that take up an entire square on the arches forty feet, broad enough for a coach. This steeple stands by itself, without any church near it, and is rather a watch-tower in the corner of the great piazza, 280 feet in height, the foundation exceeding deep; on the top, is an angel, that turns with the wind; and from hence is a prospect down the Adriatic, as far as Istria and the Dalmatian side, with the surprising sight of this miraculous city, lying in the bosom of the sea, in the shape of a lute, the numberless Islands tacked together by no fewer than 450 bridges. At the foot of this tower, is a public tribunal of excellent work, in white marble polished, adorned with several brass statues and figures of stone and *mezzo-rilievo*, the performance of some rare artist.

It was now Ascension-week, and the great mart, or fair, of the whole year was kept, everybody at liberty and jolly; the noblemen stalking with their ladies on *choppines*.¹ These are high-

¹ [The chopine was a stilt-like clog, sometimes eighteen inches high, worn by the ladies of Spain and Italy. There is a long account of "Chapineys" (as he calls them) in Coryat (*Crudities*, 1776, ii. p. 36). Shakespeare refers to them in *Hamlet*,

heeled shoes, particularly affected by these proud dames, or, as some say, invented to keep them at home, it being very difficult to walk with them; whence, one being asked how he liked the Venetian dames, replied, they were *mezzo carne, mezzo legno*, half flesh, half wood, and he would have none of them. The truth is, their garb is very odd, as seeming always in masquerade; their other habits also totally different from all nations. They wear very long crisp hair, of several streaks and colours, which they make so by a wash, dishevelling it on the brims of a broad hat that has no crown, but a hole to put out their heads by; they dry them in the sun, as one may see them at their windows. In their tire, they set silk flowers and sparkling stones, their petticoats coming from their very arm-pits, so that they are near three-quarters and a half apron; their sleeves are made exceeding wide, under which their shift-sleeves as wide, and commonly tucked up to the shoulder, showing their naked arms, through false sleeves of tiffany, girt with a bracelet or two, with knots of point richly tagged about their shoulders and other places of their body, which they usually cover with a kind of yellow veil, of lawn, very transparent. Thus attired, they set their hands on the heads of two matron-like servants, or old women, to support them, who are mumbling their beads. It is ridiculous to see how these ladies crawl in and out of their gondolas, by reason of their *choppines*; and what dwarfs they appear, when taken down from their wooden scaffolds; of these I saw near thirty together, stalking half as high again as the rest of the world. For courtesans, or the citizens, may not wear *choppines*, but cover their bodies and

Act II. Sc. ii. "Your Ladyship is nearer to Heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a *chopine*," says the Prince to the boy who took the female part in the *Murder of Gonzago*.]

faces with a veil of a certain glittering taffeta, or *lustrée*, out of which they now and then dart a glance of their eye, the whole face being otherwise entirely hid with it: nor may the common misses take this habit; but go abroad barefaced. To the corner of these virgin-veils hang broad but flat tassels of curious *point de Venise*. The married women go in black veils. The nobility wear the same colour, but a fine cloth lined with taffeta, in summer, with fur of the bellies of squirrels, in the winter, which all put on at a certain day, girt with a girdle embossed with silver; the vest not much different from what our Bachelors of Arts wear in Oxford, and a hood of cloth, made like a sack, cast over their left shoulder, and a round cloth black cap fringed with wool, which is not so comely; they also wear their collar open, to show the diamond button of the stock of their shirt. I have never seen pearl for colour and bigness comparable to what the ladies wear, most of the noble families being very rich in jewels, especially pearls, which are always left to the son, or brother who is destined to marry; which the eldest seldom do. The Doge's vest is of crimson velvet, the Procurator's, etc., of damask, very stately. Nor was I less surprised with the strange variety of the several nations seen every day in the streets and piazzas; Jews, Turks, Armenians, Persians, Moors, Greeks, Slavonians, some with their targets and bucklers, and all in their native fashions, negotiating in this famous emporium, which is always crowded with strangers.

This night, having with my Lord Bruce¹ taken our places before, we went to the Opera, where

¹ Thomas Bruce, first Earl of Elgin, in Scotland; created by Charles I. on the 13th July, 1640, Baron Bruce, of Whorlton, Yorkshire, in the English peerage. He died in 1663 (see *post*, under 14th February, 1655, and 9th January, 1684).

comedies and other plays are represented in recitative music, by the most excellent musicians, vocal and instrumental, with variety of scenes painted and contrived with no less art of perspective, and machines for flying in the air, and other wonderful notions; taken together, it is one of the most magnificent and expensive diversions the wit of man can invent. The history was Hercules in Lydia; the scenes changed thirteen times. The famous voices, Anna Rencia, a Roman, and reputed the best treble of women; but there was an eunuch who, in my opinion, surpassed her; also a Genoese that sung an incomparable bass. This held us by the eyes and ears till two in the morning, when we went to the Chetto de San Felice, to see the noblemen and their ladies at basset, a game at cards which is much used; but they play not in public, and all that have inclination to it are in masquerade, without speaking one word, and so they come in, play, lose or gain, and go away as they please. This time of license is only in Carnival and this Ascension-Week; neither are their theatres open for that other magnificence, or for ordinary comedians, save on these solemnities, they being a frugal and wise people, and exact observers of all sumptuary laws.

There being at this time a ship bound for the Holy Land, I had resolved to embark, intending to see Jerusalem, and other parts of Syria, Egypt, and Turkey; but after I had provided all necessaries, laid in snow to cool our drink, bought some sheep, poultry, biscuit, spirits, and a little cabinet of drugs, in case of sickness, our vessel (whereof Captain Powell was master) happened to be pressed for the service of the State, to carry provisions to Candia, now newly attacked by the Turks; which altogether frustrated my design, to my great mortification.

On the . . . June, we went to Padua, to the fair of their St. Anthony, in company of divers passengers. The first *terra firma* we landed at was Fusina, being only an inn where we changed our barge, and were then drawn up by horses through the river Brenta, a straight channel as even as a line for twenty miles, the country on both sides deliciously adorned with country villas and gentlemen's retirements, gardens planted with oranges, figs, and other fruit, belonging to the Venetians. At one of these villas we went ashore to see a pretty contrived palace. Observable in this passage was buying their water of those who farm the sluices; for this artificial river is in some places so shallow, that reserves of water are kept with sluices, which they open and shut with a most ingenious invention, or engine, governed even by a child. Thus they keep up the water, or let it go till the next channel be either filled by the stop, or abated to the level of the other; for which every boat pays a certain duty. Thus, we stayed near half an hour and more, at three several places, so as it was evening before we got to Padua. This is a very ancient city, if the tradition of Antenor's being the founder be not a fiction; but thus speaks the inscription over a stately gate:

Hanc antiquissimam urbem literarum omnium asylum, cujus agrum fertilitatis Lumen Natura esse voluit, Antenor condidit, an'o ante Christum natum M.Cxviii; Senatus autem Venetus his belli propugnaculis ornavit.

The town stands on the river Padus, whence its name, and is generally built like Bologna, on arches and on brick, so that one may walk all round it, dry, and in the shade; which is very convenient in these hot countries, and I think I was never sensible of so burning a heat as I was this season, especially the next day, which was that of the fair,

filled with noble Venetians, by reason of a great and solemn procession to their famous cathedral. Passing by St. Lorenzo, I met with this subscription :

Inclytus Antenor patriam vox nisa quietem¹
 Transtulit huc Henetum Dardanidumq; fuga,
 Expulit Euganeos, Patavinam condidit urbem,
 Quem tegit hic humili marmore cæsa domus.

Under the tomb, was a cobbler at his work. Being now come to St. Anthony's (the street most of the way straight, well-built, and outside excellently painted in *fresco*) we surveyed the spacious piazza, in which is erected a noble statue of copper of a man on horseback, in memory of one Gattamelata,² a renowned captain. The church, *à la Greca*, consists of five handsome cupolas, leaded. At the left hand within is the tomb of St. Anthony and his altar, about which a *mezzo-rilievo* of the miracles ascribed to him is exquisitely wrought in white marble by the three famous sculptors, Tullius Lombardus, Jacobus Sansovinus, and Hieronymus Compagno. A little higher is the choir, walled parapet-fashion, with sundry coloured stone, half *rilievo*, the work of Andrea Reccio. The altar within is of the same metal, which, with the candlestick and bases, is, in my opinion, as magnificent as any in Italy. The wainscot of the choir is rarely inlaid and carved. Here are the sepulchres of many famous persons, as of Rodolphus Fulgosi, etc.; and, among the rest, one for an exploit at sea, has a galley exquisitely carved thereon. The procession bore the

¹ Keyser very justly observes (*Travels*, 1760, iii. p. 399), that the first line of this inscription conveys no meaning.

² Lassels (ii. p. 429) calls him Gatta Mela, the Venetian General, nicknamed Gatta [cat], because of his watchfulness. His tomb was in St. Anthony's church, and his armour, with a cat in his headpiece, in the Arsenal.

banners with all the treasure of the cloister, which was a very fine sight.

Hence, walking over the Prato delle Valle, I went to see the convent of St. Justina, than which I never beheld one more magnificent. The church is an excellent piece of architecture, of Andrea Palladio, richly paved, with a stately cupola that covers the high altar enshrining the ashes of that saint. It is of *pietra-commessa*,¹ consisting of flowers very naturally done. The choir is inlaid with several sorts of wood representing the holy history, finished with exceeding industry.² At the far end, is that rare painting of St. Justina's Martyrdom, by Paolo Veronese; and a stone on which they told us divers primitive Christians had been decapitated. In another place (to which leads a small cloister well painted) is a dry well, covered with a brass-work grate, wherein are the bones of divers martyrs. They show also the bones of St. Luke, in an old alabaster coffin; three of the Holy Innocents; and the bodies of St. Maximus and Prosdocimus.³ The dormitory above is exceedingly commodious and stately; but what most pleased me, was the old cloister so well painted with the legendary saints, mingled with many ancient inscriptions, and pieces of urns dug up, it seems, at the foundation of the church. Thus, having spent the day in rambles, I returned the next day to Venice.

The arsenal is thought to be one of the best-furnished in the world. We entered by a strong port, always guarded, and, ascending a spacious gallery, saw arms of back, breast, and head, for many thousands; in another were saddles, over

¹ [See *ante*, p. 142.]

² [Cf. account of St. Dominic's (*ante*, p. 280) and St. Michael in Bosco (*ante*, p. 282) at Bologna.]

³ St. Peter's disciple, first Bishop of Padua (Lassels, ii. p. 430).

them, ensigns taken from the Turks. Another hall is for the meeting of the Senate; passing a graff, are the smiths' forges, where they are continually employed on anchors and iron work. Near it is a well of fresh water, which they impute to two rhinoceros's horns which they say lie in it, and will preserve it from ever being empoisoned. Then we came to where the carpenters were building their magazines of oars, masts, etc., for an hundred galleys and ships, which have all their apparel and furniture near them. Then the foundry, where they cast ordnance; the forge is 450 paces long, and one of them has thirteen furnaces. There is one cannon, weighing 16,573 lbs., cast whilst Henry the Third dined, and put into a galley built, rigged, and fitted for launching within that time. They have also arms for twelve galeasses, which are vessels to row, of almost 150 feet long, and thirty wide, not counting prow or poop, and contain twenty-eight banks of oars, each seven men, and to carry 1800 men, with three masts. In another, a magazine for fifty galleys, and place for some hundreds more. Here stands the Bucentaur,¹ with a most ample deck, and so contrived that the slaves are not seen, having on the poop a throne for the Doge to sit, when he goes in triumph to espouse the Adriatic. Here is also a gallery of 200 yards long for cables, and above that a magazine of hemp. Opposite these, are the saltpetre houses, and a large row of cells, or houses, to protect their galleys from the weather. Over the gate, as we go out, is a room full of great and small guns, some of which discharge six times at once.² Then, there is a court full of cannon, bullets, chains, grapples, grenadoes, etc., and over that arms for 800,000

¹ [See *ante*, p. 287.]

² [Lassels speaks of a cannon "shooting threescore shotts in ten barrels" (ii. p. 398).]

men, and by themselves arms for 400, taken from some that were in a plot against the State; together with weapons of offence and defence for sixty-two ships; thirty-two pieces of ordnance, on carriages taken from the Turks, and one prodigious mortar-piece. In a word, it is not to be reckoned up what this large place contains of this sort. There were now twenty-three galleys, and four galley-*grossi*, of 100 oars of a side. The whole arsenal is walled about, and may be in compass about three miles, with twelve towers for the watch, besides that the sea environs it. The workmen, who are ordinarily 500, march out in military order, and every evening receive their pay through a small hole in the gate where the governor lives.

The next day, I saw a wretch executed, who had murdered his master, for which he had his head chopped off by an axe that slid down a frame of timber,¹ between the two tall columns in St. Mark's piazza, at the sea-brink;² the executioner striking on the axe with a beetle; and so the head fell off the block.

Hence, by Gudala, we went to see Grimani's Palace, the portico whereof is excellent work. Indeed, the world cannot show a city of more stately buildings,³ considering the extent of it, all of square stone, and as chargeable in their foundations as superstructure, being all built on piles at an immense cost. We returned home by the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, before which is, in copper, the statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni, on horseback, double gilt, on a stately pedestal, the

¹ The maiden at Halifax, in Yorkshire, and the guillotine in France, were constructed after the same manner.

² [See *ante*, p. 294.]

³ ["The best are, of Justiniani, Mocenigo, Grimani, Priuli, Contarini, Foscoli, Loredano, Gussoni, and Cornaro" (Lassels, ii. p. 425).]

work of Andrea Verrochio, a Florentine! This is a very fine church, and has in it many rare altarpieces of the best masters, especially that on the left hand, of the Two Friars slain,¹ which is of Titian.

The day after, being Sunday, I went over to St. George's to the ceremony of the schismatic Greeks, who are permitted to have their church, though they are at defiance with Rome. They allow no carved images, but many painted, especially the story of their patron and his dragon. Their rites differ not much from the Latins, save that of communicating in both species, and distribution of the holy bread. We afterwards fell into a dispute with a Candiot, concerning the procession of the Holy Ghost. The church is a noble fabric.

The church of St. Zachary is a Greek building, by Leo IV., Emperor, and has in it the bones of that prophet, with divers other saints. Near this, we visited St. Luke's, famous for the tomb of Aretin.²

Tuesday, we visited several other churches, as Santa Maria, newly incrusted with marble on the outside, and adorned with porphyry, ophite, and Spartan stone. Near the altar and under the organ, are sculptures, that are said to be of the famous artist, Praxiteles. To that of St. Paul I went purposely, to see the tomb of Titian. Then to St. John the Evangelist, where, amongst other heroes, lies Andrea Baldarius, the inventor of oars applied to great vessels for fighting.

We also saw St. Roche, the roof whereof is, with the school, or hall, of that rich confraternity, admirably painted by Tintoretto, especially the Crucifix in the *sacristia*. We saw also the church of St. Sebastian, and Carmelites' monastery.

¹ [St. John and St. Paul.]

² [The Italian satirist Peter Aretino, 1492-1557.]

Next day, taking our gondola at St. Mark's, I passed to the island of S. Georgio Maggiore, where is a Convent of Benedictines, and a well-built church of Andrea Palladio, the great architect. The pavement, cupola, choir, and pictures, very rich and sumptuous. The cloister has a fine garden to it, which is a rare thing at Venice, though this is an island a little distant from the city; it has also an olive orchard, all environed by the sea. The new cloister now building has a noble staircase paved with white and black marble.

From hence, we visited St. Spirito, and St. Laurence, fair churches in several islands; but most remarkable is that of the Padri Olivetani, in St. Helen's island, for the rare paintings and carvings, with inlaid work, etc.

The next morning, we went again to Padua, where, on the following day, we visited the market, which is plentifully furnished, and exceedingly cheap. Here we saw the great hall,¹ built in a spacious piazza, and one of the most magnificent in Europe; its ascent is by steps a good height, of a reddish marble polished, much used in these parts, and happily found not far off; it is almost 200 paces long, and forty in breadth, all covered with lead, without any support of columns. At the farther end, stands the bust, in white marble, of Titus Livius, the historian. In this town is the house wherein he was born, full of inscriptions, and pretty fair.

Near to the monument of Sperone Speroni,² is painted on the ceiling the celestial zodiac, and other astronomical figures; withoutside, there is a corridor, in manner of a balcony, of the same stone; and at the entry of each of the three gates

¹ [Il Palazzo di Ragione (Lassels).]

² [Sperone Speroni, 1500-88, like Livy, was a famous Paduan author.]

is the head of some famous person, as Albert Eremitano, Julio Paullo (lawyers), and Peter Aponius. In the piazza is the Podesta's and Capitano Grande's Palace, well built; but, above all, the Monte Pietà, the front whereof is of most excellent architecture. This is a foundation of which there is one in most of the cities in Italy, where there is a continual bank of money to assist the poorer sort, on any pawn, and at reasonable interest, together with magazines for deposit of goods, till redeemed.

Hence, to the Schools of this flourishing and ancient University, especially for the study of physic and anatomy. They are fairly built in quadrangle, with cloisters beneath, and above with columns. Over the great gate are the arms of the Venetian State, and under, the lion of St. Mark.

Sic ingredere, ut teipso quotidie doctior; sic egredere ut indies Patriæ Christianæq; Reipublicæ utilior evadas; ita demùm Gymnasium a te feliciter se ornatum existimabit.

CIO.IX.

About the court-walls, are carved in stone and painted the blazons of the Consuls of all the nations, that from time to time have had that charge and honour in the University, which at my being there was my worthy friend Dr. Rogers, who here took that degree.¹

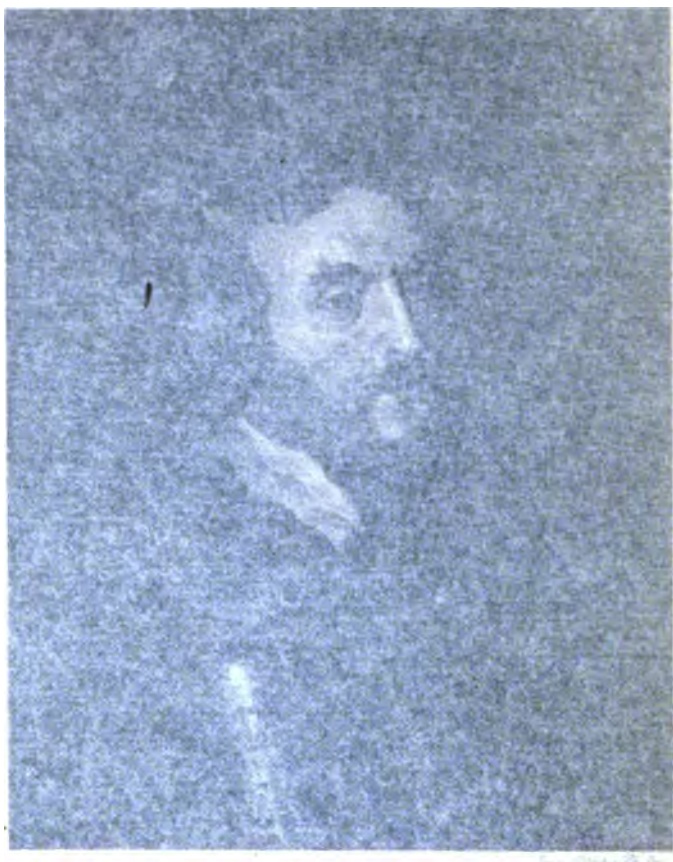
The Schools for the lectures of the several sciences are above, but none of them comparable, or so much frequented, as the theatre for anatomy, which is excellently contrived both for the dissector and spectators. I was this day invited to dinner, and in the afternoon (30th July), received my

¹ [Of Doctor in Physic (see *post*, under 15th August, 1682). It was at Padua that Goldsmith was supposed to have obtained his somewhat vague medical credentials.]





*Thomas Howard, 2nd Earl of Arundel
after Rubens.*



*Thomas Howard, 2nd Earl of Arundel
after Gentens*

matricula, being resolved to spend some months here at study, especially physic and anatomy, of both which there were now the most famous professors in Europe. My *matricula* contained a clause, that I, my goods, servants, and messengers, should be free from all tolls and reprises, and that we might come, pass, return, buy, or sell, without any toll, etc.

The next morning, I saw the garden of simples, rarely furnished with plants, and gave order to the gardener to make me a collection of them for an *hortus hyemalis*,¹ by permission of the Cavalier Dr. Veslingius,² then Prefect and Botanic Professor as well as of Anatomy.

This morning, the Earl of Arundel, now in this city, a famous collector of paintings and antiquities,³ invited me to go with him to see the garden of Mantua, where, as one enters, stands a huge coloss of Hercules. From hence to a place where was a room covered with a noble cupola,

¹ [The *Hortus siccus* or *hyemalis* here described, is still preserved at Wotton House (Bright's *Dorking*, 1884, p. 315).]

² John Vesling, 1598-1649, was born at Minden, in Germany, and became Professor of Anatomy in the University of Padua. Evelyn says that at his visit he was anatomical and botanical professor, and prefect. He had the care of the botanical garden, and published a catalogue of its plants. He wrote also *Synlogia Anatomicum*, 1641, and shortly afterwards travelled into Egypt, where he seems to have paid a good deal of attention to the artificial means of hatching poultry, then an Egyptian marvel (see also *post*, pp. 312 and 315).

³ [See *ante*, p. 22. "He was the first"—says Walpole—"who professedly began to collect in this country, and led the way to Prince Henry, King Charles, and the Duke of Buckingham" (*Anecdotes of Painting*, 1762, ii. 72). Part of the antiquities to which Evelyn refers were eventually secured by him for the University of Oxford in 1667 (see *post*, under 19th September). John Selden described the Arundel marbles in his *Marmora Arundelliana*, 1628, afterwards incorporated in H. Prideaux's *Marmora Oxoniensia ex Arundellianis . . . conflata*, 1676 (see *post*, 28th April in that year).]

built purposely for music; the fillings up, or cove, betwixt the walls, were of urns and earthen pots, for the better sounding; it was also well painted. After dinner, we walked to the Palace of Foscari all' Arena, there remaining yet some appearances of an ancient theatre, though serving now for a court only before the house. There were now kept in it two eagles, a crane, a Mauritanian sheep, a stag, and sundry fowls, as in a vivary.

Three days after, I returned to Venice, and passed over to Murano, famous for the best glasses in the world, where having viewed their furnaces, and seen their work, I made a collection of divers curiosities and glasses, which I sent for England by long sea. It is the white flints they have from Pavia, which they pound and sift exceedingly small, and mix with ashes made of a sea-weed brought out of Syria, and a white sand, that causes this manufacture to excel. The town is a Podestaria¹ by itself, at some miles distant on the sea from Venice, and like it built upon several small islands. In this place, are excellent oysters, small and well-tasted like our Colchester, and they were the first, as I remember, that I ever could eat; for I had naturally an aversion to them.

At our return to Venice, we met several gondolas full of Venetian ladies, who come thus far in fine weather to take the air, with music and other refreshments. Besides that, Murano is itself a very nobly built town, and has divers noblemen's palaces in it, and handsome gardens.

In coming back, we saw the islands of St. Christopher and St. Michael, the last of which has a church enriched and incrustured with marbles and other architectonic ornaments, which the monks very courteously showed us. It was built

¹ [Burgh, or bailiwick.]

and founded by Margaret Emiliana of Verona, a famous courtesan, who purchased a great estate, and by this foundation hoped to commute for her sins. We then rowed by the isles of St. Nicholas, whose church, with the monuments of the Justinian family, entertained us awhile: and then got home.

The next morning, Captain Powell,¹ in whose ship I was to embark towards Turkey, invited me on board, lying about ten miles from Venice, where we had a dinner of English powdered beef² and other good meat, with store of wine and great guns, as the manner is. After dinner, the Captain presented me with a stone he had lately brought from Grand Cairo, which he took from the mummy-pits, full of hieroglyphics; I drew it on paper with the true dimensions, and sent it in a letter to Mr. Henshaw to communicate to Father Kircher, who was then setting forth his great work *Obeliscus Pamphilius*,³ where it is described, but without mentioning my name. The stone was afterwards brought for me into England, and landed at Wapping, where, before I could hear of it, it was broken into several fragments, and utterly defaced, to my no small disappointment.

The boatswain of the ship also gave me a hand and foot of a mummy, the nails whereof had been overlaid with thin plates of gold, and the whole body was perfect, when he brought it out of Egypt; but the avarice of the ship's crew broke it to pieces, and divided the body among them. He presented me also with two Egyptian idols, and some loaves of the bread which the Copts use in the holy Sacrament, with other curiosities.

¹ [See *ante*, p. 298.]

² [Salted. Cf. Prior's *Down Hall*:—"She roasted red veal and she powder'd lean beef."]

³ [See *ante*, p. 189.]

8th August. I had news from Padua of my election to be *Syndicus Artistarum*, which caused me, after two days' idling in a country villa with the Consul of Venice, to hasten thither, that I might discharge myself of that honour, because it was not only chargeable, but would have hindered my progress, and they chose a Dutch gentleman in my place, which did not well please my countrymen, who had laboured not a little to do me the greatest honour a stranger is capable of in that University. Being freed from this impediment, and having taken leave of Dr. Janicius, a Polonian, who was going physician in the Venetian galleys to Candia, I went again to Venice, and made a collection of several books and some toys. Three days after, I returned to Padua, where I studied hard till the arrival of Mr. Henshaw, Bramston,¹ and some other English gentlemen whom I had left at Rome, and who made me go back to Venice, where I spent some time in showing them what I had seen there.

26th September. My dear friend, and till now my constant fellow-traveller, Mr. Thicknesse, being obliged to return to England upon his particular concern, and who had served his Majesty in the wars, I accompanied him part of his way, and, on the 28th, returned to Venice.

29th. Michaelmas-day, I went with my Lord Mowbray² (eldest son to the Earl of Arundel, and

¹ [Francis Bramston, *d.* 1683, brother of Sir John Bramston of the *Autobiography*. He was made a Baron of the Exchequer in 1678. He travelled for four years in France and Italy (see *post*, under 10th October).]

² James Lord Mowbray and Maltravers, the eldest son of Lord Arundel, died in 1624, before his father. Evelyn's friend was Henry Frederick (1608-52), the Earl's second son, who, on his father's death in Italy (1646), succeeded to the earldom of Arundel. He married, in 1626, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Esme Stuart, Earl of March, and afterwards Duke of Lennox, who will be found noticed occasionally by Evelyn.

a most worthy person) to see the collection of a noble Venetian, Signor Rugini. He has a stately Palace, richly furnished with statues and heads of Roman Emperors, all placed in an ample room. In the next, was a cabinet of medals, both Latin and Greek, with divers curious shells and two fair pearls in two of them ; but, above all, he abounded in things petrified, walnuts, eggs in which the yolk rattled, a pear, a piece of beef with the bones in it, a whole hedgehog, a plaice on a wooden trencher turned into stone and very perfect, charcoal, a morsel of cork yet retaining its levity, sponges, and a piece of taffety part rolled up, with innumerable more. In another cabinet, supported by twelve pillars of oriental agate, and railed about with crystal, he showed us several noble intaglios of agate, especially a head of Tiberius, a woman in a bath with her dog, some rare cornelians, onyxes, crystals, etc., in one of which was a drop of water not congealed, but moving up and down, when shaken ; above all, a diamond which had a very fair ruby growing in it ; divers pieces of amber, wherein were several insects, in particular one cut like a heart that contained in it a salamander without the least defect, and many pieces of mosaic. The fabric of this cabinet was very ingenious, set thick with agates, turquoises, and other precious stones, in the midst of which was an antique of a dog in stone scratching his ear, very rarely cut, and comparable to the greatest curiosity I had ever seen of that kind for the accurateness of the work. The next chamber had a bedstead all inlaid with agates, crystals, cornelians, lazuli, etc., esteemed worth 16,000 crowns ; but, for the most part, the bedsteads in Italy are of forged iron gilded, since it is impossible to keep the wooden ones from the *cimices*.

From hence, I returned to Padua, when that

town was so infested with soldiers, that many houses were broken open in the night, some murders committed, and the nuns next our lodging disturbed, so as we were forced to be on our guard with pistols and other firearms to defend our doors ; and indeed the students themselves take a barbarous liberty in the evenings when they go to their strumpets, to stop all that pass by the house where any of their companions in folly are with them. This custom they call *chi vali*, so as the streets are very dangerous, when the evenings grow dark ; nor is it easy to reform this intolerable usage, where there are so many strangers of several nations.

Using to drink my wine cooled with snow and ice, as the manner here is, I was so afflicted with an angina and sore throat, that it had almost cost me my life. After all the remedies Cavalier Veslingius, chief professor here, could apply, old Salvatico (that famous physician) being called, made me be cupped, and scarified in the back in four places ; which began to give me breath, and consequently life ; for I was in the utmost danger ; but, God being merciful to me, I was after a fortnight abroad again ; when, changing my lodging, I went over against Pozzo Pinto, where I bought for winter provision 8000 weight of excellent grapes, and pressed my own wine, which proved incomparable liquor.

This was on 10th October. Soon after came to visit me from Venice Mr. Henry Howard, grandchild to the Earl of Arundel,¹ Mr. Bramston,² son

¹ Second son of the preceding. He succeeded his elder brother, Thomas, who had been restored in 1664 to the dukedom of Norfolk, as sixth duke (1677), though he had previously been created Baron Howard of Castle Rising (1669) and Earl of Norwich (1672). He was also created Earl Marshal of England, and died 11th January, 1684. Evelyn often mentions this family.

² [See *ante*, p. 310 ; and *post*, under 3rd August, 1668.]

to the Lord Chief Justice,¹ and Mr. Henshaw, with whom I went to another part of the city to lodge near St. Catherine's, over against the monastery of nuns, where we hired the whole house, and lived very nobly. Here I learned to play on the theorbo, taught by Signor Dominico Bassano, who had a daughter married to a doctor of laws, that played and sung to nine several instruments, with that skill and address as few masters in Italy exceeded her; she likewise composed divers excellent pieces: I had never seen any play on the Naples viol before. She presented me afterwards with two *recitatives* of hers, both words and music.

31st October. Being my birthday,² the nuns of St. Catherine's sent me flowers of silk-work. We were very studious all this winter till Christmas, when, on Twelfth-day, we invited all the English and Scots in town to a feast, which sunk our excellent wine considerably.

1645-6. In January, Signor Molino was chosen Doge of Venice, but the extreme snow that fell, and the cold, hindered my going to see the solemnity, so as I stirred not from Padua till Shrovetide, when all the world repair to Venice, to see the folly and madness of the Carnival; the women, men, and persons of all conditions disguising themselves in antique dresses, with extravagant music and a thousand gambols, traversing the streets from house to house, all places being then accessible and free to enter. Abroad, they fling eggs filled with sweet water, but sometimes not over-sweet. They also have a barbarous custom of hunting bulls about the streets and piazzas, which is very dangerous, the passages being generally narrow. The youth

¹ [Sir John Bramston of Borsham, 1577-1654, Chief Justice of King's Bench, 1635, and father of Sir John Bramston, K.B., 1611-1700, author of the *Autobiography*.]

² [He was twenty-five.]

of the several wards and parishes contend in other masteries and pastimes, so that it is impossible to recount the universal madness of this place during this time of license. The great banks are set up for those who will play at basset; the comedians have liberty, and the operas are open; witty pasquils are thrown about, and the mountebanks have their stages at every corner. The diversion which chiefly took me up was three noble operas, where were excellent voices and music, the most celebrated of which was the famous Anna Rencia,¹ whom we invited to a fish-dinner after four days in Lent, when they had given over at the theatre. Accompanied with an eunuch whom she brought with her, she entertained us with rare music, both of them singing to a harpsichord. It growing late, a gentleman of Venice came for her, to show her the galleys, now ready to sail for Candia. This entertainment produced a second, given us by the English consul of the merchants, inviting us to his house, where he had the Genoese, the most celebrated bass in Italy, who was one of the late opera-band. This diversion held us so late at night, that, conveying a gentlewoman who had supped with us to her gondola at the usual place of landing, we were shot at by two carbines from another gondola, in which were a noble Venetian and his courtesan unwilling to be disturbed, which made us run in and fetch other weapons, not knowing what the matter was, till we were informed of the danger we might incur by pursuing it farther.

Three days after this, I took my leave of Venice, and went to Padua, to be present at the famous anatomy lecture, celebrated here with extraordinary apparatus, lasting almost a whole month. During this time, I saw a woman, a child, and a man dis-

¹ See *ante*, p. 298.

sected with all the manual operations of the chirurgion on the human body. The one was performed by Cavalier Veslingius and Dr. Jo. Athelsteinus Leoncenus, of whom I purchased those rare tables of veins and nerves,¹ and caused him to prepare a third of the lungs, liver, and *nervi sexti par*: with the gastric veins, which I sent into England, and afterwards presented to the Royal Society, being the first of that kind that had been seen there, and, for aught I know, in the world, though afterwards there were others.² When the anatomy lectures, which were in the mornings, were ended, I went to see cures done in the hospitals; and certainly as there are the greatest helps and the most skilful physicians, so there are the most miserable and deplorable objects to exercise upon. Nor is there any, I should think, so powerful an argument against the vice reigning in this licentious country, as to be spectator of the misery these poor creatures undergo. They are indeed very carefully attended, and with extraordinary charity.

20th March. I returned to Venice, where I took leave of my friends.

22nd. I was invited to excellent English potted venison, at Mr. Hobbson's, a worthy merchant.

28rd. I took my leave of the Patriarch and the Prince of Wirtemberg, and Monsieur Grotius (son of the learned Hugo³) now going as commander to Candia; and, in the afternoon, received of Vander-

¹ [See *post*, 5th November, 1652, and 31st October, 1667.]

² [Writing from Padua in 1665, of one Marchetti, who had learned dissection of Sir John Finch, Sir Heneage Finch's younger brother, "and one that in anatomy hath taken as much pains as most now living," Edward Browne says: "He [Marchetti] hath tables of the veines, nerves, and arteries, five times more exact then are described in any author" (Sir T. Browne's *Works*, 1836, i. 91).]

³ [See *ante*, p. 32.]

voort, my merchant, my bills of exchange of 800 ducats for my journey. He showed me his rare collection of Italian books, esteemed very curious, and of good value.

The next day, I was conducted to the Ghetto, where the Jews dwell together in as a tribe or ward, where I was present at a marriage. The bride was clad in white, sitting in a lofty chair, and covered with a white veil; then two old Rabbis joined them together, one of them holding a glass of wine in his hand, which, in the midst of the ceremony, pretending to deliver to the woman, he let fall, the breaking whereof was to signify the frailty of our nature, and that we must expect disasters and crosses amidst all enjoyments. This done we had a fine banquet, and were brought into the bride-chamber, where the bed was dressed up with flowers, and the counterpane strewed in works. At this ceremony, we saw divers very beautiful Portuguese Jewesses, with whom we had some conversation.

I went to the Spanish Ambassador with Bonifacio, his confessor, and obtained his pass to serve me in the Spanish dominions; without which I was not to travel, in this pompous form :

Don Gaspar de Teves y Guzman, Marques de la Fuente, Señor Le Lerena y Verazuza, Commendador de Colos, en la Orden de Sant Yago, Alcalde Mayor perpetuo y Escrivano Mayor de la Ciudad de Sevilla, Gentilhombre de la Camara de S. M. su Azimilero Mayor, de su Consejo, su Embaxador extraordinario a los Principes de Italia, y Alemania, y a esta serenissima Republica de Venetia, etc. Haviendo de partir de esta Ciudad para La Milan el Signior Cavallero Evelyn Ingles, con un Criado, mi han pedido Passa-porte para los Estados de su M. Le he mandado dar el presente, firmado de mi mano, y sellado con el sello de mis armas, por el qual encargo a todos los menestros de S. M. antes quien le presentase y a los que no lo son, supplico les dare passar libramente

sin permitir que se le haya vexacion alguna antes mandar le las favor para continuar su viage. Fecho en Venecia a 24 del mes de Marzo del an'o 1646.

MAR. DE LA FUENTES, etc.

Having packed up my purchases of books, pictures, casts, treacle, etc. (the making and extraordinary ceremony whereof I had been curious to observe, for it is extremely pompous and worth seeing), I departed from Venice, accompanied with Mr. Waller (the celebrated poet),¹ now newly gotten out of England, after the Parliament had extremely worried him for attempting to put in execution the commission of Array, and for which the rest of his colleagues were hanged by the rebels.

The next day, I took leave of my comrades at Padua, and receiving some directions from Dr. Salvatico² as to the care of my health, I prepared for my journey towards Milan.

It was Easter-Monday that I was invited to breakfast at the Earl of Arundel's.³ I took my leave of him in his bed, where I left that great and excellent man in tears on some private discourse of crosses that had befallen his illustrious family, particularly the undutifulness of his grandson Philip's turning Dominican Friar (since Cardinal of Norfolk),⁴ and the misery of his country now

¹ [Edmund Waller, 1606-87. After being imprisoned in the Tower for "Waller's Plot," to seize London for Charles I., he had been fined and banished, November, 1644.]

² [See *ante*, p. 312.]

³ Lassels, who travelled a short time after Evelyn, says (ii. p. 429), that the Earl died here, and that his bowels are buried under a black marble stone, inscribed, "Interiora Thomæ Howardi Comitæ Arundeliæ."

⁴ Philip Howard, 1629-94, was the third son of Henry Frederick, Baron Mowbray, afterwards third Earl of Arundel. He entered the Church of Rome, as stated by Evelyn, and afterwards rose to the dignity of Cardinal, and became Lord Almoner to Catherine, consort of Charles II.

embroiled in civil war. He caused his gentleman to give me directions, all written with his own hand, what curiosities I should inquire after in my journey; and, so enjoining me to write sometimes to him, I departed. There stayed for me below, Mr. Henry Howard (afterwards Duke of Norfolk), Mr. J. Digby, son of Sir Kenelm Digby,¹ and other gentlemen, who conducted me to the coach.

The famous lapidaries of Venice for false stones and pastes, so as to emulate the best diamonds, rubies, etc., were Marco Terrasso and Gilbert.

An account of what Bills of Exchange I took up at Venice since my coming from Rome, till my departure from Padua.

11th Aug., 1645 . . .	200
7th Sept.	135
1st Oct.	100
15th Jan., 1646 . . .	100
23rd April	300

835 Ducati di Banco.

In company, then, with Mr. Waller, one Captain Wray² (son of Sir Christopher, whose father had been in arms against his Majesty, and therefore by no means welcome to us), with Mr. Abdy, a modest and learned man, we got that night to Vicenza, passing by the Euganean hills, celebrated for the prospects and furniture of rare simples, which we found growing about them. The ways were something deep, the whole country flat and even as a bowling-green. The common fields lie square, and are orderly planted with fruit trees, which the vines run and embrace, for many miles, with delicious streams creeping along the ranges.

Vicenza is a city in the Marquisate of Treviso,

¹ [See *ante*, p. 46. John Digby was his second son, his eldest son being Kenelm, afterwards killed in the Civil Wars.]

² [Afterwards Sir William (see *post*, p. 350).]

yet appertaining to the Venetians, full of gentlemen and splendid palaces, to which the famous Palladio,¹ born here, has exceedingly contributed, having been the architect. Most conspicuous is the Hall of Justice; it has a tower of excellent work; the lower pillars are of the first order; those in the three upper corridors are Doric; under them, are shops in a spacious piazza. The hall was built in imitation of that at Padua, but of a nobler design, *à la moderne*. The next morning, we visited the theatre, as being of that kind the most perfect now standing, and built by Palladio, in exact imitation of the ancient Romans, and capable of containing 5000 spectators.² The scene, which is all of stone, represents an imperial city, the order Corinthian, decorated with statues. Over the Scenario is inscribed, "Virtuti ac Genio Olympior: Academia Theatrum hoc à fundamentis erexit Palladio Architect: 1584." The scene declines eleven feet, the *soffitta* painted with clouds. To this there joins a spacious hall for solemn days to ballot in, and a second for the Academics. In the Piazza is also the Podesta, or governor's house, the *facciata* being of the Corinthian order, very noble. The Piazza itself is so large as to be capable of jousts and tournaments, the nobility of this city being exceedingly addicted to this knight-errantry, and other martial diversions. In this place are two pillars in imitation of those at St. Mark's at Venice, bearing one of them a winged lion, the other the statue of St. John the Baptist.

In a word, this sweet town has more well-built palaces than any of its dimensions in all Italy, besides a number begun and not yet finished (but of stately design) by reason of the domestic

¹ [Andrea Palladio, 1518-80.]

² [Lassels says three thousand.]

dissensions betwixt them and those of Brescia, fomented by the sage Venetians, lest by combining, they might think of recovering their ancient liberty. For this reason, also, are permitted those disorders and insolences committed at Padua among the youth of these two territories. It is no dishonour in this country to be some generations in finishing their palaces, that without exhausting themselves by a vast expense at once, they may at last erect a sumptuous pile. Count Oleine's Palace is near perfected in this manner. Count Ulmarini¹ is more famous for his gardens, being without the walls, especially his *cedrario*, or conserve of oranges, eleven score of my paces long, set in order and ranges, making a canopy all the way by their intermixing branches for more than 200 of my single paces, and which, being full of fruit and blossoms, was a most delicious sight. In the middle of this garden, was a cupola made of wire, supported by slender pillars of brick, so closely covered with ivy, both without and within, that nothing was to be perceived but green; betwixt the arches there dangled festoons of the same. Here is likewise a most inextricable labyrinth.

I had in this town recommendation to a very civil and ingenious apothecary, called Angelico, who had a pretty collection of paintings. I would fain have visited a Palace, called the Rotonda,² which was a mile out of town, belonging to Count Martio Capra; but one of our companions hastening to be gone, and little minding anything save drinking and folly, caused us to take coach sooner than we should have done.

A little from the town, we passed the Campo

¹ Lassels (ii. p. 435) calls him Valmerana, [and mentions the "curious *Labyrinth* in the *gardes*" of which Evelyn speaks].

² ["Palladio's Villa," copied by Lord Burlington at Chiswick.]

Martio, set out in imitation of ancient Rome, wherein the nobles exercised their horses, and the ladies make the Corso; it is entered by a stately triumphal arch, the invention of Palladio.

Being now set out for Verona, about midway we dined at Ostaria Nova, and came late to our resting-place, which was the Cavaletto, just over the monument of the Scaligeri,¹ formerly princes of Verona, adorned with many devices in stone of ladders, alluding to the name.

Early next morning, we went about the city, which is built on the gentle declivity, and bottom of a hill, environed in part with some considerable mountains and downs of fine grass, like some places in the south of England, and, on the other side, having the rich plain where Caius Marius overthrew the Cimbrians. The city is divided in the midst by the river Adige, over which are divers stately bridges, and on its banks are many goodly palaces, whereof one is well painted in *chiaroscuro* on the outside, as are divers in this dry climate of Italy.

The first thing that engaged our attention and wonder, too, was the amphitheatre, which is the most entire of ancient remains now extant. The inhabitants call it the Arena: it has two porticoes, one within the other, and is thirty-four rods long, twenty-two in breadth, with forty-two ranks of stone benches, or seats, which reach to the top. The vastness of the marble stones is stupendous. "L. V. Flaminius, Consul. anno. urb. con. LIII." This I esteem to be one of the noblest antiquities in Europe, it is so vast and entire, having escaped the ruins of so many other public buildings for above 1400 years.

There are other arches, as that of the victory of

¹ [Or della Scala, from whom—says Lassels—"Joseph and Julius Scaliger pretend to have come" (ii. p. 437).]

Marius; temples, aqueducts, etc., showing still considerable remains in several places of the town, and how magnificent it has formerly been. It has three strong castles, and a large and noble wall. Indeed, the whole city is bravely built, especially the Senate-house, where we saw those celebrated statues of Cornelius Nepos, Æmilius Marcus, Plinius, and Vitruvius, all having honoured Verona by their birth; and, of later date, Julius Cæsar Scaliger, that prodigy of learning.¹

In the evening we saw the garden of Count Giusti's villa, where are walks cut out of the main rock, from whence we had the pleasant prospect of Mantua and Parma, though at great distance. At the entrance of this garden, grows the goodliest cypress, I fancy, in Europe, cut in a pyramid; it is a prodigious tree both for breadth and height, entirely covered, and thick to the base.

Dr. Cortone, a civilian, showed us, amongst other rarities, a St. Dorothea, of Raphael. We could not see the rare drawings, especially of Parmensis, belonging to Dr. Marcello, another advocate, on account of his absence.

Verona deserved all those eulogies Scaliger has honoured it with; for, in my opinion, the situation is the most delightful I ever saw, it is so sweetly mixed with rising ground and valleys, so elegantly planted with trees on which Bacchus seems riding as it were in triumph every autumn, for the vines reach from tree to tree; here, of all places I have seen in Italy, would I fix a residence. Well has that learned man given it the name of the very eye of the world:

Ocelle mundi, Sidus Itali cœli,
Flos Urbium, flos cornicuumq' amœnum,
Quot sunt, eruntve, quot fuere, Verona.

¹ [Julius Cæsar Scaliger, 1484-1558, father of Joseph Justus (see *ante*, p. 41).]

The next morning we travelled over the downs where Marius fought, and fancied ourselves about Winchester, and the country towards Dorsetshire. We dined at an inn called Cavalli Caschieri, near Peschiera, a very strong fort of the Venetian Republic, and near the Lago di Garda, which disembogues into that of Mantua, near forty miles in length, highly spoken of by my Lord Arundel to me, as the most pleasant spot in Italy, for which reason I observed it with the more diligence, alighting out of the coach, and going up to a grove of cypresses growing about a gentleman's country-house, from whence indeed it presents a most surprising prospect. The hills and gentle risings about it produce oranges, citrons, olives, figs, and other tempting fruits, and the waters abound in excellent fish, especially trouts. In the middle of this lake, stands Sermonea [Sermione], on an island; here Captain Wray bought a pretty nag of the master of our inn where we dined, for eight pistoles, which his wife, our hostess, was so unwilling to part with, that she did nothing but kiss and weep and hang about the horse's neck, till the captain rode away.

We came this evening to Brescia, which next morning we traversed, according to our custom, in search of antiquities and new sights. Here, I purchased of old Lazarino Cominazzo¹ my fine carbine, which cost me nine pistoles, this city being famous for these firearms, and that workman, Jo. Bap. Franco, the best esteemed. The city consists most in artists, every shop abounding in guns, swords, armourers, etc. Most of the workmen come out of Germany. It stands in a fertile plain, yet the castle is built on a hill. The streets abound in fair fountains. The Torre della Pallada is of a noble Tuscan order, and the Senate-

[Lassels calls him the "famous" Lazarino Comminazzo.]

house is inferior to few. The piazza is but indifferent; some of the houses arched as at Padua. The Cathedral was under repair. We would from hence have visited Parma, Piacenza, Mantua, etc.; but the banditti and other dangerous parties being abroad, committing many enormities, we were contented with a Pisgah sight of them.

We dined next day, at Ursa Vecchia, and, after dinner, passed by an exceeding strong fort of the Venetians, called Ursa Nova, on their frontier. Then by the river Oglio, and so by Sonzino, where we enter the Spanish dominions, and that night arrived at Crema, which belongs to Venice, and is well defended. The Podesta's Palace is finely built, and so is the Duomo, or Cathedral, and the tower to it, with an ample piazza.

Early next day, after four miles' riding, we entered into the State of Milan, and passed by Lodi,¹ a great city famous for cheese, little short of the best Parmeggiano. We dined at Marignano, ten miles before coming to Milan, where we met half-a-dozen suspicious cavaliers, who yet did us no harm. Then, passing as through a continual garden, we went on with exceeding pleasure; for it is the Paradise of Lombardy, the highways as even and straight as a line, the fields to a vast extent planted with fruit about the enclosures, vines to every tree at equal distances, and watered with frequent streams. There was likewise much corn, and olives in abundance. At approach of the city, some of our company, in dread of the Inquisition (severer here than in all Spain), thought of throwing away some Protestant books and papers. We arrived about three in the afternoon, when the officers searched us thoroughly for prohibited goods; but, finding we were only

¹ Celebrated in later years for the victory gained by Buonaparte over the Austrians.

gentlemen travellers, dismissed us for a small reward, and we went quietly to our inn, the Three Kings, where, for that day, we refreshed ourselves, as we had need. The next morning, we delivered our letters of recommendation to the learned and courteous Ferrarius, a Doctor of the Ambrosian College,¹ who conducted us to all the remarkable places of the town, the first of which was the famous Cathedral. We entered by a portico, so little inferior to that of Rome that, when it is finished, it will be hard to say which is the fairest; the materials are all of white and black marble, with columns of great height, of Egyptian granite. The outside of the church is so full of sculpture, that you may number 4000 statues, all of white marble, amongst which that of St. Bartholomew is esteemed a masterpiece.² The church is very spacious, almost as long as St. Peter's at Rome, but not so large. About the choir, the sacred story is finely sculptured, in snow-white marble, nor know I where it is exceeded. About the body of the church are the miracles of St. Charles Borromeo,³ and in the vault beneath is his body before the high altar, grated, and enclosed, in one of the largest crystals in Europe.⁴ To this also belongs a rich treasure. The cupola is all of marble within and without, and even covered with

¹ Francisco Bernardino Ferrari, 1577-1669, for his extensive knowledge of books selected by Frederick Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, as a proper person to travel and collect books and manuscripts for a noble library he was desirous of founding in that city. He collected a great number of works in all classes of literature, which, with later additions, has since been known as the Ambrosian Library. Lassels speaks also of Octavius Ferrarius, 1607-64, a Milanese archæologist.

² [By Christophero Cibo.]

³ [Charles Borromeo, St. Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, 1538-1584, "another St. Ambrose in Pastoral dignity, zeale and sanctity," says Lassels, i. p. 118.]

⁴ [The coffin is made of "great squares of cristal."]

great planks of marble, in the Gothic design. The windows are most beautifully painted. Here are two very fair and excellent organs. The fabric is erected in the midst of a fair piazza, and in the centre of the city.

Hence, we went to the Palace of the Archbishop, which is a quadrangle, the architecture of Tibaldi, who designed much for Philip II. in the Escorial, and has built much in Milan. Hence, into the Governor's Palace, who was Constable of Castile. Tempted by the glorious tapestries and pictures, I adventured so far alone, that peeping into a chamber where the great man was under the barber's hands, he sent one of his negroes (a slave) to know what I was. I made the best excuse I could, and that I was only admiring the pictures, which he returning and telling his lord, I heard the Governor reply that I was a spy; on which I retired with all the speed I could, passed the guard of Swiss, got into the street, and in a moment to my company, who were gone to the Jesuits' Church, which in truth is a noble structure, the front especially, after the modern. After dinner, we were conducted to St. Celso, a church of rare architecture, built by Bramante; the carvings of the marble *facciata* are by Annibal Fontana, whom they esteem at Milan equal to the best of the ancients. In a room joining to the Church, is a marble Madonna, like a coloss, of the same sculptor's work, which they will not expose to the air. There are two *sacristias*, in one of which is a fine Virgin, of Leonardo da Vinci; in the other is one of Raphael d'Urbino, a piece which all the world admires. The Sacristan showed us a world of rich plate, jewels, and embroidered copes, which are kept in presses.

Next, we went to see the Great Hospital, a quadrangular cloister of a vast compass, a truly

royal fabric, with an annual endowment of 50,000 crowns of gold. There is in the middle of it a cross building for the sick, and, just under it, an altar so placed as to be seen in all places of the Infirmary.

There are divers colleges built in this quarter, richly provided for by the same Borromeo and his nephew, the last Cardinal Frederico,¹ some not yet finished, but of excellent design.

In St. Eustorgio, they tell us, formerly lay the bodies of the three Magi, since translated to Cologne in Germany; they, however, preserve the tomb, which is a square stone, on which is engraven a star, and, under it, "Sepulchrum trium Magorum."

Passing by St. Laurence, we saw sixteen columns of marble, and the ruins of a Temple of Hercules, with this inscription yet standing :

Imp. Cæsari L. Aurelio Vero Aug. Arminiaco Medio
Parthico Max. Trib. Pot. VII. Imp. IIII. Cos. III. P. P.
Divi Antonini Pij Divi Hadriani Nepoti Divi Trajani
Parthici Pro-Nepoti Divi Nervæ Abnepoti Dec. Dec.

We concluded this day's wandering at the Monastery of Madonna delle Grazie, and in the refectory admired that celebrated "Coena Domini" of Leonardo da Vinci, which takes up the entire wall at the end, and is the same that the great virtuoso, Francis the First of France, was so enamoured of, that he consulted to remove the whole wall by binding it about with ribs of iron and timber, to convey it into France.² It is indeed

¹ [Frederick Borromeo, 1564-81, Archbishop of Milan.]

² The *Painter's Voyage of Italy*, published in 1679, does not notice it; and probably it was then almost invisible from decay. It has since been frequently retouched, and it still remains in the refectory of the monastery in which Evelyn saw it; but the damage received from the dampness of the wall has left it but

one of the rarest paintings that was ever executed by Leonardo, who was long in the service of that Prince, and so dear to him that the King coming to visit him in his old age and sickness, he expired in his arms. But this incomparable piece is now exceedingly impaired.¹

Early next morning came the learned Dr. Ferrarius to visit us, and took us in his coach to see the Ambrosian Library, where Cardinal Fred. Borromeo has expended so vast a sum on this building, and furnishing with curiosities, especially paintings and drawings of inestimable value amongst painters. It is a school fit to make the ablest artists. There are many rare things of Hans Brueghel, and amongst them the "Four Elements."² In this room, stands the glorious [boasting] inscription of Cavaliero Galeazzo Arconati, valuing his gift to the library of several drawings by Da Vinci; but these we could not see, the keeper of them being out of town, and he always carrying the keys with him; but my Lord Marshal, who had seen them, told me all but one book are small, that a huge folio contained 400 leaves full of scratches of Indians, etc. But whereas the inscription pretends that our King Charles had offered £1000 for them,—the truth is, and my Lord himself told me, that it was he who treated with Galeazzo for himself, in the name and by permission of the King, and that the Duke of Fera, who was then

the most indistinct shadow of what it once was. This, however, is less to be deplored since the magnificent print of it by Raphael Morghen, justly esteemed one of the finest works of art in this kind that has ever been executed. The old previous engraving from it by Peter Soutman by no means exhibited a true delineation of the characters of the piece, as nobly designed by Leonardo.

¹ [Lassels only mentions Titian's picture in the church ("Christ crowned with Thorns").]

² [Lassels calls them copies.]

Governor, should make the bargain ; but my Lord, having seen them since, did not think them of so much worth.

In the great room, where is a goodly library, on the right hand of the door, is a small wainscot closet, furnished with rare manuscripts. Two original letters of the Grand Signor were showed us, sent to two Popes, one of which was (as I remember) to Alexander VI. [Borgia], and the other mentioning the head of the lance which pierced our Blessed Saviour's side, as a present to the Pope : I would fain have gotten a copy of them, but could not ; I hear, however, that they are since translated into Italian, and that therein is a most honourable mention of Christ.

We re-visited St. Ambrose's church. The high altar is supported by four porphyry columns, and under it lie the remains of that holy man. Near it they showed us a pit, or well (an obscure place it is), where they say St. Ambrose baptized St. Augustine, and recited the *Te Deum* ; for so imports the inscription. The place is also famous for some Councils that have been held here, and for the coronation of divers Italian Kings and Emperors, receiving the iron crown from the Archbishop of this see.¹ They show the History by Josephus, written on the bark of trees. The high altar is wonderfully rich.

Milan is one of the most princely cities in Europe : it has no suburbs, but is circled with a stately wall for ten miles, in the centre of a country that seems to flow with milk and honey. The air is excellent ; the fields fruitful to admiration, the market abounding with all sorts of provisions. In the city are near 100 churches, 71 monasteries, and 40,000 inhabitants ; it is of a circular figure,

¹ Buonaparte afterwards took it, and placed it on his own head.

fortified with bastions, full of sumptuous palaces and rare artists, especially for works in crystal, which is here cheap, being found among the Alps. They have curious straw-work among the nuns, even to admiration. It has a good river, and a citadel at some small distance from the city, commanding it, of great strength for its works and munition of all kinds. It was built by Galeatius the Second, and consists of four bastions, and works at the angles and fronts; the graff is faced with brick to a very great depth; has two strong towers as one enters, and within is another fort, and spacious lodgings for the soldiers, and for exercising them. No accommodation for strength is wanting, and all exactly uniform. They have here also all sorts of work and tradesmen, a great magazine of arms and provisions. The fosse is of spring water, with a mill for grinding corn, and the ramparts vaulted underneath. Don Juan Vasques Coronada was now Governor; the garrison Spaniards only.

There is nothing better worth seeing than the collection of Signor Septalla,¹ a canon of St. Ambrose, famous over Christendom for his learn-

¹ There are two descriptive Catalogues of this collection, in its day one of the most celebrated in all Italy; both are in small quarto, the one in Latin, the other and more detailed one in Italian. To this latter is prefixed a large inside view of the museum, exhibiting its curious contents of busts, statues, pictures, urns, and every kind of rarity, natural and artificial. Keysler, in his *Travels*, laments the not being able to inspect it, on account of a law-suit then pending; and, probably in consequence of that law-suit, it has now been long dispersed. [Gilbert Burnet, however, had seen it in 1685, and he describes some items which should have attracted Evelyn. "There are many curious motions, where, by an unseen spring, a ball, after it hath roll'd down through many winding descents, is thrown up, and so it seems to be a perpetual motion: this is done in several forms, and is well enough disguised to deceive the vulgar. Many motions of little animals, that run about by springs, are also very pretty" (Burnet's *Travels*, 1737, p. 99).]

ing and virtues. Amongst other things, he showed us an Indian wood, that has the perfect scent of civet; a flint, or pebble, that has a quantity of water in it, which is plainly to be seen, it being clear as agate; divers crystals that have water moving in them, some of them having plants, leaves, and hog's bristles in them; much amber full of insects, and divers things of woven amianthus.¹

Milan is a sweet place, and though the streets are narrow, they abound in rich coaches, and are full of *noblesse*, who frequent the course every night. Walking a turn in the portico before the dome, a *cavaliero* who passed by, hearing some of us speaking English, looked a good while earnestly on us, and by and by sending his servant, desired we would honour him the next day at dinner. We looked on this as an odd invitation, he not speaking to us himself, but we returned his civility with thanks, though not fully resolved what to do, or indeed what might be the meaning of it in this jealous place; but on inquiry, it was told us he was a Scots Colonel, who had an honourable command in the city, so that we agreed to go. This afternoon, we were wholly taken up in seeing an opera represented by some Neapolitans, performed all in excellent music with rare scenes, in which there acted a celebrated beauty.

Next morning, we went to the Colonel's, who had sent his servant again to conduct us to his house, which we found to be a noble palace, richly furnished. There were other guests, all soldiers, one of them a Scotchman, but we could not learn one of their names. At dinner, he excused his rudeness that he had not himself spoken to us; telling us it was his custom, when he heard of any

¹ [Flexible asbestos, or earth flax, an incombustible substance sometimes wrought into cloth.]

English travellers (who but rarely would be known to pass through that city for fear of the Inquisition), to invite them to his house, where they might be free. We had a sumptuous dinner; and the wine was so tempting, that after some healths had gone about, and we had risen from table, the Colonel led us into his hall, where there hung up divers colours, saddles, bridles, pistols, and other arms, being trophies which he had taken with his own hands from the enemy; amongst them, he would needs bestow a pair of pistols on Captain Wray, one of our fellow-travellers, and a good drinking gentleman, and on me a Turkish bridle woven with silk and very curiously embossed, with other silk trappings, to which hung a half-moon finely wrought, which he had taken from a bashaw whom he had slain. With this glorious spoil, I rid the rest of my journey as far as Paris, and brought it afterwards into England. He then showed us a stable of brave horses, with his *manège* and *cavallerizza*. Some of the horses he caused to be brought out, which he mounted, and performed all the motions of an excellent horseman. When this was done, and he had alighted,—contrary to the advice of his groom and page, who knew the nature of the beast, and that their master was a little spirited with wine, he would have a fiery horse that had not yet been managed and was very ungovernable, but was otherwise a very beautiful creature; this he mounting, the horse, getting the reins in a full *carrière*, rose so desperately that he fell quite back, crushing the Colonel so forcibly against the wall of the *manège*, that though he sat on him like a Centaur, yet recovering the jade on all fours again, he desired to be taken down and so led in, where he cast himself on a pallet; and, with infinite lamentations, after some time we took leave of him, being now speech-

less. The next morning, going to visit him, we found before the door the canopy which they usually carry over the host, and some with lighted tapers : which made us suspect he was in very sad condition, and so indeed we found him, an Irish Friar standing by his bedside as confessing him, or at least disguising a confession, and other ceremonies used *in extremis*; for we afterwards learned that the gentleman was a Protestant, and had this Friar, his confidant ; which was a dangerous thing at Milan, had it been but suspected. At our entrance, he sighed grievously, and held up his hands, but was not able to speak. After vomiting some blood, he kindly took us all by the hand, and made signs that he should see us no more, which made us take our leave of him with extreme reluctancy and affliction for the accident. This sad disaster made us consult about our departure as soon as we could, not knowing how we might be inquired after, or engaged, the Inquisition being so cruelly formidable and inevitable, on the least suspicion. The next morning, therefore, discharging our lodgings, we agreed for a coach to carry us to the foot of the Alps, not a little concerned for the death of the Colonel, which we now heard of, and who had so courteously entertained us.

The first day we got as far as Castellanza, by which runs a considerable river into Lago Maggiore; here, at dinner, were two or three Jesuits, who were very pragmatical¹ and inquisitive, whom we declined conversation with as decently as we could ; so we pursued our journey through a most fruitful plain, but the weather was wet and uncomfortable. At night, we lay at Sesto.

The next morning, leaving our coach, we embarked in a boat to carry us over the lake (being one of the largest in Europe), and whence we could

¹ [See *ante*, p. 154.]

see the towering Alps, and amongst them the great San Bernardo, esteemed the highest mountain in Europe, appearing to be some miles above the clouds. Through this vast water, passes the river Ticinus, which discharges itself into the Po, by which means Helvetia transports her merchandises into Italy, which we now begin to leave behind us.

Having now sailed about two leagues, we were hauled ashore at Arona, a strong town belonging to the Duchy of Milan, where, being examined by the Governor, and paying a small duty, we were dismissed. Opposite to this fort, is Angera, another small town, the passage very pleasant with the prospect of the Alps covered with pine and fir trees, and above them, snow. We passed the pretty island Isabella, about the middle of the lake, on which is a fair house built on a mount; indeed, the whole island is a mount ascended by several terraces and walks all set above with orange and citron trees.

The next we saw was Isola,¹ and we left on our right hand the Isle of S. Giovanni;¹ and so sailing by another small town built also on an island, we arrived at night at Mergozzo, an obscure village at the end of the lake, and at the very foot of the Alps, which now rise as it were suddenly after some hundreds of miles of the most even country

¹ [M. Maximilien Misson, in a passage cited by Southey to illustrate the seventeenth-century disregard of picturesque beauty, speaks contemptuously of the Borromean Islands. They are, he admits, "*agréables, particulièrement d'un peu loin. Mais il n'y a rien du tout de rare, ni d'extraordinaire*" (*Nouveau Voyage d'Italie*, 5^e ed. 1722, iii. 235). Burnet, on the other hand, is ecstatical. "They are certainly the loveliest spots of ground in the world. There is nothing in all Italy that can be compared to them; they have the full view of the lake, and the ground rises so sweetly in them, that nothing can be imagined like the terrasses here" (Burnet's *Travels (in the years 1685 and 1686)*, 1737, p. 83).]

in the world, and where there is hardly a stone to be found, as if Nature had here swept up the rubbish of the earth in the Alps, to form and clear the plains of Lombardy, which we had hitherto passed since our coming from Venice. In this wretched place, I lay on a bed stuffed with leaves, which made such a crackling, and did so prick my skin through the tick, that I could not sleep. The next morning, I was furnished with an ass, for we could not get horses; instead of stirrups, we had ropes tied with a loop to put our feet in, which supplied the place of other trappings. Thus, with my gallant steed, bridled with my Turkish present,¹ we passed through a reasonably pleasant but very narrow valley, till we came to Domo, where we rested, and, having showed the Spanish pass, the Governor would press another on us, that his Secretary might get a crown. Here we exchanged our asses for mules, sure-footed on the hills and precipices, being accustomed to pass them. Hiring a guide, we were brought that night through very steep, craggy, and dangerous passages to a village called Vedra, being the last of the King of Spain's dominions in the Duchy of Milan. We had a very infamous wretched lodging.

The next morning, we mounted again through strange, horrid, and fearful crags and tracts, abounding in pine trees, and only inhabited by bears, wolves, and wild goats; nor could we anywhere see above a pistol-shot before us, the horizon being terminated with rocks and mountains, whose tops, covered with snow, seemed to touch the skies, and in many places pierced the clouds. Some of these vast mountains were but one entire stone, betwixt whose clefts now and then precipitated great cataracts of melted snow, and other waters, which made a terrible roaring, echoing from the

¹ [See *ante*, p. 332.]

rocks and cavities ; and these waters in some places breaking in the fall, wet us as if we had passed through a mist, so as we could neither see nor hear one another, but, trusting to our honest mules, we jogged on our way. The narrow bridges, in some places made only by felling huge fir trees, and laying them athwart from mountain to mountain, over cataracts of stupendous depth, are very dangerous, and so are the passages and edges made by cutting away the main rock ; others in steps ; and in some places we pass between mountains that have been broken and fallen on one another ; which is very terrible, and one had need of a sure foot and steady head to climb some of these precipices, besides that they are harbours for bears and wolves, who have sometimes assaulted travellers. In these straits, we frequently alighted, now freezing in the snow, and anon frying by the reverberation of the sun against the cliffs as we descend lower, when we meet now and then a few miserable cottages so built upon the declining of the rocks, as one would expect their sliding down. Amongst these, inhabit a goodly sort of people, having monstrous gullets, or wens of flesh, growing to their throats, some of which I have seen as big as an hundred-pound bag of silver hanging under their chins ; among the women especially, and that so ponderous, as that to ease them, many wear linen cloth bound about their head, and coming under the chin to support it ; but *quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus* ?¹ Their drinking so much snow-water, is thought to be the cause of it ; the men, using more wine, are not so strumous as the women. The truth is, they are a peculiar race of people, and many great water-drinkers here have not these prodigious tumours ; it runs, as we say, in the blood, and is a vice in the race, and

¹ [Juvenal, *Sat.* xiii. l. 162. Cf. *Tempest*, Act III. Sc. iii.]

renders them so ugly, shrivelled and deformed, by its drawing the skin of the face down, that nothing can be more frightful ;¹ to this add a strange puffing dress, furs, and that barbarous language, being a mixture of corrupt High German, French, and Italian. The people are of great stature, extremely fierce and rude, yet very honest and trusty.

This night, through almost inaccessible heights, we came in prospect of Mons Sempronius,² now Mount Simplon, which has on its summit a few huts and a chapel. Approaching this, Captain Wray's water-spaniel (a huge filthy cur that had followed him out of England) hunted a herd of goats down the rocks into a river made by the melting of the snow. Arrived at our cold harbour (though the house had a stove in every room) and supping on cheese and milk with wretched wine, we went to bed in cupboards³ so high from the floor, that we climbed them by a ladder ; we were covered with feathers, that is, we lay between two ticks stuffed with them, and all little enough to keep one warm. The ceilings of the rooms are strangely low for those tall people. The house was now (in September) half covered with snow, nor is there a tree, or a bush, growing within many miles.

From this uncomfortable place, we prepared to hasten away the next morning ; but, as we were

¹ [The pragmatist "Peregrine of Odcombe" has also his paragraph on this theme :—"When I came to Aigubelle, I saw the effects of the common drinking of snow-water in Savoy. For there I saw many men and women have exceeding great bunches or swellings in their throates, such as we call in Latin *strumas*, as bigge as the fistes of a man, through the drinking of snow-water, yet some of their bunches are almost as great as an ordinary foot-ball with us in England. These swellings are much to be seene amongst these Savoyards, neither are all the *Piedmontanes* free from them" (Coryat, *Crudities*, ed. 1776, i. 87).]

² [Or, Mons Scipionis.]

³ They have such in Wales.

getting on our mules, comes a huge young fellow demanding money for a goat which he affirmed that Captain Wray's dog had killed ; expostulating the matter, and impatient of staying in the cold, we set spurs and endeavoured to ride away, when a multitude of people being by this time gotten together about us (for it being Sunday morning and attending for the priest to say mass), they stopped our mules, beat us off our saddles, and, disarming us of our carbines, drew us into one of the rooms of our lodging, and set a guard upon us. Thus we continued prisoners till mass was ended, and then came half a score grim Swiss, who, taking on them to be magistrates, sate down on the table, and condemned us to pay a pistole for the goat, and ten more for attempting to ride away, threatening that if we did not pay it speedily, they would send us to prison, and keep us to a day of public justice, where, as they perhaps would have exaggerated the crime, for they pretended we had primed our carbines and would have shot some of them (as indeed the Captain was about to do), we might have had our heads cut off, as we were told afterwards, for that amongst these rude people a very small misdemeanour does often meet that sentence. Though the proceedings appeared highly unjust,¹ on consultation among ourselves we thought it safer to rid ourselves out of their hands, and the trouble we were brought into ; and therefore we patiently laid down the money, and with fierce countenances had our mules and arms delivered to us, and glad we were to escape as we did. This was cold entertainment, but our journey after was colder, the rest of the way having been (as they told us) covered with snow since the Creation ; no

¹ Surely—says Bray, very justly—these poor people had the right upon their side, and this is not expressed with Evelyn's usual liberality.

man remembered it to be without ; and because, by the frequent snowing, the tracks are continually filled up, we passed by several tall masts set up to guide travellers, so as for many miles they stand in ken of one another, like to our beacons. In some places, where there is a cleft between two mountains, the snow fills it up, whilst the bottom, being thawed, leaves as it were a frozen arch of snow, and that so hard as to bear the greatest weight ; for as it snows often, so it perpetually freezes, of which I was so sensible that it flawed the very skin of my face.

Beginning now to descend a little, Captain Wray's horse (that was our sumpter and carried all our baggage) plunging through a bank of loose snow, slid down a frightful precipice, which so incensed the choleric cavalier, his master, that he was sending a brace of bullets into the poor beast, lest our guide should recover him, and run away with his burden ; but, just as he was lifting up his carbine, we gave such a shout, and so pelted the horse with snowballs, as with all his might plunging through the snow, he fell from another steep place into another bottom, near a path we were to pass. It was yet a good while ere we got to him, but at last we recovered the place, and, easing him of his charge, hauled him out of the snow, where he had been certainly frozen in, if we had not prevented it, before night. It was as we judged almost two miles that he had slid and fallen, yet without any other harm than the benumbing of his limbs for the present, but, with lusty rubbing and chafing he began to move, and, after a little walking, performed his journey well enough. All this way, affrighted with the disaster of this horse, we trudged on foot, driving our mules before us ; sometimes we fell, sometimes we slid, through this ocean of snow, which after October is impassable. Towards night, we came into a larger way, through vast woods of

pinces, which clothe the middle parts of these rocks. Here, they were burning some to make pitch and rosin, peeling the knotty branches, as we do to make charcoal, reserving what melts from them, which hardens into pitch. We passed several cascades of dissolved snow, that had made channels of formidable depth in the crevices of the mountains, and with such a fearful roaring as we could hear it for seven long miles. It is from these sources that the Rhone and the Rhine, which pass through all France and Germany, derive their originals. Late at night, we got to a town called Briga, at the foot of the Alps, in the Valteline. Almost every door had nailed on the outside and next the street a bear's, wolf's, or fox's head, and divers of them all three; a savage kind of sight, but, as the Alps are full of the beasts, the people often kill them. The next morning, we returned to our guide, and took fresh mules, and another to conduct us to the Lake of Geneva, passing through as pleasant a country as that we had just travelled was melancholy and troublesome. A strange and sudden change it seemed; for the reverberation of the sunbeams from the mountains and rocks that like walls range it on both sides, not above two flight-shots in breadth, for a very great number of miles, renders the passage excessively hot. Through such extremes we continued our journey, that goodly river, the Rhone, gliding by us in a narrow and quiet channel almost in the middle of this Canton, fertilising the country for grass and corn, which grow here in abundance.

We arrived this night at Sion, a pretty town and city, a bishop's seat, and the head of Valesia [Valais]. There is a castle, and the bishop who resides in it has both civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Our host, as the custom of these Cantons is, was one of the chiefest of the town, and had been a Colonel in

France; he treated us with extreme civility, and was so displeased at the usage we received at Mount Simphon, that he would needs give us a letter to the Governor of the country, who resided at St. Maurice, which was in our way to Geneva, to revenge the affront. This was a true old blade, and had been a very curious virtuoso, as we found by a handsome collection of books, medals, pictures, shells, and other antiquities. He showed two heads and horns of the true capricorn,¹ which animal he told us was frequently killed among the mountains; one branch of them was as much as I could well lift, and near as high as my head, not much unlike the greater sort of goat's, save that they bent forwards, by help whereof they climb up and hang on inaccessible rocks, from whence the inhabitants now and then shoot them. They speak prodigious things of their leaping from crag to crag, and of their sure footing, notwithstanding their being cloven-footed, unapt (one would think) to take hold and walk so steadily on those horrible ridges as they do. The Colonel would have given me one of these beams, but the want of a convenience to carry it along with me, caused me to refuse his courtesy. He told me that in the castle there were some Roman and Christian antiquities, and he had some inscriptions in his own garden. He invited us to his country-house, where he said he had better pictures, and other rarities; but, our time being short, I could not persuade my companions to stay and visit the places he would have had us see, nor the offer he made to show us the hunting of the bear, wolf, and other wild beasts. The next morning, having presented his daughter, a pretty well-fashioned young woman, with a small ruby ring, we parted somewhat late from our generous host.

¹ Ibex, or steinbok.

Passing through the same pleasant valley between the horrid mountains on either hand, like a gallery many miles in length, we got to Martigny, where also we were well entertained. The houses in this country are all built of fir boards, planed within, low, and seldom above one story. The people very clownish and rustically clad, after a very odd fashion, for the most part in blue cloth, very whole and warm, with little variety of distinction betwixt the gentleman and common sort, by a law of their country being exceedingly frugal. Add to this their great honesty and fidelity, though exacting enough for what they part with. I saw not one beggar. We paid the value of twenty shillings English, for a day's hire of one horse. Every man goes with a sword by his side, the whole country well disciplined, and indeed impregnable, which made the Romans have such ill success against them; one lusty Swiss at their narrow passages is sufficient to repel a legion. It is a frequent thing here for a young tradesman, or farmer, to leave his wife and children for twelve or fifteen years, and seek his fortune in the wars in Spain, France, Italy, or Germany, and then return again to work. I look upon this country to be the safest spot of all Europe, neither envied nor envying; nor are any of them rich, nor poor; they live in great simplicity and tranquillity; and, though of the fourteen Cantons half be Roman Catholics, the rest Reformed, yet they mutually agree, and are confederate with Geneva, and are its only security against its potent neighbours, as they themselves are from being attacked by the greater potentates, by the mutual jealousy of their neighbours, as either of them would be overbalanced, should the Swiss, who are wholly mercenary and auxiliaries, be subjected to France or Spain.

We were now arrived at St. Maurice, a large handsome town and residence of the President, where justice is done. To him we presented our letter from Sion, and made known the ill-usage we had received for killing a wretched goat, which so incensed him, as he swore if we would stay he would not only help us to our money again, but most severely punish the whole rabble; but our desire of revenge had by this time subsided, and glad we were to be gotten so near France, which we reckoned as good as home. He courteously invited us to dine with him; but we excused ourselves, and, returning to our inn, whilst we were eating something before we took horse, the Governor had caused two pages to bring us a present of two great vessels of covered plate full of excellent wine, in which we drank his health, and rewarded the youths; they were two vast bowls supported by two Swisses, handsomely wrought after the German manner. This civility and that of our host at Sion, perfectly reconciled us to the highlanders; and so, proceeding on our journey, we passed this afternoon through the gate which divides the Valais from the Duchy of Savoy, into which we were now entering, and so, through Monthey, we arrived that evening at Beveretta. Being extremely weary and complaining of my head, and finding little accommodation in the house, I caused one of our hostess's daughters to be removed out of her bed,¹ and went immediately into it whilst it was yet warm, being so heavy with pain and drowsiness that I would not stay to have

¹ [Evelyn's action on this occasion has sometimes been cited to the prejudice of his philanthropy. But it should be borne in mind that, besides being "extremely weary," he was—as Southey suggests—actually sickening for the small-pox, although he did not know it; and it may be added that when he says "I caused," he probably only assented to a proposal made by a compliant hostess.]

the sheets changed ; but I shortly after paid dearly for my impatience, falling sick of the small-pox so soon as I came to Geneva, for by the smell of frankincense and the tale the good woman told me of her daughter having had an ague, I afterwards concluded she had been newly recovered of the small-pox. Notwithstanding this, I went with my company, the next day, hiring a bark to carry us over the lake ; and indeed sick as I was, the weather was so serene and bright, the water so calm, and air so temperate, that never had travellers a sweeter passage. Thus, we sailed the whole length of the lake, about thirty miles, the countries bordering on it (Savoy and Berne) affording one of the most delightful prospects in the world, the Alps covered with snow, though at a great distance, yet showing their aspiring tops. Through this lake, the river Rhodanus passes with that velocity as not to mingle with its exceeding deep waters,¹ which are very clear, and breed the most celebrated trout for largeness and goodness of any in Europe. I have ordinarily seen one of three feet in length sold in the market for a small price, and such we had in the lodging where we abode, which was at the White Cross. All this while, I held up tolerably ; and the next morning having a letter for Signor John Diodati, the famous Italian minister and translator of the Holy Bible into that language,² I went to his house, and had a great

¹ ["Of all the fables which credulity delights to believe and propagate, this should appear the most impossible to obtain credit, for the Rhone, when it enters the lake, is both of the colour and consistency of pease-soup, and it issues out of it perfectly clear, and of so deep a blue that no traveller can ever have beheld it without astonishment" (Southey in *Quarterly Review*, April, 1818, p. 14).]

² [Giovanni Diodati, 1576-1649. He was the uncle of Charles Diodati, 1608-38, the physician, whose death prompted Milton's *Epitaphium Damonis*.]

deal of discourse with that learned person. He told me that he had been in England, driven by tempest into Deal, whilst sailing for Holland, that he had seen London, and was exceedingly taken with the civilities he received. He so much approved of our Church-government by Bishops, that he told me the French Protestants would make no scruple to submit to it and all its pomp, had they a King of the Reformed religion as we had. He exceedingly deplored the difference now between his Majesty and the Parliament. After dinner, came one Monsieur Saladine, with his little pupil, the Earl of Caernarvon,¹ to visit us, offering to carry us to the principal places of the town; but, being now no more able to hold up my head, I was constrained to keep my chamber, imagining that my very eyes would have dropped out; and this night I felt such a stinging about me, that I could not sleep. In the morning, I was very ill, but sending for a doctor, he persuaded me to be let blood. He was a very learned old man, and, as he said, he had been physician to Gustavus the Great, King of Sweden, when he passed this way into Italy, under the name of Monsieur Gars, the initial letters of Gustavus Adolphus Rex Sueciæ, and of our famous Duke of Buckingham, on his returning out of Italy. He afterwards acknowledged that he should not have bled me, had he suspected the small-pox, which brake out a day after. He afterwards purged me, and applied leeches, and God knows what this would have produced, if the spots had not appeared, for he was thinking of bleeding me again. They now kept me warm in bed for

¹ Charles, third Baron Dormer, *b.* 1632, succeeded, in September, 1643, as second Earl of Carnarvon; his father having been killed at the first battle of Newbury (20th Sept.), where he was in arms for the King as a general of Horse. The second Earl died on the 29th of September, 1709.

sixteen days, tended by a vigilant Swiss matron, whose monstrous throat, when I sometimes awaked out of unquiet slumbers, would affright me. After the pimples were come forth, which were not many, I had much ease as to pain, but infinitely afflicted with heat and noisomeness. By God's mercy, after five weeks' keeping my chamber, I went abroad. Monsieur Saladine and his lady sent me many refreshments. Monsieur Le Chat, my physician, to excuse his letting me blood, told me it was so burnt and vicious as it would have proved the plague, or spotted fever, had he proceeded by any other method. On my recovering sufficiently to go abroad, I dined at Monsieur Saladine's, and in the afternoon went across the water on the side of the lake, and took a lodging that stood exceedingly pleasant, about half a mile from the city for the better airing; but I stayed only one night, having no company there, save my pipe; so, the next day, I caused them to row me about the lake as far as the great stone, which they call Neptune's Rock, on which they say sacrifice was anciently offered to him. Thence I landed at certain cherry-gardens and pretty villas by the side of the lake, and exceedingly pleasant. Returning, I visited their conservatories of fish; in which were trouts of six and seven feet long, *as they affirmed*.

The Rhone, which parts the city in the midst, dips into a cavern underground, about six miles from it, and afterwards rises again, and runs its open course, like our Mole, or Swallow,¹ by Dorking, in Surrey. The next morning (being Thursday) I heard Dr. Diodati preach in Italian, many of that country, especially of Lucca, his

¹ [The *swallows* of the Mole are hollows underground into which that river disappears at intervals (Murray's *Surrey*, 1898, pp. 93-95).]

native place, being inhabitants of Geneva, and of the Reformed religion.

The town lying between Germany, France, and Italy, those three tongues are familiarly spoken by the inhabitants. It is a strong, well-fortified city, part of it built on a rising ground. The houses are not despicable, but the high pent-houses (for I can hardly call them cloisters, being all of wood), through which the people pass dry and in the shade, winter and summer, exceedingly deform the fronts of the buildings. Here are abundance of booksellers; but their books are of ill impressions; these, with watches (of which store are made here), crystal, and excellent screwed guns, are the staple commodities. All provisions are good and cheap.

The Town-house is fairly built of stone; the portico has four black marble columns; and, on a table of the same, under the city arms, a demi-eagle and cross, between cross-keys, is a motto, "Post Tenebras Lux," and this inscription:

Quum anno 1535 profligatâ Romanâ Anti-Christi Tyrannide, abrogatisq; ejus superstitionibus, sacro-sancta Christi Religio hic in suam puritatem, Ecclesiâ in meliorem ordinem singulari Dei beneficio repositâ, et simul pulsâ fugatisq; hostibus, urbs ipsa in suam Libertatem, non sine insigni miraculo, restituta fuerit; Senatus Populusq; Genevensis Monumentum hoc perpetuæ memoriæ causâ, fieri atque hoc loco erigi curavit, quod suam erga Deum gratitudinem ad posteros testatum fuerit.

The territories about the town are not so large as many ordinary gentlemen have about their country farms, for which cause they are in continual watch, especially on the Savoy side; but, in case of any siege the Swiss are at hand, as this inscription in the same place shows, towards the street:

D.O.M.S.

Anno a verâ Religione divinitûs cum veteri Libertate Genevæ restitutâ, et quasi novo Jubilæo ineunte, plurimis vitatis domi et foris insidiis et superatis tempestatibus, et cum Helvetiorum Primari Tigurini æquo jure in societatem perpetuam nobiscum venerint, et veteres fidissimi socii Bernenses prius vinculum novo adstrinxerint, S.P.Q.G. quod felix esse velit D.O.M. tanti beneficii monumentum consecrârunt, anno temporis ultimi CCXIII. XXXIV.

In the Senate-house, were fourteen ancient urns, dug up as they were removing earth in the fortifications.

A little out of the town is a spacious field, which they call *Campus Martius*; and well it may be so termed, with better reason than that at Rome at present (which is no more a field, but all built into streets), for here on every Sunday, after the evening devotions, this precise people permit their youth to exercise arms, and shoot in guns, and in the long and cross bows, in which they are exceedingly expert, reputed to be as dexterous as any people in the world. To encourage this, they yearly elect him who has won most prizes at the mark, to be their king, as the king of the long-bow, gun, or cross-bow. He then wears that weapon in his hat in gold, with a crown over it, made fast to the hat like a brooch. In this field, is a long house wherein their arms and furniture are kept in several places very neatly. To this joins a hall, where, at certain times, they meet and feast; in the glass-windows are the arms and names of their kings [of arms]. At the side of the field, is a very noble Pall-Mall, but it turns with an elbow. There is also a bowling-place, a tavern, and a trey-table, and here they ride their managed horses. It is also the usual place of public execution of those who suffer for any capital crime, though committed in another country, by which law divers fugitives

have been put to death, who have fled hither to escape punishment in their own country. Amongst other severe punishments here, adultery is death. Having seen this field, and played a game at mall, I supped with Mr. Saladine.

On Sunday, I heard Dr. Diodati preach in French, and after the French mode, in a gown with a cape, and his hat on. The Church Government is severely Presbyterian, after the discipline of Calvin and Beza, who set it up, but nothing so rigid as either our Scots or English sectaries of that denomination. In the afternoon, Monsieur Morice, a most learned young person and excellent poet, chief Professor of the University, preached at St. Peter's, a spacious Gothic fabric. This was heretofore a cathedral and a reverend pile. It has four turrets, on one of which stands a continual sentinel; in another, cannons are mounted. The church is very decent within; nor have they at all defaced the painted windows, which are full of pictures of saints; nor the stalls, which are all carved with the history of our Blessed Saviour.

In the afternoon, I went to see the young townsmen exercise in Mars' Field, where the prizes were pewter-plates and dishes; 'tis said that some have gained competent estates by what they have thus won. Here I first saw huge *ballistæ*, or cross-bows, shot in, being such as they formerly used in wars, before great guns were known; they were placed in frames, and had great screws to bend them, doing execution at an incredible distance. They were most accurate at the long-bow and musket, rarely missing the smallest mark. I was as busy with the carbine I brought from Brescia as any of them. After every shot, I found them go into a long house, and cleanse their guns, before they charged again.

On Monday, I was invited to a little garden

without the works, where were many rare tulips, anemones, and other choice flowers. The Rhone, running athwart the town out of the Lake, makes half the city a suburb, which, in imitation of Paris, they call St. Germain's Faubourg, and it has a church of the same name. On two wooden bridges that cross the river are several water-mills, and shops of trades, especially smiths and cutlers; between the bridges is an island, in the midst of which is a very ancient tower, said to have been built by Julius Cæsar. At the end of the other bridge is the mint, and a fair sun-dial.

Passing again by the Town-house, I saw a large crocodile hanging in chains; and against the wall of one of the chambers, seven judges were painted without hands, except one in the middle, who has but one hand; I know not the story. The Arsenal is at the end of this building, well furnished and kept.

After dinner, Mr. Morice led us to the college, a fair structure; in the lower part are the schools, which consist of nine classes; and a hall above, where the students assemble; also a good library. They showed us a very ancient Bible, of about 800 years old, in the vulgar French, and a MS. in the old Monkish character: here have the Professors their lodgings. I also went to the Hospital, which is very commodious; but the Bishop's Palace is now a prison.

This town is not much celebrated for beautiful women, for, even at this distance from the Alps, the gentlewomen have something full throats; but our Captain Wray (afterwards Sir William, eldest son of that Sir Christopher, who had both been in arms against his Majesty for the Parliament) fell so mightily in love with one of Monsieur Saladine's daughters that, with much persuasion, he could not be prevailed on to think on his journey into

France, the season now coming on extremely hot.

My sickness and abode here cost me forty-five pistoles of gold to my host, and five to my honest doctor, who for six weeks' attendance and the apothecary thought it so generous a reward that, at my taking leave, he presented me with his advice for the regimen of my health, written with his own hand in Latin. This regimen I much observed, and I bless God passed the journey without inconvenience from sickness, but it was an extraordinarily hot unpleasant season and journey, by reason of the craggy ways.

5th July. We took, or rather purchased, a boat, for it could not be brought back against the stream of the Rhone. We were two days going to Lyons, passing many admirable prospects of rocks and cliffs, and near the town down a very steep declivity of water for a full mile. From Lyons, we proceeded the next morning, taking horse to Roanne, and lay that night at Feurs. At Roanne, we indulged ourselves with the best that all France affords, for here the provisions are choice and plentiful, so as the supper we had might have satisfied a prince. We lay in damask beds, and were treated like emperors. The town is one of the neatest built in all France, on the brink of the Loire; and here we agreed with an old fisher to row us as far as Orleans. The first night, we came as far as Nevers, early enough to see the town, the Cathedral (St. Cyr), the Jesuits' College, and the Castle, a Palace of the Duke's, with the bridge to it nobly built.

The next day, we passed by La Charité, a pretty town, somewhat distant from the river. Here I lost my faithful spaniel (Piccioli), who had followed me from Rome. It seems he had been taken up by some of the Governor's pages, or footmen,

without recovery; which was a great displeasure to me, because the cur had many useful qualities.

The next day, we arrived at Orleans, taking our turns to row, of which I reckon my share came to little less than twenty leagues. Sometimes, we footed it through pleasant fields and meadows; sometimes, we shot at fowls, and other birds; nothing came amiss: sometimes, we played at cards, whilst others sung, or were composing verses; for we had the great poet, Mr. Waller,¹ in our company, and some other ingenious persons.

At Orleans, we abode but one day; the next, leaving our mad Captain behind us, I arrived at Paris, rejoiced that, after so many disasters and accidents in a tedious peregrination, I was gotten so near home, and here I resolved to rest myself before I went farther.

It was now October, and the only time in my whole life that I spent most idly, tempted from my more profitable recesses;² but I soon recovered my better resolutions and fell to my study, learning the high Dutch and Spanish tongues, and now and then refreshing my dancing, and such exercises as I had long omitted, and which are not in much reputation amongst the sober Italians.

¹ [See *ante*, p. 317.]

² [Retirements.]

APPENDIX I

LETTER OF GEORGE EVELYN TO HIS FATHER

THE following Letter from George Evelyn, elder brother of Evelyn, written when at College, to his father Richard at Wotton, 26 Sept. 1636, and giving an account of the Visit made by the King and Queen to the University of Oxford, with some particulars respecting himself, contains some curious matter:—

“I know you have long desired to hear of my welfare, and the total series of his Majesty's entertainment whilst he was fixed in the centre of our Academy.

“The Archbishop our Lord Chancellor [Laud] and many Bishops, Doctor Bayley our Vice-Chancellor, with the rest of the Doctors of the University, together with the Mayor of the City, and his brethren, rode out in state to meet his Majesty, the Bishops in their pontifical robes, the Doctors in their scarlet gowns and their black caps (being the habit of the University), the Mayor and Aldermen in their scarlet gowns, and sixty other townsmen all in black satin doublets and in old-fashioned jackets. At the appropinquation of the King, after the beadles' staves were delivered up to his Majesty in token that they yielded up all their authority to him, the Vice-Chancellor spoke a speech to the King, and presented him with a Bible in the University's behalf, the Queen with Camden's *Britannia* in English, and the Prince Elect (as I took it) with Croke's *Politics*; all of them with gloves (because Oxford is famous for gloves).¹ A little nigher the City where the City bounds are terminated, the Mayor presented his Majesty with a large gilt cup, *et tenet vicinitatem opinio*, the Recorder of the City made a speech to his

¹ Gloves always made part of a present from Corporate Bodies at that time, more or less ornamented with rich fringes according to the quality of the persons to whom they were offered.

Majesty. In the entrance of the University, at St. John's College, he was detained with another speech made by a Fellow of the house. The speech being ended, he went to Christ-church, scholars standing on both sides of the street, according to their degrees, and in their formalities, *clamantes*, *Vivut Rex noster Carolus!* Being entered Christ-church, he had another speech made by the University orator, and student of the same house: the subject of all which speeches being this, expressing their joy and his welcome to the University. Then, retiring himself a little, he went to prayers; they being ended, soon after to supper, and then to the play, whose subject was the Calming of the Passions; but it was generally disliked of the Court, because it was so grave; but especially because they understood it not. This was the first day's entertainment.

"The next morning, he had a sermon in Christ-church, preached by Browne, the Proctor of the University, and a student of the house. The sermon being ended, the Prince Elect and Prince Rupert went to St. Mary's, where there was a congregation, and Prince Rupert created Master of Arts, also many nobles with him. The reason why the Prince Elect was not created Master of Arts, was because Cambridge our sister had created him before. The congregation done, the King, Queen, and all the nobles went to the Schools (the glory of Christendom), where in the public Library, his Majesty heard another speech, spoken by my Lord Chamberlain's third son, and of Exeter College, which speech the King liked well. From the schools the King went to St. John's to dinner, where the Archbishop entertained his Majesty with a magnificent dinner and costly banquet [dessert]. Then with a play made by the same house. The play being ended, he went to Christ-church; and, after supper, to another play, called the *Royal Slave*,¹ all the actors performing in a Persian habit, which play much delighted his Majesty and all the nobles, commending it for the best that ever was acted.

"The next morning, he departed from the University, all the Doctors kissing his hand, his Majesty expressing his kingly love to the University, and his countenance demon-

¹ By William Cartwright, 1611-43, a student of that college. In this play one of his fellow-students (afterwards the famous Dr. Busby) performed a part (that of Cratander) so excellently well, and with so much applause, that he is said to have narrowly escaped the temptation of at once becoming an actor on the public stage.

strating unto us, that he was well pleased with this his entertainment made by us scholars.

"After the King's departure, there was a congregation called, where many Doctors, some Masters of Art, and a few Bachelors were created, they procuring it by making friends to the Palsgrave. There were very few that went out that are now resident, most of them were lords and gentlemen. A Doctor of Divinity and Bachelor of Arts were created of our house [Trinity], but they made special friends to get it.

"With the £30 you sent me I have furnished me with those necessaries I wanted, and have made me two suits, one of them being a black satin doublet and black cloth breeches, the other a white satin doublet and scarlet hose; the scarlet hose I shall wear but little here, but it will be comely for me to wear in the country.

"Your desire was that I should be as frugal in my expenses as I could, and I assure you, honoured Sir, I have been; I have spent none of it in riot or toys. You hoped it would be sufficient to furnish me and discharge my battels for this quarter; but I fear it will not, therefore I humbly entreat you to send me £6. I know what I have already, and with this I send for, will be more than enough to discharge these months; but I know not what occasion may fall out.

"TRIN. COLL. OXON., 26 July, 1636."

END OF VOL. I

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